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THE AURORA BOREALIS

BY FRANK WILBERT STOKES

WITH PICTURES BY THE WRITER

IN a quaint little bark-rigged sealer, the *Kite*, were the returning members of the Peary and relief expeditions. It was September 2, 1892, and we had been holding a steady course, with the sunlight painting sea and land in its gorgeous golden tones.

It was a trifle past the afterglow of sunset, and the sea was a deep, rich purple, with long-flowing swells. The sky, a fine light turquoise-blue at the horizon, gradually deepened into a rich cobalt, in which a few stars twinkled. A majority of the men were absorbed in various occupations below, when a call of enthusiasm brought all up on deck. At a point low on the southeastern horizon, a faint film had arisen, which quickly, silently assumed the form of a curtain, waving and mounting upward in two stately columns, past a group of finely shaped cirro-stratus. In a few seconds it was across the zenith, displaying beautiful pale yellows, greens, and delicate pink and blue lights, with edgings, at intervals, of faint purple and red. The

columns descended rapidly in ever-varying spirals of perspective, until the avant-garde was lost behind the far northwest horizon. We were about off the Danish port of Godthaab, Greenland, a sufficiently southern latitude at this season for the alternation of day and night; and, as the heavens darkened, the stars shone with increasing brightness through this great shimmering veil of light.

The heavens and the sea grew darker and darker, and the aurora brighter and brighter, in lightning changes of form and color, with the green and yellow and blue rays predominating, and the delicate sheen from the aurora's light writhing in fiery serpent forms over the face of the moving waters. What impressiveness, what magnificence! It held the soul as in a spell. There was not much talking. Splendid as it was, I afterward witnessed auroras which produced a deeper impression, due doubtless to the presence of the long night of the far North.

My first experience of color in the Arc-

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AURORA BOREALIS

*Smith Sound
Greenland
February*

1894

*From a painting by
F. W. STOKES*

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tics led me to believe that, from the most regal purples, golds, and crimsons of sunlight to the black-purples, grays, and gray-greens of storms, there existed no intermediate effects. But a sojourn of a year in the northland proved that great Nature's palette was here set with more varied riches than elsewhere. Especially was this true of the color-effects of the long twilight of approaching winter, the returning light of day, and even in the heart of the polar night.

Full of the enthusiasm born of a three months' cruise in Greenland waters in the summer of 1892, I joined the Peary North Greenland Expedition the following year, which wintered at the head of Bowdoin Bay, off Inglefield Gulf, Greenland, in 77° 43' north latitude. Here I built a little wooden studio, adjoining Anniversary Lodge. After the departure of the ship, the building of the headquarters, hunting walrus and reindeer, and establishing caches of food on the inland ice well occupied the leader and his men, while I was as busily engaged sketching. Ravishing themes they were, filling one's being with joy for the privilege and with despairing longings at the impossibility of translating them as one desired.

November 16, 1893. The little two-burner oil-stove does not make a comfortable impression on the temperature of the studio, with the thermometer at -12° F., and everything containing water on or near the floor freezes. Ice has condensed upon the walls a foot above the floor and also on the under side of my mattress.

We are roused for breakfast by 8 A.M., in the darkness. It is difficult to get up in the dark. There is now a low-toned twilight during the twenty-four hours, for the light is fading, fading. Most of the work outside, such as untying the terrible knots in the dog-traces, looking after the boxes of provisions, taking observations, etc., must be accomplished with the aid of a lantern. I took a ramble up to the summit of the cliffs in the rear of the camp.

An exquisite veil of gray-lilac covers mountain, fiord, and glacier, half concealing and massing their forms, and lending to them that singular attractiveness inherent in mystery. It was like a beautiful veiled woman, half hiding her charms. But as I gazed there was a perceptible glow of light in the south, which rapidly spread, and the

mist curtain fled, pursued by a strange flickering of ghastly whitish-yellow light, which changed rapidly to a pale-green fire. Upward it mounted, offering a beautiful contrast to the dark looming mass of gray-lilac that mantled Mount Bartlett. Now the gray-blue hills across Inglefield Gulf, far to the south, disclosed themselves, and the frozen bay, the glaciers and icebergs in faint lilac and cerulean blues, were lighted up by a dull garish green radiance as the aurora increased in brilliance. Star-gleams of orange, red, and green twinkled delicately through the fleeting mist, and then the aurora vanished as quickly and as noiselessly as it had come. Not a sound, not a zephyr of wind; all was silent and breathless, as when it rose like a living thing over the southern hills. It left a tender, sweet melancholy in the soul, as from a departed love.

Retracing the way, I came to the brink of a cliff which overlooks our camp. Snugly nestled in the valley below were the dark, dim outlines of the lodge and studio. A glow-worm light peered out into the semi-darkness from the glass in the roof of the lodge, and a thin column of gray smoke ascended straight to heaven as from an altar; a twinkling orange light moved to and fro as some one attended to the dogs. On the other side of the valley the dark, steep sides of the mountains rose, and the silence was broken by echoes of voices, and by the howlings and moanings of dogs ascending from the darker depths of the valley. How strange this isolated bit of civilization appeared in its incongruous surroundings! This feeling soon vanished with the thought that here were companionship and warmth and life, and I hastened toward the little abode with a thankful heart.

December 1, 1893. The poor burros are now quartered in the dark corridor, since they were attacked and lacerated by the wolfish dogs. I hear the little carrier-pigeons calling from their cote on the roof of the lodge. So they are still alive! They will not live long, for those which have not met a tragic death in the talons of the gerfalcon will succumb to the darkness and cold. The ravens can be heard croaking now and then, as they hover about our lonely dwelling-place. To-day a black object rose suddenly overhead and disappeared. Perhaps Odin has sent his counselors Hugin and Munin to learn who are the strangers from the far South, and why



From a painting by F. W. Stokes

AURORA BOREALIS OFF GODTHAAB, GREENLAND, SEPTEMBER, 1892



this invasion of his domain. Down in the south, the radiance of the unseen sun still appears in smoky orange, yellow, greenish yellow, fading into blue, almost black, at the zenith, an effect which occurred with many variations all through the winter night.

In this dim twilight I started for Bowdoin Bay. Approaching the shore-line or "ice-foot" of the bay, where the vast ice-plain is raised and lowered some twelve feet by the tide, and disrupted into a chaos of hills and crevasses, I was forced to crawl along cautiously in the uncertain light. Finding a crevasse narrow enough, I crossed it, first throwing the sketch-box over and then jumping; after which the way was comparatively easy. There were about three inches of beautiful snow-crystals covering the six feet thickness of the sea-ice. The snow emitted a delicate phosphorescent glow from the moonlight, which it absorbs.

In the gray-blue turquoise sky the stars twinkled in momentary flashings of red madder, intense blue, greens, and pale orange. As I turned to gaze upon the dark purple-orange cliffs across the bay, a meteor shot downward, striking the mountain-top, from which ascended a long perpendicular column of white steam. Sweeping toward the north, the sky gradually darkened, as it receded from the south light, into a cold, indefinite purple. After a delightful walk of several miles I arrived among a group of bergs, which in the dim golden light assumed fantastic, shadowy forms of dragons, saurians, gods and goddesses. Looming up dark against the golden rose and azure of the sky was a vast, almost sinister shape of an ice-sphinx of the North in a crouched attitude; the huge limbs outstretched, and the dark, inscrutable face turned toward the darkened east, as if in silent expectation of the long-departed god of day rearing again his golden head with smiles of warmth.

The silence was profound. I was startled by a wild, sudden glowing of light in the sky that, lightning-like, spread into a filmy yellowish-white arc. Then a roseate blush of fire mounted upward in vertical shooting rays, spreading out fan-shape, and, quickly mingling with keen, sharp green and violet rays, still ascending with a waving motion, pierced the fathomless blackish purple of the empyrean. Those heavenly lamps, the stars, hung in great Nature's temple, scintillated through the rays of the aurora in

orange, ruby, and green. The great berg seemed to be a living presence massed against this entrancing, unearthly radiance in tones of dark grayish green and purple. The fitful glow of the aurora stole over the level ice-covering of the bay in a path of delicate rose-gold. Silence—silence and beauty everywhere. At such supreme moments the soul is filled with an ecstasy of delight so deep, so intense, that it is soon followed by the reaction of depression. What glorious sculpture! What indefinable, exquisite dream-music on muted strings fresh from the celestial spheres! Certain it is that only those who have witnessed the aurora borealis in the solitudes of the poles can have experienced the might of its beauty and charm.

Suddenly the auroral beams died away, only to be renewed again and again, and then to vanish completely, leaving the dark face of the ice-sphinx as inscrutable and silent as ever. These scenes are awe-inspiring and holy. They usher the spirit into the threshold of the eternities. Filled with wonder, I had placed the colors and tones of a sketch just as the pigments became frozen. While I was returning to camp, an ominous crackling broke the stillness, and then a silvery, bell-like sound smote the ear, as a mass of glittering ice tumbled musically down the steep sides of the sphinx. I took a southerly course in the direction of Castle Cliffs, when I heard voices, and whip sounds, and the yelping of dogs coming from the direction of the cliffs. Directly dark forms were moving over the ice, and I was joined by the Eskimo Otoneksuah and his family, and we all proceeded to the lodge.

THE far-north land, the land of the aurora borealis, is the region of darkness of the ancients. It is where the Hindus placed their fabled Mount Meru, where their deities shrouded their divinity in darkness and mystery. Here the Greeks placed the land of the Hyperboreans, and Latona brought forth those two lights of heaven, Apollo and Artemis. It was the abode of the Norse gods, whence they directed their ken over the world. During the long night, amid the auroral flashings, these awful deities, radiant with celestial halos, were revealed to the eyes of the ancient Norsemen. The Eddas refer to the auroras as the Valkyries.

At rare intervals the aurora borealis was seen by the Greeks and Romans. In Aristotle's "Meteorology" it was described with precision as presenting the appearance of the smoke from straw burned in the country. The aurora borealis often appears exactly like cirrus clouds. He also writes of another form, seen in calm nights, with gulfs and abysses and sanguine colors. Pliny says:

Beams are seen to shine in the heaven, as happened at the time when the Lacedæmonians, vanquished at sea, lost the dominion over Greece. Besides, there are seen in the heaven (and nothing is more terrible for trembling mortals) blood-colored flames which afterward fall upon the earth, as it happened in the third year of the hundred and seventh Olympiad, when King Philip ruled over Greece. Under the consulate of C. Cæcilius and Cn. Papirius, and on many other occasions, a light was seen in heaven, which made the night almost as light as day. It is said that at the time of the wars of the Cimbri, and also often before and since, the clashing of arms and the sound of trumpets were heard in the sky. But in the third consulate of Marius the dwellers in America and Tuderta saw in the heavens two armies rushing one against the other from the east and from the west; that of the west was defeated. The heaven itself caught fire: this is no extraordinary thing, and it has often been seen when the clouds are exposed to great heat.

This superstition can be found, it is said, even up to the present day among the country people, and it is instructive to note that writers of classic times were generally more accurate observers than those who followed several centuries later. Seneca writes:

These fires present the most varied colors: some are vivid red, others resemble a faint and dying flame; some are white, others scintillate; others, finally, are of an even yellow, and emit neither rays nor projections. Sometimes these fires are high enough to shine among the stars; at others, so low that they might be taken for the reflection of a distant burning homestead or city. This is what happened under Tiberius, when the cohorts hurried to the succor of the colony of Ostia, believing it to be on fire. During the greater part of the night the heaven appeared to be illuminated by a faint light resembling a thick smoke.

This was a natural mistake, and at Copenhagen, in 1709, several battalions turned out for the same reason during an auroral display. Auroras have been mis-

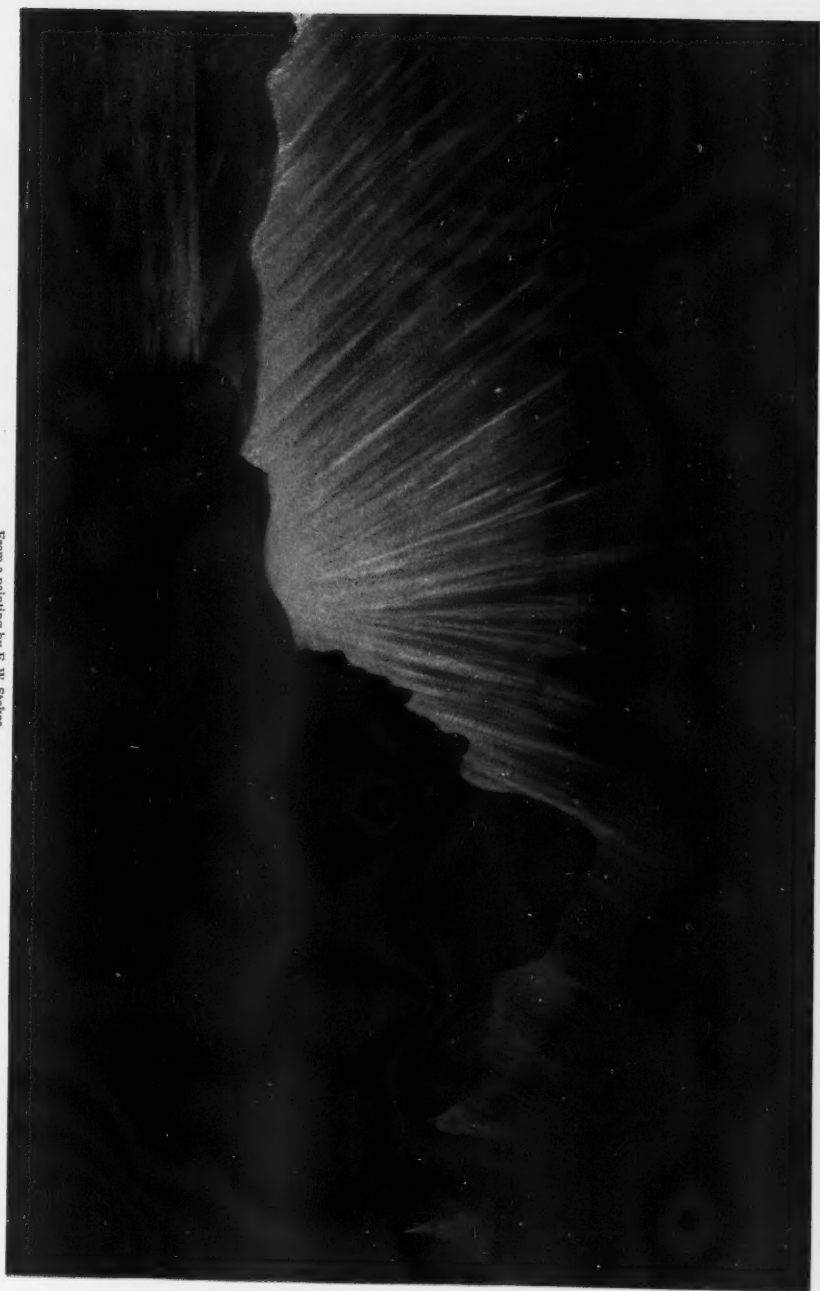
taken for comets, as that seen in France and Germany and most of Europe on October 11, 1527. It was visible toward the north, was bent into a hooked shape, and lasted only an hour and a quarter, being of an orange-red color, and joined to it were dark rays in the form of tails, lances, bloody swords, figures of men, and heads cut off, bristling with hair and beards. Gregory of Tours considered it a curious manifestation, but without anything supernatural. Many years later, astrologers had so interpreted the aurora borealis as to make this beauteous marvel a terror in the minds of men. There, imaged against the black heavens of wrath, were conflicting hosts, bloody lances, and heads separated from the trunks, at the sight of which people fainted and went mad. Pilgrimages were undertaken to appease Heaven's wrath shown in these awful signs. The journal of Henry III relates that nine hundred persons of all ages and both sexes, accompanied by their lords, went in procession, dressed as penitents, to Paris in September, 1583. They came from the villages of Deux-Gêmeaux and Ussy-en-Brie, near La Ferté-Gaucher, "to say their prayers and make their offerings in the great church at Paris; and they said they were moved to this penitential journey because of signs seen in heaven and fires in the air, even toward the quarter of Ardennes, whence had come the first such penitents, to the number of ten or twelve thousand, to Our Lady of Reims and to Liesse."

This superstition lasted till the end of the seventeenth century, when, as a result of the work of Gassendi, Cassini, and Roemer, the aurora lost its terrors for the educated classes.

A remarkable work, "The Mirror of Kings," written by a Norwegian about the year 1250, after giving a very accurate description of the aurora borealis, says:

Certain people maintain that this light is a reflection of the fire which surrounds the seas of the North and of the South; others say that it is the reflection of the sun when it is below the horizon; for my part, I think that it is produced by the ice, which radiates at night the light it has absorbed by day.

This is the first essay at an explanation of the aurora polaris, and although now untenable, it is about the same as that adopted by Descartes and Sir John Franklin.



From a painting by F. W. Stokes

AURORA BOREALIS, GREAT FACE BERG, BOWDOIN BAY, GREENLAND, DECEMBER, 1893



The authors of the sixteenth century designated the aurora borealis as *caprae saltantes* (leaping goats, or flying fires). In Canada they are called marionettes, in the North Shetlands "merry dancers," while in England and America they are known as the "northern lights," or "streamers," adopted from the ancient name employed by the Norse, and in Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

These wonderful lights are of most varied and complex forms, and according to their attributes have been divided by scientists into two great classes, namely, those apparently without motion, which maintain for a certain period their position and intensity, and those which fly with lightning speed, in ever-changing forms and varying brilliance, over the vault of heaven.

The polar auroras seem to be local, that is, to frequent the regions above the fifty-fifth or sixtieth parallel. They at times approach quite near to the earth's surface, and are of limited extent. It is within the probabilities that they are simultaneous at the two poles; and as the sun shines over half of the globe, and the auroras have been witnessed over the whole of the dark half, the double polar aurora may envelop the entire globe, excepting an equatorial zone of about forty degrees.

That marvel of instruments, the spectro-scope, has proved that the aurora is itself luminous, giving greenish-yellow lines, and therefore not due to either reflection or refraction, like rainbows, halos, and parhelia. The color commonly seen is whitish yellow, which approaches to white as the light becomes dim, while the color occurring most frequently after whitish yellow is rose-carmine. The richest in color are the striped arcs, crowns, or glories, and especially the draperies. The red rays appear generally toward the lower part, and the exquisite green rays move above and behind; or it may be composed of red, red and green, or, more rarely, of green or blue, and, what is extremely rare, entirely of violet rays. The colors seem to be less pure when the air is free from fog, but our experience has been, like that of some others, just the reverse. Although the light impresses the beholder as especially brilliant in the finest auroras, still it seldom exceeds the light of the moon in its first quarter. Stars of the first and second magnitudes penetrate the aurora without

diminished light; indeed, their scintillation increases, as does that of the magnetic disturbance. Auroras have been seen during full moon, and even at daytime in the high latitudes. The Innuits (Eskimos) of Smith Sound, Greenland, the most northerly people in the world, believe that the aurora borealis has a singing noise; and the inhabitants of the Orkneys, of Finmarken, and those in the region of Hudson Bay believe, with many competent observers, that a peculiar sound like the rustling of silk always accompanies it. The Lapps liken this sound to the crackling in the joints of moving reindeer. Of course it is reasonable to suppose that one is apt to mistake the whistling of the wind, the drift of the dry snow, distant murmurs of the sea, the crackling of the ice and snow beginning to freeze after a temporary thaw, the faint sound accompanying the forming of small ice-needles; but it is possible that the acute hearing of these people of the far North is not at fault, although our experience, like that of many, has failed to demonstrate their belief as a fact.

Contrary to received opinion, the auroras do not increase as we advance poleward; for in the regions where polar expeditions have mostly wintered, Melville Island, Baffin Bay, and Smith Sound, the aurora is generally less brilliant and also less frequent than in Iceland, Labrador, and South Greenland. Its maximum of frequency is at North Cape, Nova Zembla, and at Cape Chelyuskin, Siberia—cutting the meridian of Bering Strait at latitude 70° , entering America a little to the west of Barrow Strait, crossing Hudson Bay and Labrador, passing to the south of Greenland and Iceland, and forming an oval zone which has for its center a point situated between the geographical and magnetic poles. The latter is situated in Boothia Felix Land, in latitude 73° north and 98° west longitude from Paris.

In France and central Europe the aurora is generally seen toward the north, but as one travels northward, a point is reached within this maximum frequency of the aurora where the display is seen equally in the north and the south.

But in all arctic countries it is in the south direction more frequently than in the north. At Upernivik, Melville Bay, west Greenland, out of one hundred auroras, eighty-one were between southwest and

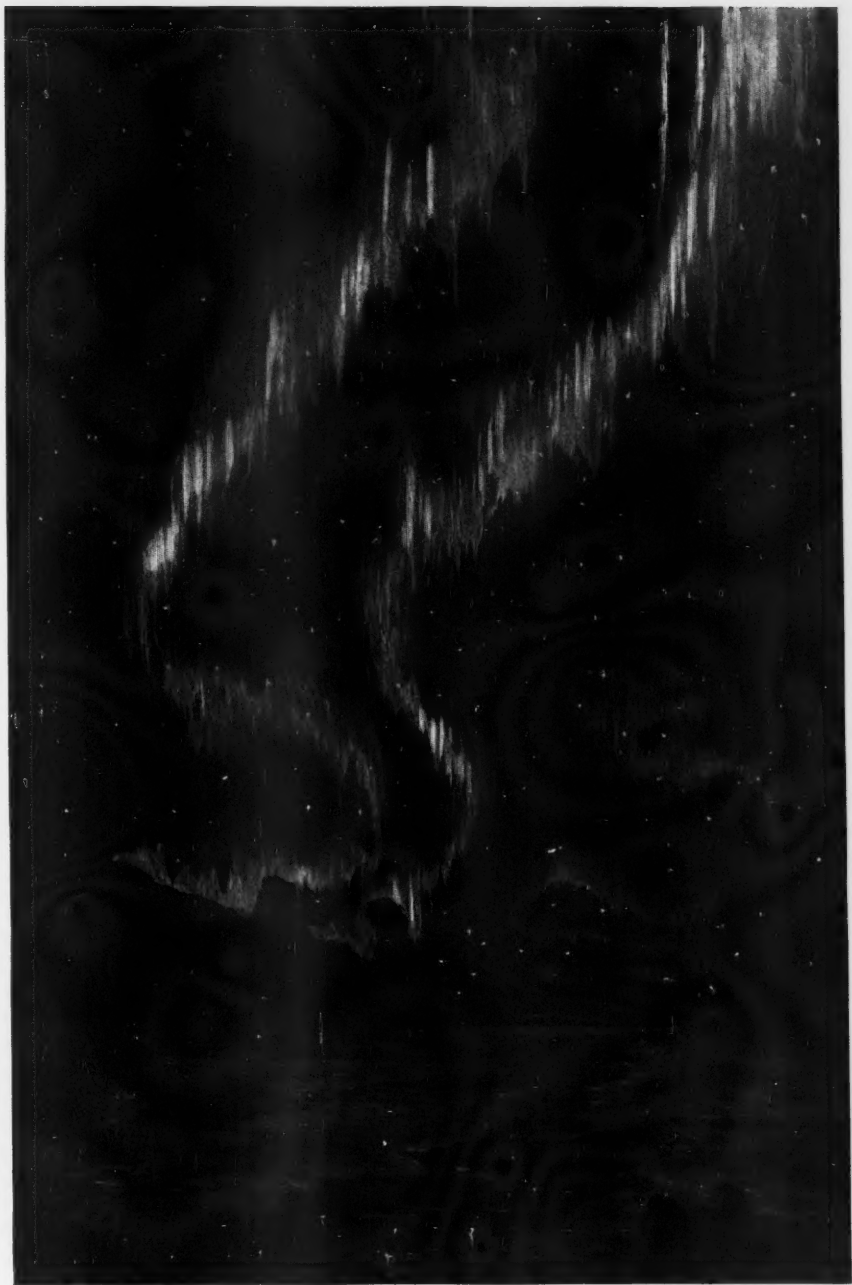
southeast, fourteen east, and one west, and four between the northwest and northeast. Also at Fort Rae on Great Slave Lake, and in northwest Canada, and in Nain, Labrador, the northern aurora is four times as frequent as the southern. This frequency varies both from the insufficient observation of earlier times and from its own periodic variation. From 1700 to 1872, a period of one hundred and seventy-two years, four thousand eight hundred and thirty-four auroras were observed in Europe, an average of twenty-eight auroras a year. This strange and apparently eccentric phenomenon has nevertheless been found to observe almost regular periods: the diurnal, the annual, and the period of a little more than eleven years. Others of twenty-eight days, fifty-five years, and of two hundred and twenty years, have been surmised. The appearance also of special forms, and the hour when they assume certain colors, become most brilliant, and finally disappear, has been ascertained to be other than a matter of chance. The hour of the maximum generally occurs during the first half of the night, growing later as the latitude increases. It is also a most interesting fact that the aurora has a tendency to follow local time, for in the great aurora of February 4, 1872, which was visible in both hemispheres, it had its maximum at about the same local time, between 8:30 and 9:30 P.M., and not at the same physical instant. The law of annual periodicity was first discovered by Mairan, who noted particularly their frequency toward the months of April and October in France, or following closely the equinoxes, and that they are much rarer in January and especially in June. This law is general, and is an undoubted phenomenon, as it is shown in both hemispheres.

These periodic manifestations, moreover, coincide with the appearance and disappearance of spots on the eastern edge of the sun. Mairan states that for five or six years the auroras were very frequent, together with spots on the sun. After the invention of the telescope, the sun was rarely seen without spots. They afterward became rarer, so much so that for twenty years after the middle of 1670 only one or two spots were counted. A great number

of auroras occurred at the beginning of the seventeenth century, lasting until 1621, after which they ceased until 1686. During the nineteenth century there were numerous auroras, with accompaniment of sun-spots.

From the celebrated astronomer Halley, in 1716, comes the magnetic theory of the production of the aurora borealis, which he claims as due to a magnetic vapor. Dalton, in 1793, thought that the auroral rays are composed of ferruginous matter, itself magnetic or magnetized by the earth's action, this dust serving as a conductor to silent electric discharges between the upper strata of the atmosphere and the lower strata. Biot, in 1820, revived these ideas, with the added theory that the ferruginous particles cast into the air by volcanic eruption produced the aurora by becoming incandescent on entering the atmosphere, as in the case of falling stars and meteors. The presence of quantities of ferruginous dust and masses of meteoric iron in the arctic regions, and the rain of dust during several auroras, were urged as proof of the theory. Then we come to a certain clever physician named Canton, who, in 1753, perceived the close analogy which auroras offer with the light of electric discharges in very rarefied air. Edlund's idea seems to be the one that answers best most of the objections in relation to this problem. Simply stated, the aurora is the flow of electricity from the equator to the poles. The latest theory, and a very ingenious one, is that of Unterweger, who supposes that cosmic ether, which fills the celestial spheres, when met by the earth's movement, is compressed or condensed in front of the earth in the direction of its movement, and dilated or rarefied, on the contrary, behind it. This cosmic ether is more condensed before the earth than that which is borne along in the whirl of the world at from thirty-three to forty-four miles per second, and is more rarefied behind. The result is that one half of the earth, or the northern hemisphere, will be negatively electrified and the southern half positively electrified with the space regions which they are leaving. Only the magic of the spectroscope will probably push aside the curtains of this grand mystery and reveal the truth.¹

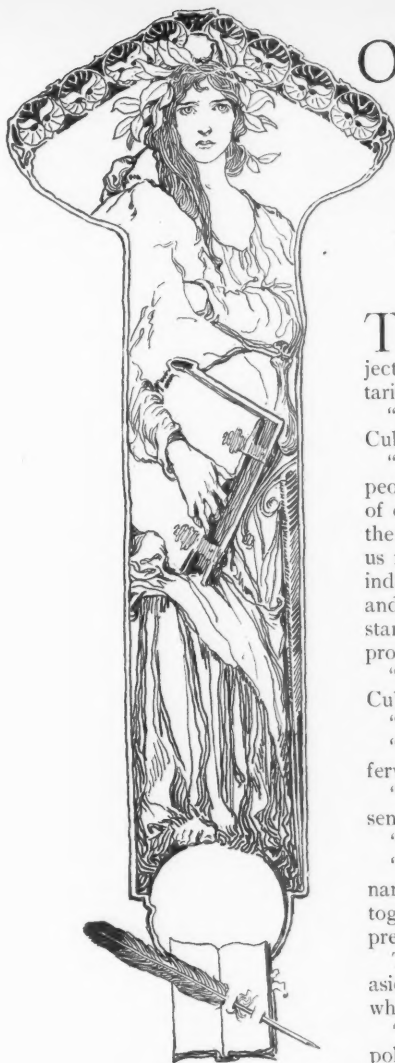
¹ In the preparation of this article Mr. Stokes has had the assistance of the works of Mairan, Bravais, Weyprecht, and Angot. For other papers by Mr. Stokes on "Color at the Far North" and "An Arctic Studio," see THE CENTURY for September, 1894, and July, 1896. — EDITOR.



From a painting by F. W. Stokes

AURORA BOREALIS, INGLESFELD GULF, GREENLAND, FEBRUARY, 1894





THE OVERSHADOWING SENATE

BY
HENRY LOOMIS NELSON
WITH PICTURES BY A. I. KELLER



THE senator was having a confidential talk with a representative from his own State. The subject was the President's recommendation that some tariff concession should be made to Cuba.

"So you don't think we ought to do anything for Cuba?" asked the senator.

"No, I don't," replied the representative. "Those people in Michigan stood by the infant industries of our State when they had n't a smoke-stack in the West; and now when they come here asking us not to consent to the ruin of their little beet-s'gar industry, which protection has built up for them, and which is doubling every year, I'm going to stand by them as they stood by us. I'm for reciprocity with Michigan before Cuba."

"You know the promise that was made to the Cuban commissioners?"

"I don't; it has never been imparted."

"You can infer it, can't you, from Mr. Root's fervor?" asked the senator.

"It was a bad promise, anyway," said the representative.

"It virtually gave us the island."

"Well, I'm for Michigan, and for the maintenance of the protective principle. We must hang together; that's the doctrine you've always preached, senator."

The age-old appeal to consistency was brushed aside as brusquely and as quickly as it always is when convenience suits.

"There's nothing in that except when it's good politics. It is n't now. The President has taken his stand; the country is with him, and the party must

be, or we'll lose the House. Now, my young friend, you're new, and you've got a career if you'll be loyal; if you're not, we must put some one else in your seat. I don't want to disturb you, but Smith is bothering me for a nomination, and as he'll be with us in this fight, he'll have more chance for winning than you can have with your fancies about the sanctity of infant industries."

"Is the great policy of protection going to pieces?" asked the representative, with the earnestness of one making a last appeal to the conscience of the senator.

The senator laughed. "Protection," he replied, "becomes an evil when it's no longer of any use to the party; and when the solidarity of protected interests threatens to lose us an election, adherence to the solidarity becomes log-rolling. It is time, my boy, that we rise to higher things; go and think about it."

Whereupon the representative went back to the House, and dropping into a seat

beside one of the leaders of the beet-sugar interest, said:

"I've been having a talk with Senator —."

The beet-sugar legislator became interested.

"Yes," went on the other; "and I've learned a good deal. There's more for me in party harmony," he said, "than there is in sugar. Besides, I'm convinced that we have made a promise to Cuba which we ought not to violate."

There is profound and far-reaching truth in this conversation. The Senate is the most powerful body in the government. It is often spoken of as an oligarchy; but this is not absolutely accurate. Sometimes the President defeats it by an appeal to the country; but the Senate yields slowly even to the country, for the people have a long time in which to forget the early sins of a senator, who, if he be wise, will be cautious during the latter half of his six years' term. But two thirds of the Senate can be careless until their indifference or obstinacy threatens the party. A senator is not chosen by the people, and legislatures are rarely held to a strict account for the manner in which they select senators, or for the kind of men whom they choose. There is a general immunity for the middleman in politics. The executive who appoints is often punished for a frailty of judgment, or for partizan blindness to bad character, while the senator who votes for confirmation may go scatheless. The people have not often been watchful over elections to the Senate, and are not accustomed to take failure to elect good men, or the actual election of unworthy men, as anything that they can help. They seem to suffer from the inertness which often accompanies a conscious lack of power. Apparently, a feeling of hopelessness comes over them when, after raging against a senator with whom they have come to disagree, they reflect that they cannot immediately visit their wrath upon him, but only upon some one who voted for him. This is said not by way of argument in favor of direct election by the people, but is offered as a reason why the Senate yields slowly to public indignation, as it did to Mr. Cleveland's effort to repeal the purchasing clause of the silver act. Sometimes, indeed, it does not yield at all, as it did not in response to the demand for the ratification of

the Olney-Pauncefote general arbitration treaty. Sometimes it even acts in opposition to public opinion, as it did in the matter of the first Hay-Pauncefote canal treaty. It might, of course, have a greater fear of public opinion than it really feels and still be an oligarchy. The eighteenth century taught the lesson that the people are not to be safely offended beyond a certain psychological moment, so that not only an oligarchy, but a single despot, will yield in the face of threatened revolution; but the Senate is not an absolute oligarchy because its domination is adventitious, or at least not within the contemplation of the law. Moreover, it can be driven by a strong President to bow to the public will, for the country does not approve of usurpation when it discovers it; furthermore, the Senate cannot originate money bills, and the House sometimes successfully rebels, especially in a conference committee which may be controlled by a single representative, like Mr. Cannon, whose district is beyond the power of a State machine or leader. If it were not for the President's opportunity of appeal to the country, and for some remnants of independence on the part of the House, an independence, however, which is unhappily less and less frequently manifested as the power of the hierarchy increases, the Senate would almost absolutely control legislation, as, in ordinary times, it dominates appointments to office, the foreign relations of the country, the President, and party politics.

There was never a time in the history of the republic when the Senate did not regard the House as the lower and inferior body. The air of superiority was assumed in the First Senate. On the other hand, there then began an assertion of independence by the House. Down to the present day the conflict has been maintained, but more in words than in deeds, although deeds have actually been done in defense of the "high prerogative" of the representatives of the people to originate money bills, as I illustrated in *THE CENTURY* for June, 1902 (p. 184), by an anecdote showing one of Mr. Cannon's methods of preventing senatorial extravagance. The most recent form in which the question of relative power has been raised relates to the right of the President and the Senate to make reciprocity treaties which would affect the revenues. Each house has be-

fore it a report, one holding that the treaty-making power cannot, and the other that it can, regulate customs duties by treaty. Each house may be depended upon to vote unanimously in favor of the claim of its own report. If a reciprocity treaty is made, the courts may be obliged to pass upon its constitutionality. The fact that

was proposed that the one should have six dollars and the other five dollars a day; but the House would not agree thus to humiliate itself. Another conflict of opinion arose over the Senate's notion as to the manner in which communications should pass between the two houses. It was decided that the Senate, being the lordlier of the two,



Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by John Tinkey

"IT IS TIME, MY BOY, THAT WE RISE TO HIGHER THINGS"

reciprocity treaties have hitherto been enforced will not prevent the contention, although it may affect the judgment of the courts.

In the First Congress the senators undertook to mark the difference between the "members," as representatives were called, and themselves. Most of them thought that a senator should receive a higher compensation than a representative. Therefore it

should send its messages to the House by the humble hand of its secretary; but that when the representatives desired to communicate with it, they should send their message by two of the members, the elect of the people: and, merely out of common courtesy, the Senate announced that it would graciously receive the members standing. The House refused its assent to the plan.

So far as legal and formal privileges go, the pretensions of the Senate are more amusing than serious. The tumultuous democracy at the other end of the Capitol has, in law, more legislative power than the more select body possesses; but it is also true that, theoretically, the President alone is charged with the duties of nominating persons to office and of negotiating treaties. The truth is that something has happened which has wrought havoc with the theoretical system of checks and balances. The Senate has slipped out of its orbit, and is describing a larger arc in the political heavens than that which the fathers marked out for it. Its progress toward its eccentricity was slow at first, but for twenty years it has proceeded with a rapidity which has almost defied observation. The time is not very distant when a member of the House could have said to one of his senators:

"You cannot coerce my vote on a public question; I am responsible to my constituents alone."

Now more than one senator can reply:

"Oh, no, you're not; you're responsible to the organization, and I'm it."

Not many years ago a President smiled benignantly at this remarkable speech:

"Sir, I am the ambassador to this capital from a proud and sovereign State, and I insist that you will not appoint this negro a postmaster. You are invading my rights, sir, and trampling upon the rights of my people."

Now, if the President is wise, and desires to retain his influence with the Senate, he sends for the senator and asks his advice in advance. A President has even told senators—or, as to States where there were no senators of his own party, the head of the national or State machine—that they might name the federal officers.

The senators of the eighteenth century and of the earlier years of the nineteenth were dignified and assertive gentlemen in small-clothes and laces, with cocked hats and powdered hair. They and their immediate successors made demands, and they bridled like belles when their desires were overlooked and their pretensions flouted. The Senate maintained the contest, however, and eventually got its way. Senators never forgot their own prerogatives, although sometimes they dropped their dignity, and often entirely overlooked the respect which

was due to the Chief Magistrate of the nation. Calhoun, enraged at Jackson, was the author of the famous Patronage Bill, which undertook to deny the power of removal to the President. Many years afterward the principle of this bill was incorporated in the Tenure of Office Act, which was passed in the heat of partizan rage for the purpose of punishing Andrew Johnson, and was only recently repealed. The unfortunate power of interference by the Senate with executive duties has been always more or less employed by both the President and the Senate for the attainment of their respective ends. If the President has desired certain legislation, he has secured an alliance with powerful senators by a grant of offices; if a senator has sought to fortify himself at home, he has secured patronage for useful followers by amiability to the administration, or by "holding up" confirmations, through that advantageous device known as the "courtesy of the Senate," which is, in fact, a perpetual conspiracy to hamper the executive in the performance of his constitutional functions, and to enable a senator to win out in any contest which he may have with the executive.

How recent is the general recognition of this assertion of power by the Senate is shown by the fact that it is only a little more than twenty years ago that Mr. Conkling and Mr. Platt resigned their seats in the Senate because Mr. Garfield insisted on appointing to federal offices in New York men who were distasteful to these two "ambassadors."

Never before had there been such a high assertion of this prerogative of a senator to force the President to do the will of his constitutional adviser, but never since has the attempted enforcement of the senator's demand been so abortive. Mr. Conkling was probably the most arbitrary senator who ever sat in the body. He went far beyond his associates in insisting upon the actuality of the privileges which the Senate has always endeavored to read into the Constitution. He first heard with indignant surprise that the new President, whose nomination he had resented, was to "throw himself in the arms of Blaine," his most hated, although not most hating, enemy; and he determined to cower the man whom he had helped into office. He went to Mr. Garfield's hotel with friends who were to



Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE FIRST SENATE IN SESSION, NEW YORK, 1789

witness the righteous triumph of a senator about to be deprived of a custom-house.

"He strode up and down the room like a lion," said one, describing the scene; "he poured out his invective, his sarcasm, his eloquence, over Blaine, over Garfield, over all the enemies of himself and his friend General Grant. And I tell you," continued this enthusiast, unconsciously revealing the measure of the object of his adoration, "it was the greatest speech of his life, the most magnificent of all his magnificent oratorical efforts."

Yet Garfield, notwithstanding this outburst of eloquence, did precisely what Mr. Conkling forbade him to do. Then the arrogant leader and Mr. Platt, his colleague, resigned, and sought reflection, which was denied them. The time had not yet come for the assent even of the politicians to the theory that senators had the right to dictate appointments to the federal offices.

This attitude of superiority now mainly manifests itself in the political conduct of the senators; but not many years ago, before the rules of social precedence were established as they are to-day, the feeling that senators possessed rights and privileges which tempted to encroachments disturbed scores of the amiable and worthy women known to books on Washington etiquette as "senatorial ladies." A good woman fresh from pure and wholesome American domesticity, where she had breathed the stimulating air of social equality, sat with folded arms and sternly refused to make the initial call on the wife of a mere justice of the Supreme Court, whose husband her husband had helped to put upon the bench. And once, so it is narrated, at a state dinner at the White House,—in other words, at the very heart of the republic,—a "senatorial lady," condemned to go in to dinner behind a foreign minister's wife, seized her astonished escort, and walking in front of the other woman, triumphantly asserted her claim—the claim reflected from her husband's senatorship. The comment on this declaration of superiority was the subacid remark:

"It 's only the Senate's way."

It was the Senate's way. Why has the Senate always given itself an air of superiority? And why has it attained to its overshadowing place in our system of government? There are various answers to

the first question. The reason for a good many of the assumptions of the Senate springs from common human vanity. Sometimes the senator likes to regale himself with the thought that he is an ambassador; this one is likely to be a reminiscent States'-rights Southerner. Sometimes he dreams that he is a member of the most intellectual and mighty legislative assemblage in the law-ridden world. Occasionally a senator of ancestry is pleased to think of himself as one of the American "Lords." There is an air of withdrawal from the world in the halls and lobbies of his chamber; his precincts are not frequented by the crowds who forever hang about the doorways of the popular branch, and within certain guarded parts of the corridors no profane feet are allowed to tread except those of personal friends, lobbyists, and newspaper correspondents. The all-pervading truth is, however, that the Senate thinks highly of itself because it is really overshadowing, because it is the most powerful element of the government. Its place in our system is due to a constitutional grant which, by perversion and extension, gives it control over the executive and over the foreign relations of the country. It also overshadows the House, because, in the present system of party management, the possession of patronage is the key to the nominating convention.

The theory of the Constitution is that the three departments of the government—the legislative, the executive, and the judiciary—are independent of one another. In practice, the government is not carried on in harmony with this theory. The system of checks and balances does not operate as its inventors intended. The President was to have had the power of selecting his subordinates; the Senate, through the exercise of the power of confirmation, was to prevent the appointment of unworthy men, especially of men who might connive with the President to usurp power. In practice most of the President's subordinates are forced upon him. He usually selects after consultation with a senator, who stands for the whole Senate, for he has its power behind him through a custom which has grown to be a rule of conduct, known as the "courtesy of the Senate." This is the rule. There have been some conspicuous departures from it in recent years, but it is, after all, the ac-



Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

"HE [SENATOR ROSCOE CONKLING] STRODE UP AND DOWN THE ROOM LIKE A LION"

knowledgeable rule that the State's senators must be consulted before the President makes an appointment to a federal office situated within the confines of their State, or bailiwick, if, indeed,—and this qualification is important,—the senators and the President are of the same party.

On one occasion, so it is reported,—as the story, though of doubtful authenticity, might well be true, I shall repeat it,—Grover Cleveland was intent upon naming to a public office a man who was as gall and wormwood to the senators from a certain State. They stood before him in his room at the White House and solemnly assured him that if he carried out his purpose he would lose the support of their State. To which Mr. Cleveland—whose fame as a statesman and a patriot is sure to grow brighter and to illumine a wider and wider horizon as the years revolve—replied, as he wrote down the name of his chosen appointee:

"Well, senators, then I shall have to get along without the State of —."

But then, as we have been assured many times by party leaders, Grover Cleveland was possessed of the strange notion that he

was responsible to the people, and not to the Senate, and that the country was of larger importance than his party.

I do not know whether this disagreeable person was confirmed or not; probably he was not, for when Mr. Cleveland was President the Senate had been organized into a corporation, the understanding being that all the senators should stand together and vote against the confirmation of any nominee distasteful to the senator or senators of the State in which was situated the office to be filled. History shows, as I have pointed out, that the senators filed their claims on patronage soon after the beginning of the government, but that full ownership was not acquired until well within the present generation. The rule of the "courtesy of the Senate" has permitted the construction of the most perfectly developed "trust," or trade-union, in the country; and there is hardly any existing combination which is more inimical to the general welfare than the Senate union has sometimes been and may easily be again.

It enabled Senator Hill, for instance, to prevent the confirmation of Mr. Hornblower as a justice of the Supreme Court

on grounds which must have amazed the cynics who listened to his argument in secret session. In the First Senate, according to Mr. Maclay, some senators thought that the vote on the question of confirmation should be taken by secret ballot, because, otherwise, those who voted against confirmation would invite the displeasure of the President, or would no longer enjoy his "sunshine." At present a different theory prevails. The senator goes boldly to the White House and presents to the nominating power the names of the men whom he desires the President to appoint.

Mr. Conkling's view is now the view of politics. He was a trifle in advance of his time, but he was thorough. He was firmly convinced that the patronage of the State of New York belonged to him, and when he objected to the appointment of Mr. Robertson as Collector of New York, he was simply defending his own, that is, his own as trustee for the party organization of which he was then nominally the leader. After his defeat in the State, and after the death of Garfield, as I was long ago told on excellent authority, he presented himself to Mr. Arthur, whom he continued to regard as his follower, and demanded that he be made Secretary of the Treasury in order that, with his own hand, he might notify the obnoxious Robertson of his dismissal. He wanted an obvious and a notorious vindication. He discovered, however, that Mr. Arthur had become the President, and as he went down the stone steps of the Benjamin F. Butler house, where his old friend was temporarily dwelling, with the denial of his demand ringing in his ears, he might have muttered with Timon, for he was fond of quotation:

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The anecdote shows not only the scope and comprehensiveness of the Senate's claim, but the modernity of the Senate's trade-union. No President, it is true, would even now yield to such a demand as that made by Mr. Conkling, and it is safe to say that few Americans have lived who have been capable of conceiving such fantastic absolutism as that which was the natural fruitage of Mr. Conkling's nature; nevertheless the practical working of our institutions to-day is on the Conkling

theory. In giving to the Senate the power of confirmation, the Constitution made it virtually the appointing power. The established rule at the White House is that the senators must be consulted before an appointment is made. If there are no senators of the President's party from a particular State, the President consults the senator who is at the head of the national organization. Some Presidents obediently yield to the senators; others do not; but if they do not, they invite the rejection of those candidates for office whom they prefer, and even of the legislation which they regard as for the best interests of the country. One President is known to have asked, as a favor, the privilege of appointing a personal friend as postmaster of a town in his own State.

"I should very much like to name him for the place, senator," he is reported to have said, "if you have n't set your heart on some one else."

The senator did not care very much, and finally agreed that the President's friend might have the office provided that he be directed to appoint the senator's "man" as his assistant.

President Roosevelt has adopted the rule that he will consult the senators as the leaders of the Republican organization, but he insists that they shall name good men. Every President must recognize the momentous truth that he is virtually powerless without the Senate. Not only cannot he fill an office or make a treaty without its assent, but he must possess the friendship of the majority if he is to secure the legislation which he especially desires. The practical President will, therefore, deal or trade with the Senate. He will, for example, yield to the request of a senator who is chairman of the Finance Committee, and appoint his brother-in-law a minister, in order to induce the senator to report and carry through a bill to save the country and government from bankruptcy. He will distribute second lieutenantcies and other commissions among the relatives and friends of senators in order that an army reform bill may receive their votes. These commissions may result in vast harm to the service, may put at needless risk thousands of lives, may demoralize the army in the face of an enemy, and may endanger the country; but this is not taken into consideration: little else is considered when

patronage is in sight than the opportunity for getting a share of it.

The morning hours of Mr. Roosevelt are consumed almost entirely by dealers in office. They fill Mr. Cortelyou's room, going there singly or with droves of representatives and other followers behind them. In almost every instance the senator's visit is for the purpose of presenting his own henchman for the President's offices. The senator's "man" is to become the President's subordinate. If the President does not like the man, he must induce the naming of another; if he knows a man who, in his opinion, is especially well qualified for the post to be filled, he must secure the senator's assent to his appointment. If he does not do one of these things, his nominee is likely to be rejected; for all that it is necessary for the senator to do in order to prevent the President's rifling of his senatorial perquisite is to rise in his place and say, in effect:

"Mr. President: I did not name this man to the President. That functionary took it upon himself to select a person for this office for what he regards as the interests of the service. In doing so, he has ignored my interests and the interests of the party organization in my State. Moreover, this is an assault upon the proprietary rights of a senator."

The country would be astonished if it could know the extent of this proprietorship. The Senate's power of confirmation not only places the President, but the whole civil service outside of the classified list, under tribute. No officer of the civil service must venture publicly to criticize or antagonize the senators of his State, if they belong to the party of the administration. Some hardy officials have been removed for making speeches against a senator who was seeking reelection, and who was the absolute master of his State party organization. Can a President be blamed? He acts on the theory that the support of his party's senators is absolutely necessary to the accomplishment of the objects and purposes of his administration. He cannot, therefore, afford to permit his own subordinates to embroil him with the confirming power. It might be for the best interests of the country in the end if it could have a President for a score of years who would deny to the Senate its usurped power over appointments; but it is not certain that the

change wrought by such a Thor among Presidents would lead to a movement in the right direction. It might be that, in the struggle, he would receive more blows from the country for blocking the wheels than would be showered upon the Senate for fighting for its staked-out claims. Still, after all, it must be said in honor of our country that courage and conscientious discharge of duty by an executive officer invariably increase his popularity.

The official who regards his public life as at the mercy of a senator will not only refrain from opposing his ambitions: he will help his political fortunes if he wishes to keep his place, and he will always be monstrously polite to him, and humbly considerate of his feelings. Senators cannot always secure the removal of public servants on frivolous grounds, but they may do so, and the wise servant keeps on the right side of the master. Useful officers not protected by the civil-service law have been removed to make places for brothers-in-law, cousins, uncles, and serviceable district leaders. It is not long ago that a senator of the party antagonistic to that of the President complained to the latter that a certain postmaster in his State had spoken ill of him, and he demanded his head. The senator himself was not a mild-tongued man, and had been accustomed to refer to the President as a "disgrace to the century"; but he could not permit the country to suffer by reason of personal assaults upon himself. He did not get his head, although he added to the amusement of the White House. His plea, however, would have been really formidable had he been a member of the President's own party. A senator has even been known to touch profanely the domestic sanctuary of one of our ministers abroad, and insidiously and significantly to suggest that the name of a certain lady objected to by the minister's wife had been inadvertently dropped, "by some underling of course" (*sic*), from the list of those of the local American colony habitually entertained at the legation.

It is with the Senate's power over the executive, however, with which the country is most concerned. "Unless you appoint to this post-office one of my selection, no one shall be confirmed." This is the first demand; and the second, the third, and the last are the logical outgrowth of it.



Drawn by A. L. Keller. Halfstone plate engraved by F. H. Wallington

"THE MORNING HOURS OF MR. ROOSEVELT ARE CONSUMED ALMOST ENTIRELY BY DEALERS IN OFFICE"

A senator, new and untried, with a brand-new machine "back home," as they say, waiting to be fed, had failed to convince the President that he possessed among his followers a single man fit for the public service. In the expressive language of the craft, he had been "turned down" on every application he had made. He felt that he must do something to keep his machine from falling to pieces. He had news from home that it was loosening at the joints. The editor who wanted a post-office, but had failed to secure it on account of a purely personal and private affair, an embezzlement or an elopement with another man's wife, began to show signs of coolness in his columns. At last the new senator, to quote his own picturesque language, "struck the President's trail." He discovered the man whom the President would like to appoint, but whom he did not dare to name lest the new senator should prevent the confirmation. This man was popular at home, and the senator, springing to meet his opportunity more than half-way, rushed to the White House.

"Mr. President," he said, with the politician's instinct for position, "I understand that you don't want to build up a machine in — against me. All you want from me is a good man."

"That is all I'm insisting on," said the President. "I want to recognize you and your organization; but you must give me good men for the offices."

"Well, I believe you're playing fair, Mr. President, and I've got the right man this time. I'd have named him before, but I did n't want him turned down on my account. He's too good a man. But if you say that you're only fighting for good men, and not against me, I'll name him."

"You may be sure of that, senator. I want you to name the men for office in your State, and I'll take them if they're good men. Who is he?"

"General D——," said the senator to the astonished President, who gladly promised the appointment. On which, the machine editors, whose columns had not cooled, announced on the following day that Senator — had visited the White House the day before, and had come to a complete understanding with the President, in consequence of which the President had recognized Senator — as the leader of the party

in the State of — and had turned over to him all its patronage.

Not only has the Senate's power of confirmation resulted in the shifting of the power of nomination and in giving it the almost absolute control of all the offices not included in the classified service, but it has enabled it to punish and hamper a President of whom its majority disapproves. Military nominations and promotions have been rejected because a President has not been compliant enough. Necessary legislation and appropriations for which the executive has asked have been denied. Senators have even threatened to cut down supplies unless their friends were promised the contracts under which the money would be expended. Senators have felt such confidence in their power that, without consulting a President, they have promised pension attorneys the head of a capable and conscientious Commissioner of Pensions. They have interfered in court-martial cases to the detriment of discipline in the army and navy. They have demanded pardons for criminals under threats, more or less translucent, that the President's plans would suffer if the demand were refused.

The power over our foreign relations which the right of ratification of treaties gives the Senate is self-evident. Senator Lodge has written an essay, since printed as an official report, to prove that the Senate possesses the power to amend treaties. The contention was unnecessary; the power is not disputed by well-informed and thoughtful persons: but the Senate's abuse of the power is recognized by all who believe that the independence of the three departments of the government should be maintained, especially by all who realize that the Senate has become the dominant factor in the government and is establishing itself as an oligarchy. Moreover, it does not follow, because the Senate possesses the power of amendment, that it has the right to demand to be consulted during the process of negotiation. This, however, is its demand—a demand which was acceded to by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay in the negotiation of the second Hay-Pauncefote treaty. The Senate's claim is an insult to common sense. Assent to it and obedience to it would mean that the negotiation of every treaty must be conducted by one power with ninety-one other



Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"BUTTONHOLING" SENATORS IN THE MARBLE HALL OF THE CAPITOL

powers—the President and ninety senators; and of these ninety not one would be bound by his promise made in advance of his vote, on the question of ratification. Only under such circumstances as compelled the ratification of the second canal treaty would such a procedure be practicable. Still, the power has been asserted, and treaty-making, unless it be for the purpose of meeting a popular demand or to end a war, cannot go on at all without compliance with the pretensions of senators; therefore the Secretary of State, if he be prudent, will follow Mr. Hay's recent example. If the President can, he will circumvent the Senate's usurpation by securing control of the chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, as Grant did when he prevailed upon his friends in the Senate to displace Mr. Sumner. This proceeding drew down upon General Grant and his associates the condemnation of the country; but Mr. Charles Francis Adams has pointed out, in an address before the New York Historical Society, that if an administration desires to make treaties it is an act of wisdom to attach the chairman of the Senate committee to itself, to pamper him with consultations, and, I may add, to feed him with patronage. But it will be said that this is government by corruption. So it is, and therefore to be severely condemned; but not only are chairmen and other senators purchased by Presidents in aid of treaties: a prudent distribution of offices has more than once enabled the executive to obtain the legislation which he has sought for the best interests of the country.

The law has given the Senate certain powers. With these powers it obtains what offices it wants, what treaty amendments it insists upon, what legislation it believes to be profitable. If, on the other hand, the President is earnestly desirous of securing legislation in his turn, it bargains with him. I am dealing, of course, with the excessive employment of its powers, in order to show to what lengths the Senate's domination has led it, and may again lead it.

The Senate most frequently acts for the general interests, and, debate with it not being limited, its determination of a measure is likely to be much more intelligent than that of the House of Representatives. Still, the power exists in the Senate, and is often exercised, to compel government by corruption, that is, government by a trade

between the President and the legislative branch of the government. In the matter of executive appointments, it may be said that senators invariably assume the attitude of proprietorship. Their habitual speech involuntarily betrays their point of view.

"I'd like to cut off your head," said a senator to a civil-service commissioner who had stood between him and the law. "I'd like to cut off your head; you've taken ten thousand appointments away from me."

They call the offices their offices, not the country's offices; and the power of nomination their power, not the President's.

In the matter of treaty-making, they often court the anti-foreign sentiment, and usually consult this or that "vote" instead of the general welfare. If a Secretary of State negotiates with a foreign power a treaty which contains provisions favorable to the foreign government,—such provisions as are absolutely necessary if the consent of the other power to the convention is to be obtained,—the secretary thereby becomes the target for the insults of some senators who invariably speak of him as an Anglophile, or a Germano-maniac, or a tool of Russia, or a toady or a parasite of France or Timbaktu, a snob who is seeking the patronage and approval of foreign courts by base betrayal of the interests of his country. Many of these critics are themselves largely indifferent to the proper and natural feelings of foreign ministers, of rulers or of peoples, and if it be deemed necessary for party or personal reasons to destroy a treaty by a statute, they do not hesitate. The attitude which the Senate has frequently adopted toward foreign countries, and which it therefore makes the attitude of its own country, has absolutely destroyed the treaty-making power except where public sentiment is so fervently expressed that it is not safe to disregard it (as was the case with the Hay-Pauncefote canal treaty), or where the treaty is for the reestablishment of peace, as with the latest treaty with Spain. In ordinary affairs, or in great affairs upon which public opinion has not been aroused to fierce expression, the Senate is usually unwilling to come to an agreement either with the President or with the foreign power.

It is also an interesting, and may become an important, fact that our foreign relations are at the mercy of States several of

which have been brought into the Union for partizan purposes. There are now ninety senators. Thirty-one of these can defeat a treaty. Sixteen small States, with a total population, in 1900, of fewer than six millions, may control the foreign relations of the United States. Included in

Moreover, these sixteen small States, with thirty-two senators, have only thirty-one representatives. Was ever minority rule so powerful as it is in the Senate?

Such being the opportunity and the disposition of the Senate, the President, who is responsible for his appointments, is de-



Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by William Miller

A FEW TYPES OF SENATORS

these are the four smaller States of New England, the mining States of the Rocky Mountain region, Oregon and Washington, the Dakotas, Delaware, and Florida. These States have as much power in the Senate as the two large New England States, all the Middle States, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, and Kentucky together, with an aggregate population of more than forty-six millions—more than half of the total population of the country.

nied his necessary power, while our foreign relations are largely dependent on the talent of the State Department for circumvention. As to matters of legislation, the senators exert their power to procure appropriations for their States for which representatives would not dare to ask. In this, as in the matter of appointments, the senators stand together. They constitute a compact bond of brethren. This is the natural and logical, though evil, consequence of the powers granted to the Senate

by the Constitution; but, evil as it is, it is idle to overlook the long-established truth that public men will take all the power that is placed within their reach.

Having the control of appointments, the senators are naturally at the head of the modern party machines, the national and the State machines. They construct them with their appointees. They select the delegates to national conventions. Here is an additional reason for the complaisance of a President, at least during his first term. The men who hold the primaries and select the delegates to the congressional conventions are also the senator's men. Even when a post-office has been bestowed upon an obedient and loyal representative, the federal officer knows full well to whom his first obedience is due.

Herein lies the gloss of the story with which this paper opens. The senators command the party. If they are specially interested in legislation, they send down their orders to the members of the House, and, as a rule, they are obeyed. It is not always that the orders are direct; occasionally the senator does not appear; the order comes from the nominal head of the home machine. Such a command portends much to the representative; it says to him, in effect: "The senator has directed his policy to be supported by the State organization, which, as you quite understand, includes the organization of your district, and we shall therefore be compelled this year to nominate men who are with him."

Sometimes it is not a renomination which is directly denied to the contumacious member; it is a dread, mysterious disturbance at the very base of his strength at home.

"I saw the Secretary of the Navy to-day," carelessly observes a senator to a representative who is on the verge of mutiny; "he'd like you to drop in to-morrow morning."

Pale with anxiety, the representative drops in that very afternoon, and the secretary, often as unhappy as the man whom he is ordered to drag on, asks:

"Do you know McClosky?"

"The plug-ugly who is boss of the ward just outside of my navy-yard?"

"The same," says the secretary, scanning a typewritten memorandum at the head of which the rebel reads the legend, "U. S. Senate."

"Yes, I know him. What of him?"

"There is a good deal of complaint against that man of yours, the foreman in shop A in your navy-yard."

"I know all about that, Mr. Secretary," replies the representative; "I know all about it, and I can prove that the charges are the lies of a gang of conspirators. McClosky is at the head of them. He's my enemy, and wants to beat me for a renomination. All I ask is an investigation of the charges."

"I supposed it was something like that," replies the secretary; "but we have n't time for an investigation. Now, my dear sir, let us be frank with each other. I don't want you defeated; your experience and influence in the House, and your special knowledge of naval matters, make you very useful to me and to the administration. I would n't do this against you if I could help it; but if I don't, the senator will beat my reorganization bill. You can put an end to the whole trouble by voting for the one million dollars the senator wants for a new post-office in his own home."

"But, Mr. Secretary, that's a clear steal, and every one knows it. I could n't hold up my head among honest men if I did that shameful thing."

"I'm sorry," says the secretary, with a sigh, which is his memorial to a dead conscience, "but I've got to save my bill if I can. Good morning."

This is a composite story, but every element in it is true. Here is another story, no less true, but more concrete:

For days the conferees had been wrestling over a Senate amendment to the tariff bill. The representatives had the better of the argument, and pushed their advantage until the senators were on the point of yielding. The item of the tariff bill involved concerned an article made by a powerful combination in which the most potent figure of the National Committee of the time was interested. The Senate amendments provided for increased protection for this article; the House bill had placed it on the free list. As the House conferees thought that they were on the point of gaining the victory, a telegram was handed in at the door. It was directed to one of the senators. He read it, and passed it to his colleagues. There was an earnest discussion between the three, and

then the despatch was shown to the conferees from the House. It read as follows:

The — schedule will stand as amended by the Senate, or the bill must fall.

The signature was that of the political and industrial potentate. The majority of the House conferees stormed at what they called this impudent dictation, and urged their associates to withstand the corrupt pressure; but their associates did not dare, and the schedule as amended remained in the bill in order to save the measure.

Thus we see the Senate sitting at the gates of power and levying tribute upon all comers. Even the judiciary is not free from its control. The Senate passes on judges as on other appointees, while, as master of legislation, the time may come when it will compel the enactment of a law increasing or diminishing the number of judges on the Supreme bench for its own purposes. This preliminary being arranged, the senators will doubtless secure the appointment of men of their own views.

The overshadowing power of the Senate is unquestioned, and it is exerted every day of the political year. The Senate, indeed, possesses many virtues which are conspicuously absent from the popular branch. It considers measures, and debates them freely. Its minority has often been guilty of wilful and injurious obstruction, but loquacious obstruction is not so hurtful to the public interests as silent obedience. There is nothing more hostile to the general welfare than concealment of the reasons for and against the enactment of laws; nor are there many things more desirable in a modern democracy than the suppression of legislation by obstruction or otherwise. Buckle's view is truer than ever: the chief value of legislation to-day lies in the opportunity and power to remedy mistakes of the past: "Repeal is more blessed than enactment." The Senate contains industrious and intelligent men who work for the public interests, but its power over the President tends to the corruption of the public service, while its domination over the House of Representatives, coupled with the rules and the practices of the hierarchy, makes that body a silent assemblage without the power which the law intended it to exercise. Even appropriation bills, which, under the Constitution, must originate in the House, receive their final form in the

Senate or in conference. And though the House conferees may call a halt to the extravagance of the Senate after a certain point in the consideration of the measure is reached, there are few, if any, appropriation bills the totals of which are not increased by that solid phalanx of the "Upper House," where each desire can claim the support of the congregated selfishnesses.

Near the close of the first session of the Fifty-seventh Congress, the House of Representatives actually debated the Cuban relief bill. It was the first worthy debate of the session, and was made possible by the division in the ranks of the Republicans caused by the sugar controversy. The President, assisted by some senators who were his friends, or his allies for the moment, had compelled the consideration of the measure. A minority of the Republicans, with the aid of the Democrats, had prevented the hierarchy from bringing in a rule to limit debate. During the session the House passed the Philippine tariff bill without reasonable debate; it passed the war revenue measure by unanimous consent and without any debate whatever; it discussed the rural free-delivery bill, the oleomargarin bill, and the Chinese exclusion bill, because party and personal fortunes were involved in them. The enlightening discussion of the Cuban bill showed the value to the country of a strong opposition, for the insurrectionary Republicans and the Democrats together constituted such an opposition. The debate resulted in the passage of the bill with an important amendment injurious, it was thought, to the interests of the sugar-refiners. In the end, the senators who were opposed to the President's Cuban policy prevented the consideration of the measure by the Senate, and the session ended with the President's generous purpose for Cuba defeated. But while this was the result of the measure, during the debate in the House of Representatives there was not a representative who did not know that the Senate would have its way in the end; that it would amend the bill to suit itself, and, hostile to their own desires as such amendments might be, that the representatives would accept whatever bill the Senate ordered to be passed, for the representatives must yield to those who control the organization, who dictate appointments, upon whose good graces all ambitions depend.

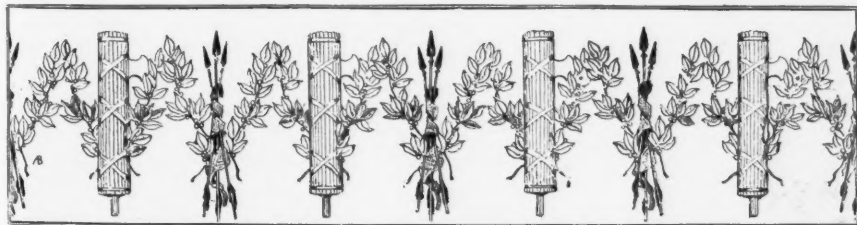
One result of the immense growth of a senator's power and influence is the temptation thereby offered to masterful men of wealth. To such men there is no pleasure comparable to that of exercising power. The joy of the ruler is dear to them, and there is no position in this country like a senatorship for breeding that ecstasy. An indictment against wealth in politics, *per se*, is folly; but wealth in public life, unguided and uninformed, untempered by a patriotic and statesmanlike regard for the general welfare, is hostile to the country's best interests. It is not true that rich public men invariably disregard or overlook the general welfare; they are often our wisest counselors. It is true, however, that their first tendency is to consider the effect of proposed legislation on special interests. It is also unquestionably an evil that men who have no talent for public life should attain to its highest honors merely because they are rich. In the present Senate there are more than a score of men who would not be there but for their possession of wealth. It is not true that these men, being in the Senate, are necessarily unworthy members of the body, but, in itself, the fact that wealth can secure senatorships does not make for the health of the body. When to this we add the domination which the Senate has gained over the President and the popular branch of Congress, and over the party organizations, we readily understand that it is a menace to the health of the body politic. We need not inquire as to the corruption of the Senate; but we know that it is corrupting. It is corrupting even if it only

stimulates the cynical belief in its lack of virtue which is embodied in a doubtless untruthful story not long ago current in Washington. This tale of fiction runs to the effect that a senator, on hearing that an aspirant for election to the Chamber had refused to respond to the last demand made upon him for money, said:

"How foolish! Does n't he know that a senatorship is worth sixty thousand dollars a year?"

The sad thing is that, absurd as the fiction is upon its face, its narration was never known to be received with any expression of surprise, with any expression whatever except that smile which indicates that such a tale told of such a subject is to be expected. When men are known to secure seats in the Senate because they are rich, and, being in the Senate, thereby become the dominant powers in the government and in party politics; and when the legislation which secures most attention from Congress affects private commercial and financial interests, suspicions of corruption are, to say the least, not astonishing. The Senate is not only powerful: it is exacting and arbitrary; while the character of its constituent elements makes it self-assertive, tyrannical, and prone to prefer the material to the moral advantage of the republic. Its overshadowing influence, and the manner in which it is exerted, inevitably recall the saying of our ancient enemy, Lord Bute:

"The forms of a free and the ends of an arbitrary government are things not altogether incompatible."





Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by William Miller

"WHEN THEY FOUND THEIR SEARCH WAS FUTILE, THEIR ANGER KNEW NO BOUNDS"

WHEN THE CONSUL CAME TO PEKING

BY ABIGAIL H. FITCH

WITH PICTURES BY SYDNEY ADAMSON

PART II



R. WABS was wise in his determination that they should eat. The cakes were fairly fresh, made of millet, and contained a certain amount of nourishment, of which they were sadly in need, as they had not eaten since tiffin that day. He coaxed his wife to take some of the ambrosia, as he called it, and which Betty declared was not unpalatable. After their meager meal, enlivened by the persistent cheerfulness of the consul, the ladies felt revived, and were ready to assist in making a careful reconnaissance of their prison.

Mr. Wabs led, holding aloft the taper. The windows were their first objects of examination; they were narrow, and too high to be considered as a means of escape. They lingered longer at the wooden doors, barred and locked on the outside, while Mr. Wabs made futile efforts to dislodge the great hinges. Then they made a slow circuit of the temple, closely examining the dreadful walls for possible openings behind the bas-relief. Back of the altar they came upon a small door, hidden by a curtain. Betty held up a warning finger. "Hush!" she exclaimed in a frightened whisper. "Don't you hear something?" They listened with bated breath. A low, gurgling sound on the other side of the door could be distinctly heard.

"Oh, what is it?" gasped Mrs. Wabs, seizing her husband's arm. In so doing she inadvertently extinguished the taper. In the darkness the sound seemed to become

louder and to assume a character more definite.

"It is running water," announced Mr. Wabs, after a moment's intent listening. "This door," he continued in a low voice, "must open into the grotto we passed when we came into the temple. And it will be through this door that we will escape—if we can," he added to himself.

It was part of Mr. Wabs's policy to keep up the spirits of his companions by promises of a speedy release; he himself felt exceedingly doubtful of his ability to effect their escape.

He tested the strength of the door by repeatedly throwing his weight against the wooden panels. Except for inflicting bruises upon himself, he accomplished nothing, and was forced to desist.

Then using his last match to relight the taper, he began with his pocket-knife to cut around the lock of the door. As the task promised to be long and laborious, he advised Betty and Mrs. Wabs to compose themselves to such slumbers as the place permitted, while he worked. Till far into the night Mr. Wabs toiled at his task; no sound broke the stillness around him save the soft gurgling of the water without, and the steady rasp of his penknife on the door.

The taper was burning low, and still he had accomplished next to nothing in the cutting away of the wood about the lock. Weary and altogether discouraged, he stopped to rest awhile, leaning his head against the panels of the door. Without intending to do so, he dropped asleep.

Later he wakened with a start, to find himself in darkness, the taper having burned out. The rattling of a cart and the clatter of hoofs in the courtyard attracted his attention. He sat up and listened. The cart stopped by the temple doors. Mr. Wabs drew a sharp breath; should he gently wake his sleeping companions before they should be more rudely roused by those about to enter, or should he let them slumber on?

"Poor souls!" he said with great pity, "let them sleep while yet they can! God knows what may be in store for them when they waken."

Then slipping off his shoes, he stole noiselessly to the doors at the farther end of the temple. For once in his life he bitterly regretted his ignorance of Chinese. A colloquy between two men was being held outside. Mr. Wabs thought he recognized the voice of the bonze, and bared his arm: to deal him at least one powerful blow should he be the first to enter; but after a moment's further discussion the cart rattled off, and all was silent again, save for distant echoing footsteps on the stone-paved court.

Through the narrow openings of the windows in the temple Mr. Wabs saw the first faint streaks of approaching dawn.

v

ALTHOUGH Foo-ling showed no manner of surprise when Follingsbee thus grimly told him their destination, he must have marveled at the strangeness of the young man's words. Nor did Follingsbee vouchsafe the least explanation until they had ridden full two miles; then he called the servant to his side.

"Do you know how much farther it is to Pé Yün Ssü?" he asked.

"Three li, master."

"Are you well acquainted with the place?"

"I have been there many times."

"Describe as accurately as you can where the Temple of Hell lies in the inclosure." Follingsbee's voice was husky from suppressed emotion; his quivering lip belied the quiet tones.

Something like a chuckle escaped from Foo-ling. The young American turned sharply and bent a searching gaze upon him. Instantly the man's face resumed its

expression of inscrutable impassivity; his eyes alone glowed with a look of admiration as he spoke: "You are wise, master, above every one. Who else would have fathomed the true meaning of the bonze's mysterious words? Not I, truly, though I have known of this Temple of Hell all my life. It is near the southeast wall of Pé Yün Ssü, in a court by itself, and beside it lies a grotto."

Follingsbee interrupted him with an exclamation of surprise and exultation. "Yes," he said below his breath, "it is the same place. 'I am sure of it.'"

An old lama in Peking who was his teacher in the Tibetan language had often told him tales of these hills and the temples on them. One story in particular now forced itself upon his memory. Many years ago, a priest of Buddha, dwelling on these western hills, entered into a conspiracy with the magistrate of a certain village to defraud the people. Notices were sent out near and far, saying that a pious priest, wishing to attain to buddhahip and at the same time raise money for his temple, would, on a stated day, undergo self-immolation by fire. All good people were invited to attend his martyrdom and present their gifts. Now it was agreed between the magistrate and the ungodly priest that the funeral pile should be erected in a certain grotto in his temple, over a trap-door that opened into an underground passage known only to themselves, and leading out beyond the temple grounds. When the smoke of the fire should hide the priest from sight, he was to slip down the trap-door and save himself. His disappearance would be counted miraculous and the work of Buddha. The money obtained by means of this fraud was to be divided between the magistrate and the priest. All was arranged according to agreement, with one fatal difference: the wily old official, thinking it a pity to share so much wealth with another, had the trap-door securely fastened, and the priest, unable to escape the leaping flames, was consumed amid his own dreadful imprecations and shrieks of pain.

It was this story that Follingsbee repeated to Foo-ling, who listened with close attention.

"And this tunnel leads from the grotto of Pé Yün Ssü," Follingsbee concluded with conviction.

"After we have found it, master, what then?" Foo-ling's tones spoke volumes.

"What then? Why, this." Follingsbee's hands sought his pistol-pocket and rested on the trusty weapon there.

"I understand," said Foo-ling, quietly.

They rode on rapidly in silence. On approaching Pé Yün Ssü, they slackened their pace and went more warily. The sun was climbing higher and higher; its heat began to be reflected with almost torrid fury from the white, sandy road. Not a sound could be heard from the walled inclosure before them; even the tingi did not seem tempted to stir abroad so early in the morning, and the bamboo curtains of the gate-house were kept tightly drawn.

Now Pé Yün Ssü is partly built upon the sloping side of a thickly wooded hill. Follingsbee left the main road, and led the way up the hill, back of the inclosure, and so down again. This maneuver kept the riders within the shelter of the trees and screened them from view until they descended close to the southeastern side of the grounds.

Over the wall glistened the red-tiled roof of a temple.

"That is the Temple of Hell," whispered Foo-ling.

Follingsbee could feel his heart throb with a violence that was almost pain.

"And the grotto?" he asked, whispering also.

"Lies between the temple and the wall in a straight line from where we are standing."

"Then we will start from this point to seek the tunnel."

They had tethered their horses in the woods and had come the remainder of the way on foot. Slowly and cautiously they advanced, examining every step.

Now and again Foo-ling would drop suddenly upon his hands and knees and tap the ground as with serpentine twists he moved himself along.

It was not the first time that the appearance and action of a Chinaman brought to Follingsbee's attention his startling resemblance to the North American Indian.

Once Foo-ling, when upon all fours, sprang from the ground and gazed intently toward a clump of tall trees skirting the hillside.

"One piecee man there," he said abruptly, lapsing into Pidgin-English as

a precautionary measure. "He lookee what we makee do."

Follingsbee strode over to the wood with no definite purpose other than to see what manner of man it was, whether priest or peasant. He found no one. After carefully reconnoitering, he returned, convinced that Foo-ling was mistaken. For an hour they continued their fruitless search for the tunnel. With great exertion they rolled aside rocks embedded in the earth; they prodded about the trunks of large trees scattered widely apart upon their path; then, tired and disappointed, they returned again to the point from which they had started.

But Follingsbee was not discouraged; his confidence in the existence of a subterranean passage remained unshaken. Nor was he mistaken.

Taking a more southerly course and leading toward the hills, he came upon it unexpectedly.

He heard the recurrent rhythm of falling water not far off, and saw jetting from a rock in the hillside a sheeny sheet, an elusive rainbow shimmering here and there on its thin, translucent surface.

The little stream moistened the parched earth a short distance, then abruptly disappeared again, evidently preferring the cooler subterranean highways to the hot, sun-baked ground above.

Follingsbee thought he could hear its soft tinkling melody as it threaded its way underground. He turned to the waterfall to slacken his own thirst, for the first time in many hours mindful of his physical needs. As he bent his head to take a long cooling draught, he seized the projecting limb of a tree to help his balance. The branch, already partly decayed, broke beneath his weight, and he pitched headlong into a thick growth of bushes. His head went down into a hollow, and he found himself gazing into a long, narrow tunnel.

With a thrill of triumph he called Foo-ling. Together they stumbled along the dark passage, their echoing tread sounding like pursuing footsteps. It was a gruesome place, the home of bats and many crawling, noisome things. The tunnel was without winding intricacies, and soon they came upon the trap-door at its farthest end.

Follingsbee's first impulse was one of exultation, his second of despair; the trap-door refused to yield an inch under the

combined strength of the men. With an access of helpless fury Follingsbee again and again attacked the fastenings of the door, until, baffled and exhausted, he sank on the dank earth. He remained for a time in apparently hopeless dejection, his eyes closed, his arms hanging lifelessly at his sides. Yet never had his brain been as active as now. In a little while he started up.

"Foo-ling," he exclaimed, "there remains but one way, and it has risks greater than this in which we have failed. Will you take them?"

Unhesitatingly and quietly the Chinese replied: "My life is at your disposal to save Missy Betty."

A lump in Follingsbee's throat prevented his speaking for a moment. Foo-ling had uttered the thought he did not dare express: it was a question of Betty's life. Briefly, then, he set forth his new plan. The trap-door must be opened on the inside and by the prisoners themselves. He explained to Foo-ling his line of action; everything depended upon the boldness and wit with which he carried it through. In less than fifteen minutes the faithful servant was standing before the gates of Pé Yün Ssü, bent upon his perilous undertaking. At his request the tingi conducted him to the head priest of the temple. To him Foo-ling delivered the message Follingsbee had framed. He was of the Ihochunds, he said, and had been sent by the bonze who brought the three foreigners to the worshipful brothers yesterday evening. The bonze was going toward Peking, and would meet the foreign party who were coming out to hunt for the missing ones. The bonze did not wish the foreign party to come near Pé Yün Ssü; they might think of searching, and would at least make trouble; he would send them in another direction, where there were plenty of Ihochunds to attend to them; and he wanted a certain gold charm on the young girl's watch-chain to show to the foreign party in proof of his veracity. The messenger could speak Pidgin-English and could ask the trinket of the girl. It might not be well to use force so soon.

The old priest gave an evil chuckle, then suddenly his brow darkened. He scowled at Foo-ling. There was no plausible reason for doubting the message, yet some subtle instinct made him distrustful.

"I will speak to the brothers; wait here," he commanded sharply.

Foo-ling nodded indifferently,—apparently he cared not whether the bonze received the gold charm or not,—and silently squatted on the ground.

Soon the old man returned. "Come," he said briefly, and led the way to the Temple of Hell.

Foo-ling trembled as the great doors swung open. If Betty showed the least sign of recognition, all was lost. Before the prisoners had started up from the floor where they had been sitting, he began rapidly to speak in a harsh, threatening voice: "Missy not know me, missy vely careful not know me. My talkee closs [cross] not be frightened. Mr. Follingsbee sendee me; he waitee in one piecee tunnel lowside glotto. Glotto other side door; maybe you kill man get there. Must come; no safee here. Missy give me one piecee gold," he added hastily, advancing toward Betty with menacing gesture. His quick eye had caught the look of impatience and suspicion on the priest's face at the length of his speech.

Betty had already displayed her fortitude during the dark hours in the hideous temple; she now showed her presence of mind. She snapped the little charm off her watch-chain, and handing it to Foo-ling, said, as if in passive resignation, while her heart beat tumultuously:

"Tell Mr. Follingsbee we will come soon or never." Then the doors closed upon the three prisoners, and they were alone once more.

VI

For a moment they were plunged in thought characteristic of their several natures.

Betty, with glad eyes and throbbing heart, was thinking of John Follingsbee, who, like a faithful sentinel, stood guard over her near the grotto, not many feet away. The knowledge of his proximity suffused a soft glow of happiness through her, and the horrors of the long night melted like mist from her consciousness.

Mrs. Wabs, with the prospect of release in sight, was forming good resolutions so fast that had she been able to live up to one third of them, her church must have canonized her a saint.

But the consul was making a careful

calculation of the time yet required to finish the cutting away of the latch in the little door back of the altar.

"It may be done in half an hour," he said aloud and hastened back to the task.

The women watched his progress anxiously.

Before long the latch began to loosen. Bracing his foot against the wall, Mr. Wabs gave one powerful wrench, and the door, with a loud crack, opened. A suppressed cry of delight broke from the prisoners; they had only a step to take to reach the grotto; once there, their escape would be easy.

Suddenly Betty grasped the consul's arm; her quick ears had caught the sound of stealthily approaching footsteps.

"Some one is coming," she gasped in a terrified whisper.

Instantly Mr. Wabs closed the door, drew the curtain across it, and beckoning to the women, returned to the interior of the temple, where he seated himself again upon the floor in an attitude of assumed dejection.

The steps stopped at the temple doors; they heard the bolts drawn, and then there was a short silence before the doors were softly opened.

There was something indescribably alarming to the silent listeners in the temple in this stealthy approach of their unknown visitor. Twice only during their imprisonment had any one come to see them, and on both occasions no effort had been made toward secrecy, as indeed there was no occasion for such precaution, for were they not completely in the power of their captors? As they kept their eyes glued upon the doors in fearful suspense, they saw the half-sneering, cunning face of the bonze peering in. An expression of surprise, mingled with something akin to disappointment, passed over his ugly features when he saw the three foreigners sitting quietly upon the floor.

Mrs. Wabs cowered close to the wall when she saw him, her lips drawn taut with terror; Betty sprang up erect and defiant; but Mr. Wabs, after the first startled recognition of the bonze, jumped to his feet and rushed upon him with clenched fists, shouting, "D—— you, you skulking scoundrel, how dared you bring us here!"

Physical courage was not the bonze's strongest point; he hastily withdrew, bolt-

ing the door after him. Soon the hurried patter of his retreating steps was lost in the distance.

"Quick!" said Mr. Wabs. "Now is our chance—he may return again with the others."

They lost no time; the thought of the treacherous priest hovering near lent them additional speed. They rushed through the small door into the grotto. The trap-door was easily found, but not so easily opened; the rusty iron bolts were difficult to move. Great beads of sweat fell from Mr. Wabs's forehead as he tugged desperately at the bolts; he was a large man, but not muscular, and his long fast had weakened him. To Betty, as she stood quivering with excitement, straining every nerve to listen for the sound of any one's approach, the time seemed interminable before the rusty bars finally yielded to the consul's exertions and shot back from their fastenings.

They found Follingsbee and Foo-ling waiting in the tunnel. Not a word was spoken; Betty felt a strong, protecting grip on her hand, the trap-door was closed again, and they started silently to run the length of the passage. Suddenly they stopped; a loud, shrill whistle had struck sharply on their ears. It seemed to come from the courtyard of the temple they had just left.

"That is a signal of some kind," whispered Follingsbee. "We must get to the woods before they discover your escape."

Betty, still hand in hand with Follingsbee, ran like a deer, and fear lent unwonted swiftness to Mrs. Wabs's feet.

Near the outer entrance the passage narrowed, and they were forced to run in single file. Follingsbee was leading. He had almost emerged into the clear sunlight when, with a low exclamation, he retreated into the tunnel as rapidly as he had advanced. Lined up on each side of the entrance stood two rows of silent, white-robed figures, immovable, with eyes directed upon the tunnel. They were the priests of Pé Yün Ssü.

"Trapped!" muttered Follingsbee.

"The game is up," panted Mr. Wabs, as he caught a glimpse over the young man's shoulder of the sinister faces of the shaven-crowned men.

They had been outnumbered and outwitted.

It was then that Foo-ling took command.

"Back—back into the temple," he whispered to Follingsbee, "before they know we have seen them."

They turned and again sped down the dark passage. They had not started a moment too soon; before they once more opened the trap-door, they heard in the distance a yell, and knew that the priests had become aware of their retreat and were in full pursuit. Once in the grotto, Foo-ling led the way through courtyard after courtyard, trying to reach the outer gates of Pé Yün Ssü, then trust to luck for what would follow. But he was not to succeed. Behind them the priests were already in the grotto; before them the leering bonze, like an evil, noxious thing, was screaming to the tingi to lock the gates securely.

At that moment Follingsbee saw to their right a large hall filled with colossal figures of painted gods. It was the Hall of Ten Thousand Buddhas. Something like an inspiration came to him.

"This way!" he shouted, and still holding Betty's hand, which he had not for an instant dropped since leaving the tunnel, he rushed into the building, followed by the consul, Mrs. Wabs, and Foo-ling. He bolted the doors behind them, not noting that those at the farther end of the large hall were also open. Calling Mr. Wabs and Foo-ling to help, he seized hold of the first great wooden idol, and attempted to tilt it up. Alone he could not have been equal to the task, but, assisted by the two men, the image was easily raised from the place where for years it had not been moved. Follingsbee peered under it; to his great relief he found that he was not mistaken in supposing that, like most Chinese gods, these, too, were hollow. Betty and Mrs. Wabs were pushed into this strange hiding-place, the latter being cautioned to maintain perfect silence, no matter what occurred, as their safety depended upon it. Into the idol next to them, Mr. Wabs and Foo-ling crawled, while Follingsbee insisted, in answer to their protestations, that a smaller Buddha near one of the windows would afford him protection.

The shouting of the angry priests grew nearer and louder. Follingsbee heard the bonze telling of their attempted escape by the gates and of their disappearance into the Hall of the Ten Thousand Buddhas.

Furious blows rained upon the doors. He did not have time to try to raise another idol, but climbing three or four of the long tiers, swung himself out of the window into the overhanging branch of a tall tree. The wooden panels of the doors cracked under the impetuous onslaught, and there was a rush of priests into the hall. They stopped in surprise on seeing the farther entrance wide open; evidently the Kuei-tzes had fled into the small, inclosed courtyard beyond, and as it had no outlet except through the hall, they were effectually trapped. With an ugly shout of triumph, the priests hurried on. Follingsbee, hidden in the thick foliage of the tree, could, from his high position, look over into the court, and he found himself almost laughing aloud at the furious astonishment of the men when one glance showed them that the bare little court was empty. They tumbled over one another in their haste to reënter the hall and begin a careful search. The bonze, in particular, was active; his cunning malice made Follingsbee fear for a moment that he would divine the secret of their hiding-place. Follingsbee's anxiety overcame his prudence, and he let himself drop to a lower limb, where he could peer through the window. On one thing he was determined: rather than let Betty fall into the hands of these angry priests, who now were roused to serious mischief, he would reserve a bullet for her, and empty the remainder into as many yellow breasts as possible before he himself was killed.

With loud ejaculations and afire with eagerness and rage, they began their search in the hall. Up and down, in and out, through the long rows of giant idols they tore, screaming and cursing like creatures demented. The wild madness of the man-hunt was strong upon them, and their nostrils dilated with the excitement of the chase. When they found their search was futile, their anger knew no bounds, and the bonze in his passion struck at the great, calm figures of the gods, hurling vile epithets of abuse upon them.

"Examine every inch of the temple and grounds," he cried, "for they are hidden somewhere in Pé Yün Ssü. Let me but once find them, and their blood shall water your dried plants, their flesh make food for your hungry dogs. Fool that I was to let them escape for the pleasure of seizing them again at the moment they thought

themselves free!" Then he tore out of the hall, followed by the others, who in groups of three and four scattered over the grounds to begin an organized hunt.

When they had gone, Follingsbee crept through the window and tapped gently on the idol in which the two women were hidden.

"Betty, can you breathe in there?" he whispered, his mouth close to the painted wood.

"Yes," came the muffled answer; "but the dust is choking us. Have they all gone?"

"Keep a brave heart; our escape is assured now. A little longer and you will be free. Is Mrs. Wabs all right?"

"Oh," wailed that lady, in a voice which admitted of no doubt that she was still energetically alive, "I want to get out! It's so spidery in here."

"Not so loud!" warned the young man. "As soon as it is safe, I will release you."

He returned to his post in the tree, and waited, with what patience he could summon, for the first shades of twilight to fall. He had already formed his plan of escape. Twice small bands of priests returned to the hall in futile search of the foreigners. Later, Follingsbee saw them in the woods back of the temple grounds, their white figures gleaming fantastically through the green of the trees.

The two horses, peacefully nibbling what grass they could reach, were discovered, and led to the temple stables.

Not till the dim, elusive light of the waning day fell over the earth did the hunt cease and the priests gather in the courtyards of their dwellings to discuss in shrill, falsetto voices the marvelous escape of their prisoners. It was then that Follingsbee slipped through the window and cautiously crept to the great Buddhas who, with god-like calm, had shielded the Kuei-tzes from the wrath of their disciples. With a stout stick cut from the tree for a lever, Follingsbee succeeded in raising the image in which were hidden Mr. Wabs and Foo-ling. They crawled out, dust-covered and dizzy from the long confinement in their close quarters. They then released the two women, who, worn by hunger, thirst, and fatigue, as well as by the prolonged excitement of the flight, dropped half fainting to the floor. Betty was the first to revive, her pale face and big, haggard eyes alone testifying to her exhausted condition as, assisted by

Follingsbee, she stood erect and confident by his side. Mrs. Wabs, who, on the whole, had shown much docility and courage, was not long in following the young girl's example, and collecting all her remaining strength, she announced herself ready for the next step toward liberty.

Follingsbee conducted them to the window through which he had swung himself into the tree, and inquired anxiously if the ladies were equal to this small acrobatic feat. It was not difficult, he assured them, if they would obey his directions. He swung himself out, and Betty was the first to follow him. She sprang with the agility of a cat; her lithe, graceful figure was soon clinging to the overhanging branch, and hand over hand she reached the center of the tree. From this point she again followed Follingsbee's directions, and climbing higher, crawled far out to another branch. "Now let go," he whispered, and Betty found herself on the roof of a low building near the outer wall of the inclosure. Here she waited while Follingsbee returned for the others. It was only the exigency of the moment that induced Mrs. Wabs to attempt this mode of exit, and with difficulty she kept from screaming when she felt herself suspended in mid-air from the high branch of a great tree. Finally she too was successfully landed on the roof. At the farther end of the building its projecting eaves almost touched the wall; it was an easy matter to slip down on to it.

Then hanging by their hands, the men dropped noiselessly to the ground outside of the inclosure. "Jump!" came the command to the trembling women, and Mrs. Wabs landed in the outstretched arms of her husband and Foo-ling, while Betty was caught in Follingsbee's strong embrace. For one brief moment he held her close, then gently placed her on her feet.

"I have but one regret in leaving this place," said Mr. Wabs, mournfully—"that I did n't have a chance personally to thank my friend the bonze for the hospitality he forced on us."

"The opportunity may come later. There are many miles between us and Peking." Follingsbee's tones as he spoke were darkly significant.

VII

"I AM afraid," said Betty, faintly, when they had gone but a short distance, "that

I shall not be able to walk much farther without food. We have had nothing to eat since tiffin yesterday except a few cakes of millet that Mr. Wabs found on the altar last night."

With a sinking heart, Follingsbee saw that the girl's power of endurance had come to an end, and that even Mrs. Wabs was struggling along feebly, assisted by her husband and Foo-ling. Food must be procured, and that immediately; but how and where was a difficult question.

"Missy makee walk little more; my catchee you chow-chow [food]," said Foo-ling, suddenly. And he explained to Follingsbee that in the outskirts of a small hamlet less than a quarter of a mile away his cousin lived, a good, kindly woman who undoubtedly would help them. Of her husband he was not so sure; he was an ignorant man, afraid of the foreigners' "evil eye." They could slip to the rear of the house and trust to seeing the woman first. The plan was a bold one and full of danger, yet they had no choice other than to attempt it.

"Lead the way," said Follingsbee, shortly, and lifting Betty up in his strong arms, strode silently on. Once only did the girl protest. "It is too much for you," she said feebly, looking up at him with big, tired eyes. He made no reply except to clasp her closer. Even in her disheveled condition and ghastly pallor, Follingsbee could not but note the loveliness of her face as it lay apparently lifeless against his shoulders.

As they approached the hamlet, Follingsbee was struck by an unnatural quietness about the place. In the distance the inhabitants were intent upon a torchlight procession coming down the street.

"We are fortunate," exclaimed Foo-ling; "my cousin's husband will not be home; the people are out praying for rain."

By a small mat-covered house near a willow-tree he stopped. "This is the place," he said, and beckoning them to follow, he entered.

The room in which they found themselves was clean but miserably poor, a table, two wooden chairs, and a kang (brick bed) constituting the furniture. In a smaller room adjoining sat a woman nursing a sickly-looking baby. The place was dimly lighted by two shabby lanterns

suspended from the ceiling. The woman looked up in alarm at the sudden appearance of intruding foreigners in her home; she was about to cry out when she recognized Foo-ling, who, raising a warning finger, slipped to her side and hurriedly whispered in her ear. She listened stolidly at first, then with pity, and placing the infant in its rude bed, busied herself in preparing a meal.

Her husband was out, she said, viewing the procession; he might not return till late, and in the meantime she would give them what food she had.

The repast was simple, but to Betty, propped upon the kang, with Follingsbee's coat serving for a pillow, never had food tasted sweeter. To each of her unbidden guests the woman gave a steaming bowl of tea; a dish of rice, and one containing yam cakes. As they ate, they talked in low tones, yet with cheerfulness, even jesting and making the most of the luxury of their present safety. Once, with half-childish fear lest she was dreaming, and to test the reality of their escape and Follingsbee's close presence, Betty stretched out her hand and touched him timidly on the arm, unnoticed as she thought. The pathetic little action had not been lost on Follingsbee, and this conscious touch of her slim white fingers on his sleeve thrilled him more than when he had held her half fainting in his arms.

"Dear heart," he spoke low in her ear, "you need not fear. You are here safe by my side."

But it was Foo-ling who kept watch by the door.

The procession, which had left the main street to wind slowly about the little fields just outside the village, was now again returning, the fitful flare of its torches drawing momentarily closer to the house where Foo-ling stood on guard.

The pageant was headed by a man sprinkling water out of two buckets hung from a pole across his shoulders, while he cried: "The rain comes! the rain comes!"

He was followed by a band of musicians with gongs, drums, and strange wind-instruments. Next came youths in white, carrying on poles of green bamboo flags of different colors, symbolizing wind, water, and clouds. They waved the flags from side to side, and their voices rose above

the sound of gongs and drums in the wild cry: "Let it rain! let it rain!"

In the center of the procession, borne on the shoulders of a man, was the dragon-king, followed by more white-clad youths holding sticks of burning incense.

Foo-ling, who shared the fondness of his

He had seen the bonze. The recognition had been as sudden as it was mutual.

The appearance of their old enemy at this time was not extraordinary. Summons had come, while he was at Pé Yün Ssü, from the village people, for a priest to take part in the devout ceremonies of the even-



Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by William Miller

"'TRAPPED!' MUTTERED FOLLINGSBEE" (SEE PAGE 521)

race for showy pageants, forgot his previous prudence, and, to steal a look, partly opened the door. The next instant he boldly stepped outside, closed the door, and leaned his back against it, as though in negligence, while watching the procession.

ing, in which the gods were to be invoked for rain. The reluctance on the part of the saintly brothers to attend these rites, which the poverty of the village people did not render greatly remunerative, caused the bonze to offer his services. No pecuniary

profit was too small for his consideration. Then, too, the opportunity was favorable for further distilling anti-foreign doctrines and increasing the secret ranks of the Iho-chunds. He would inflame a long-smoldering suspicion that the gods were wroth and had sent the drought as a punishment for some wrong the people had committed. That wrong, he would impress on them, was the toleration shown in the land to the presence of those sin-begotten Kuei-tzes, some of whom were even known to lure little children from their homes, to pluck out their eyes and grind them into medicines.

No sooner had the bonze recognized in Foo-ling the native who assisted in the escape of his prisoners, than he turned and called the procession to a halt. Where this man was, he told himself, the foreigners would be not far off. The cheeks of the bonze burned with the fever of unsatisfied revenge; an ominous light glowed in his lustful eyes.

"Hear me again," he addressed the people, "you who have been beseeching the gods for rain. My soul is benumbed in sorrow for you; the millet and kaoliang in your fields are yellow before their time, withering in the dry, heat-baked earth; hunger and death confront you. Why have the gods not hearkened to your prayers, nor listened to the great Hwangte's cry for rain? Why does the curse of famine threaten you? Again and yet again I tell you, it is because the foreign devils still pollute the land. The gods are exceedingly angry that you permit these red-haired fiends among you; for many teach your children to revile our deities, even to scorn the worship of our ancestors." He paused a moment.

By the light of the torches it was easy to see with what concentrated attention the villagers listened as he spoke. "And now," he continued, raising his voice till it became almost a shriek, "you are harboring here, here in your village, four of these same white-livered devils, whom the gods had delivered into my hands to deal with according to their deserts, and there stands the shameless thing who aided their escape and brought them here to hide. Thy mother is in hell," he yelled, turning upon Foo-ling and no longer able to restrain his pent-up anger.

The villagers were at first dumfounded

at the sudden accusation of the bonze that they harbored foreigners in their homes; then they knitted their brows and looked at Foo-ling.

The latter had remained immovable by the door, his face expressing the utmost indifference during the bonze's speech. Now, lifting his eyebrows, he scanned him calmly as he said:

"Thou speakest the truth in some things, but in the main thou liest, as it is thy nature to. But what care I? The day is not far off when thou wilt howl in hell for selling sacred wares to foreigners."

With startled surprise, which gradually was quenched in rising passion, the people gazed upon the bonze, not failing to note the livid hue of his countenance and his lively apprehension as Foo-ling finished speaking.

Illicit dealing in temple idols was a crime punished by death in the courts of China, and to sell those idols to unbelieving Kuei-tzes was an offense to these simple country folks too heinous almost to credit.

"Yes," continued Foo-ling, "I know whereof I speak. He says,"—pointing contemptuously at the bonze,—"'propitiate the gods and chase the foreigners from the land,' and yet he seeks them privately to sell, for many taels, small bronze and wooden images of our gods, which he steals from our temples. In the home of the Russian prince in Peking are many such gods, and also in the English compound, and he"—his fingers still directed at the cringing bonze—"he brought them there for money, the low-lived pig."

"How know you this?" asked a deep voice from the crowd.

"I have seen him do it," returned Foo-ling, "aye, many times. Watch out!" he suddenly exclaimed. "He is slinking off."

The peaceful crowd, gathered for the purpose of prayer, now changed into a howling mob thirsting to avenge the gross insult to their gods offered by this greasy, hypocritical man of Buddha. With one accord they sprang upon him, but he, leaving his soiled white garments in their hands, fled past them into the night.

While the crowd with wild execrations pursued him, Foo-ling reëntered the house, where the little party of fugitives were waiting anxiously, listening to the tumult without. He had hardly explained the cause of the commotion when the door

was again pushed open and the owner of the wretched hovel entered. He paused midway in the room.

"So 't is true, then?" he said, anger mingling with fear in his face.

"What is true?" asked Foo-ling, defiantly.

"That you bring foreign devils to defile our homes. Out they go, and that at once, or I call in those who 'll help me thrust them from my house."

Foo-ling pleaded with him in vain to let his miserable roof shelter them for that night. Even the woman joined in begging tolerance for the presence of the weary foreigners, and Follingsbee offered him what money he had left if he would consent to their remaining. But the man was as iron in his determination that they should leave; his dull, clownish mind was aflame with superstitious fear of the baleful foreign "evil eye." One unwilling concession they wrung from him—not to warn the people of their presence in the village.

Forcing money upon the woman for her pitying kindness, the fugitives stole out into the rapidly increasing darkness of the night.

Directly east of the village and ten miles distant lay Peking. If the strength of the women held out, Follingsbee hoped to reach the city gates at daybreak.

On and on they struggled, but in the darkness they repeatedly lost the road, dragging themselves over rough, plowed fields, stumbling against the loosely built mounds of the dead scattered plentifully about, their ghastly contents often only partly concealed by the dry, crumbling earth.

In the vague horrors of this night, even Betty's courage deserted her, and she clung in speechless fear to Follingsbee. A blinding rush of pity for the girl swept over him; in protecting tenderness he wound his arm about her, and half carrying her, hurried on.

The night was far spent when obscurely in the distance they discerned a light. With a final effort at haste, they made this hopeful gleam their destination. Surely, whoever it was who was keeping watch at this late hour would not refuse them shelter. With a sense of satisfaction they noted, as they approached the light, that it came from a farm-house standing alone in an isolated field; but Foo-ling knocked upon the door with something of trepidation in his honest heart. What if the place was a

country gambling-house, and they found themselves thrown in the company of rough, unfriendly men?

All was silent within. If the occupants were asleep or absent, why had they left a light? Repeated knockings failing to procure them admission, Follingsbee leaned his back against the door and deliberately broke it in. Within were the signs of a desperate struggle, while the open doors at the rear of the house indicated a hasty flight.

"This was the home of a native Christian," said the servant softly to Follingsbee. "The Ithochunds have been here," he added, pointing to some sprawling characters on the wall. After satisfying themselves that the house was quite deserted, they prepared to make themselves comfortable. The place was well cared for and evidently belonged to a prosperous farmer. Foo-ling busied himself in kindling a fire, and finding a canister, soon had ready a hot bowl of tea for all. Revived by the refreshing beverage, they lay down to much-needed sleep, the men taking turns in mounting guard. The short night was soon past; dawn broke gray, sullen, but rainless. The sleepers awakened and foraged in the deserted farm-house for such food as had been left.

From time to time Follingsbee scanned the cloudy horizon, a hard-set determination in him to reach Peking that day.

The pallid hillsides in the distance showed him, in the broad prospect of advancing morning, that they had wandered nearer their destination than he had dared to hope; but still the way was a long and weary one for the tired women.

Suddenly Follingsbee's attention was attracted by a cloud of dust on the horizon. The cloud advanced and became larger. With a sharp sense of uneasiness he watched its approach. Soon his keen ears detected the rhythmic thud of horses' hoofs striking the ground in swift gallop. Was the small cavalcade that now loomed in sight returning Ithochunds, pursuing priests, or friends hurrying in quest of them? He was not long to remain in doubt; the bright coats of the English legation guard glistened in the sunlight.

Follingsbee hurried into the house with the good tidings, and as Betty, the Wabses, and Foo-ling rushed forth to assure themselves that it was true, they could distin-

guish a tall, dark figure riding in advance of the escort-men. It was the American minister, dust-covered and worn, leading the way at furious speed. Betty was the first to recognize him; with a glad cry on her lips she tore down the road to meet him. As the little figure flying toward him became more distinct, the minister checked his horse with such suddenness that the animal reared and almost fell backward on its haunches. The next moment Betty was clasped in her father's arms, and a sob rose in his throat as he held her close to him.

Mr. Danford was in Chifu when rumors of the Ihochunds' uprising reached him. He hastened back to Peking, traveling night and day until he reached the capital, where, one hour after his arrival, he was told of Betty's disappearance. Accepting the British minister's offer of a party of English escort-men, Mr. Danford started in search of his daughter. How he met her, we have just seen.

It was a tired but happy party that passed through the gates of the American legation a little before noon that day. Seated at early tiffin, Mr. Danford listened to Betty's recital of their imprisonment and final rescue by John Follingsbee. When she concluded, Mr. Wabs rose, rested one hand upon the table, the other in the bosom of his shirt-front, cleared his throat, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my duty as well as my privilege to offer, in behalf of the two ladies present and myself, most heartfelt thanks to our friend, countryman, and rescuer, John G. Follingsbee,"—the initial was inserted by Mr. Wabs for the sake of euphony,—“whose reputation as traveler, scholar, and philanthropist is deservedly world-wide—”

"Oh, I say! not quite so much fiction, please!" expostulated the young man, laughing.

"—who is one of nature's noblemen," continued Mr. Wabs, calmly, "and whose abilities as soldier, strategist, and diplomat have made it possible for us to assemble once more beneath the homelike roof of this United States legation. I am but echoing the sentiments and wishes of all present to-night when I express the hope that ere long he may lead to the hymeneal altar the most beautiful lady in the land, Miss Elizabeth J. Danford,"—again is the initial Mr. Wabs's own,—“and with matrimonial felicity and connubial ecstasy to smooth life's rugged path, live to hoary old age, surrounded by the tender care of his fond children and his children's children.”

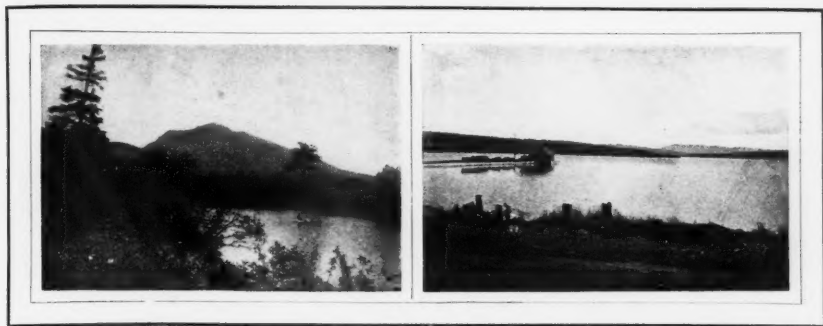
But this was too much for Follingsbee, —Betty had already slipped quietly off,—and jumping up with a muttered apology that the necessity of attending to important business matters compelled him to go, he hastened from the room.

The following day the Wabses completed their preparations for returning to the consul's post. Mr. Danford had become so tolerant of their presence that he even invited them to return to Betty's wedding, a few weeks later. But Mrs. Wabs regretfully declined the invitation; she could not bring herself as yet to face the possibility of again having native hospitality thrust upon her in the interior of this barbaric land.

As for Mr. Wabs, he left Peking carrying with him a sense of satisfaction in the knowledge that the bonze had been captured and decapitated by the Chinese authorities for selling idols to foreigners.

But the disturbances of the Ihochunds, although suppressed by the Yamen, broke out again some years later, under the leadership of another organization known as the "Boxers" Society.





From photographs by the author

LOWER DEAD RIVER AND MOUNT
BIGELOW

WHERE THE CHAUDIÈRE LEAVES
LAKE MEGANTIC

THE PROLOGUE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY JUSTIN H. SMITH

Professor of Modern History in Dartmouth College, Author of "The Troubadours at Home"

III. ARNOLD'S BATTLE WITH THE WILDERNESS

DEAD RIVER AND THE CHAUDIÈRE

THE western branch of the Kennebec has been given the name Dead River, because in 1775 it was full of drowned soldiers. So one may read, but there is not a syllable of truth in it; and the next picture conjured up by the name, a doleful Styx, turbid and miasmatic, is equally false. The plain fact is that the river flows for a long distance through meadows, and, unless the water is high, it scarcely seems to move at all. That is why it has been called dead. Nothing gloomy belongs to the name. A delectable and captivating stream is Dead River.

Much of the way for thirty miles it winds as if Mount Bigelow were a lodestone and it could not get away. Over and over one says good-by to that lordly range, and faces resolutely to the northwest; over and over one finds dead ahead the same vast wall, buttressed with shadowy bastions, turreted

with peaks. Yet there is no regret; the traveler feels that he should move slowly through such an avenue.

For an avenue it is, a royal avenue. Sixty or seventy yards from bank to bank spreads the black water, profoundly deep, while the almost vertical banks, higher than the height of a tall man, are covered with alders and willows, dogwood and ferns, and the foliage of willows and soft maples, firs, pines, and elms, white birches and cedars, frets the sky above.

Arnold's men found lower Dead River, as we can see from their journals, much as it now is. On both sides luxuriant grass covered the plain, or faded out in the reaches of poorer soil; tall evergreens, rather thinly planted, souged and swayed above it; while here and there a glimpse could be had of goodly mountains, the confines of the valley. The change from the



From photographs by the author

fearful difficulties of the Kennebec and the Great Carrying-place delighted everybody. Even the darkest absorbed some radiance from the calmly beautiful scene. Meigs and Hanchet went excursioning to Mount Bigelow. It seemed to all as if the golden highway to victory had been found, and soldier jollity shook its rough sides once more.

BEGINNING TO BE HUNGRY

STERN was the awakening; squarely in front rose all at once the hardest of realities—a hand-to-hand struggle for existence. For Greene's division had no bread, and were almost out of flour. They entered Dead River on October 13, and three days later they were put on half-rations.

How this came to pass we cannot quite make out, for on the 15th Arnold wrote Enos that the first three divisions had supplies for three weeks and a half. Perhaps the damage on the Kennebec was greater than he supposed, and perhaps the men had used the stores more freely than he knew; for it was only as they were leaving the Great Carrying-place that a daily ration—twelve ounces of flour and of pork—was fixed. Whatever the explanation, the fact was as clear as an empty cup. Half-way to Quebec, fairly caught in the wilderness, one division could see the bottom of its flour-barrel, and two of the others, as it proved, were not much better off.

At first, indeed, the situation did not appear very alarming, for the rear had set out with an extra store of provisions; and Arnold sent Major Bigelow back, with twelve bateaux and ninety-six men, to obtain supplies from Enos. But all this fleet returned with only a barrel or two of flour—no more could be got; and now there was alarm enough. Clearly it was a desperate case, and the issue was plain: instant retreat or taking the chances of hunger. Greene and his brave officers did not hesitate. It was decided at once to send back all unfit for duty, and the rest of the men, with heavy but resolute hearts, pushed on. One hope remained: the French settlements of the Chaudière valley were not far away, they said to themselves, and supplies were surely to be had there.

Meantime the third division had passed the second, and in this order the troops, well scattered of course, moved on up the smooth, meandering river, past Hurricane

Falls, and past the beautiful point where Flagstaff village now stands on its bluff, reviewing the martial range of Bigelow; while the riflemen in front, leaving Arnold Falls and a whole series of rapids behind, entered the foot-hills. In spite of all, the army was advancing. Hungry? Tighten the belt.

THE FLOOD COMES

BUT nature was now ready to open her batteries, for the daring invaders had fairly entered her ambush. Thursday, the 19th, there were "small rains," as Arnold called them; the next day the downpour increased; and Saturday the army had to face a regular storm,—no, an altogether extraordinary storm,—a furious, raging, slashing, intolerable tempest from the southwest. "A windier nor a rainier day I never see," wrote Squier, with grammar quite good enough to be understood. Torrents of rain soaked the poor soldiers laboring to make headway by land or by water, while broken or uprooted trees almost barred the river, and some of them came near falling on the boats. Evening brought an end of toil, but not a beginning of comfort. Little supper could be had without fire, no fires were possible save in tents, no tents could stand except in the shelter of trees, and the trees fell upon the tents instead of shielding them.

Dead River drains a multitude of ponds, natural reservoirs among the mountains. Now the ponds were full; they emptied their waters down the valleys; the streams united. Out of the darkness burst the flood, suddenly, with a sweep and a roar. In the blackness of the blackest night, while the torrents of rain were driving like flails, and the trees were crashing and smashing and shivering, Arnold was awakened by the chill of water. Happily he and his party succeeded in saving themselves; their baggage, instantly seized by the torrent, was rescued; and then, retreating to a small hill that was "very luckily" at hand, they passed the remainder of the night as they could. The riflemen lay about a mile below, on a bank eight or nine feet high; but the flood rose higher than that, poured in upon them, roused them, and forced them back to higher ground. Farther down, where the valley opened, this rise of the stream was less; but it was everywhere enough. Nearly down to Flagstaff Point,



Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

WORKING AGAINST THE FLOOD ON DEAD RIVER

four feet of water stood in the morning where a camp-fire had been lighted the evening before. Barrels of pork and gun-powder were swept away, and bateaux sunk. Many of the troops had no shelter but hemlock boughs. Worn by a terrible day's work, they were sadly buffeted under this nominal shelter, and about midnight the air grew sharp and froze them. With the cold came a searching wind. The clouds broke; a few stars appeared; and the poor shivering wretches, powerless except to think, looked up at their canopy of swift storm-clouds, and remembered sadly the snug quarters in Cambridge.

HAND TO HAND WITH THE FLOOD

HOPE revives with the dawn; but it was not easy to hope that Sunday morning. Dead River was a furious lake. Landmarks were under water. In many places the real channel could not be made out at all. For a mile on both sides, it was thought, the lowlands were flooded. Every little tributary had become a river. Dry ravines were now streams. Against the rush of water, oars proved almost useless, and poles were little better, for often they could not reach the bottom. Where the banks rose above the flood, a man would lie down on the bow of a bateau, and pull it along by the bushes, while others went ashore and hauled at the painter; but this was tedious and perilous work. More than one boat was upset in the rapids, and the crew barely escaped. Henry was dragged out almost dead. Dixon, marked for the first sacrifice before Quebec, was carried miles down-stream, but caught on some driftwood, and crawled back. Simpson—afterward General Simpson—was saved by mere chance. Humphreys and his crew lost everything but their lives.

The land parties fared no better. It was impossible to keep along the river. Detours and wide circuits multiplied all distances. Swollen rivulets had to be followed up until a narrow place was found and a tree could be felled across for a bridge. Once, if not more than once, a party marched for miles up a stream only to discover that it was not Dead River at all. At night many of the men were unable to find the boats and had to bivouac as they could, without supper and without breakfast. Captain Thayer and his party lost

their way entirely, kept wading on, uncertain whether they would ever find the army, and rejoined their comrades only at nine o'clock the next morning, thoroughly spent with fatigue, hunger, and cold. Finally, late on Monday afternoon, seven bateaux upset in attempting to ascend some rapids, and the provisions they contained were totally lost. This was a climax of misfortunes too serious to be ignored, and Arnold, then in company with the first and third divisions, summoned a council of war without delay.

SHALL THE ARMY RETREAT?

THERE was no flinching on the leader's part, for Benedict Arnold did not lack energy, courage, or enterprise. "Our bold though inexperienced general discovered such firmness and zeal as inspired us with resolution," wrote Stocking; and merely to call the roll of the officers—Meigs, Morgan, Hendricks, Ward, Smith, Dearborn, Goodrich, Hanchet—is to record their feelings. But evidently the plan of the march had broken down. To push on to Lake Megantic, and there decide whether to advance or not, was now impossible, for at that point the army would not have provisions enough to carry it back. The final decision must be made at once.

Most of the men stood as firm as their leaders. They had enlisted for a glorious enterprise, and retreat was the last thing they desired. Fatigue and hardships had by this time broken many a strong fellow and weakened all, and an excuse for drifting to the rear was close within everybody's reach. Yet instead of asking to go back, the men concealed their illness. "When any of their comrades would remark to them," so one of the riflemen recorded, "that they would not be able to advance much farther, they would raise up their half-bent bodies, and force an animated look into their ghastly countenances, observing at the same time that they would soon be well enough." But the menace of actual starvation was terrible. Toil, suffering, illness, half-rations—all these could be charmed away with a laugh, a bit of song, a jest, and a big-hearted thought of honor and country; but no rations at all—who could win a victory over famine? It was time for the leaders to reflect.

The council was held, and the next

morning its decisions went into effect. Twenty-six invalids were sent back; Captain Hanchet, with a picked force of fifty, set out with all speed for the settlements in the Chaudière valley to obtain provisions; and Arnold himself, after exhorting the men to persevere, dashed forward with a small party at the head of all. It was now to be a race—a race with time, a race with famine.

ARNOLD IN THE CALDRON

FORCING their way up Dead River, the advance parties under Arnold and Hanchet entered a long chain of ponds, and almost foundered in a violent gale. Beyond the ponds and the "Height of Land," which separated the Atlantic slope from the valley of the St. Lawrence, they arrived at Lake Megantic and its outlet, the Chaudière River. Hanchet

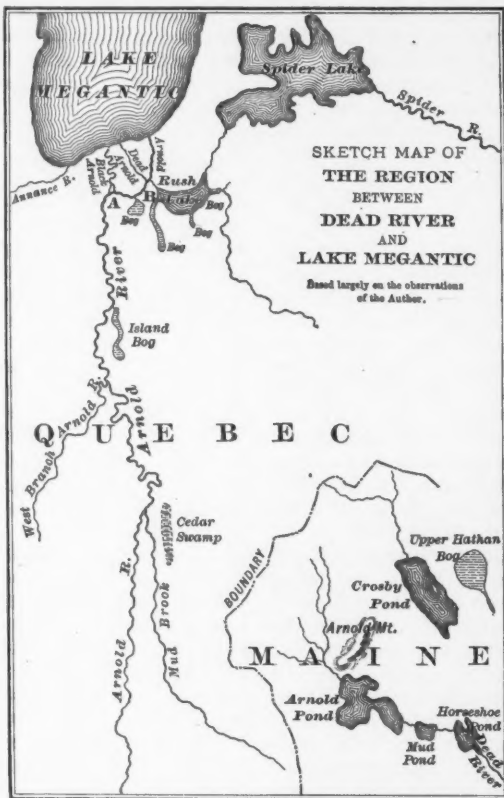
then struck out for the settlements, distant about sixty miles, by land, while Arnold undertook to go down the river with a birch-bark canoe and four bateaux.

"Chaudière" means caldron. It is a short stream, and has to drop more than a fifth part of a mile; therefore it is very swift. Rapid succeeds rapid, and falls are near enough to exchange voices. Worst of all, the rocks are countless.

Death, by good right, should have been the fate of Arnold's party, for what could they expect with their unwieldy bateaux and untrained oars, where the quickest

canoe and the most skilful of paddles barely escape? And this was what they dared when their baggage was lashed to the boats, and the boats pushed off into the caldron. Good fortune alone saved them: they were lucky enough—to be wrecked. Just above the Devil's Rapids, as they have

been called, "we had the misfortune to overset," wrote Arnold, "and stave three boats—lost all the baggage, arms, and provision of four men, and stove two of the boats to pieces against the rocks. But happily no lives were lost, although six men were a long time swimming in the water, and were with difficulty saved. This misfortune, though unfortunate at first view, we must think a very happy circumstance and kind interposition of Providence, for no sooner were the men dry and we embarked



to proceed, but one of the men who was forward cried out, 'A fall ahead!' which we had never been apprised of, and had we been carried over, must inevitably have been dashed to pieces and all lost."

Would it have cheered Arnold to know that his friend Mercier of Quebec, as he was going to the upper town a little earlier that morning, had been seized by the city major, taken to the principal post, and shut up; and all this because a certain letter had reached the lieutenant-governor instead of Mercier? Had he known that—but he did not know it; and keeping on

more cautiously than at first, though he smashed the canoe in spite of caution, he reached the first inhabitants at the close of his third day on the river. By and by we shall overtake him.

NOT ALL PROVE HEROES

GREENE's division—the second—lost so much time in its efforts to obtain provisions that it was but little ahead of the fourth. The next day after Arnold and Hanchet pushed on in advance, he was requested by Enos to halt for a conference of the officers; and about noon this meeting took place. No trifle was it that Enos wished to discuss; it involved a momentous question—advance or retreat.

No doubt there was reason enough to be discouraged, and we can easily believe that some of the soldiers were ready to go back. They were now exhausted with fatigue and privations; forty-eight invalids had been sent down the river by Greene this very day. The swift water became constantly harder and harder to combat. The cooking was now done after supper, so that all the daylight could be used for getting on; and yet snails would have scorned the pace—six or seven miles a day, sometimes. The distance to go grew large as rapidly as it was expected to grow small. So far everything had been worse than anybody anticipated, and all the unknown trials that lay ahead were magnified by imagination in the same degree. Many had no tents. Not a few lacked suitable clothing. Everybody was hungry. Only the night before, winter had thrown several inches of snow on their path, as an omen of the cold shroud awaiting them. And what was it all for? A chance to get killed. The end of the march was Quebec, impregnable. As well bombard these black mountains with snowballs. So thought some of the council.

How Greene's dark-blue eyes flamed at all this! "Duty, honor, forward!" they cried. And all his officers were of the same mind. But evidently Enos and his captains had resolved to withdraw, and had asked for the conference merely to get a semblance of authorization.

They failed. Arnold's orders of the day before urged Greene and Enos to press on, taking as many of their best men as could be furnished with rations for fifteen days.

Close calculation shows that at least a hundred soldiers could have been fully supplied for the advance, and the rest with all that seemed necessary for the return. The sec-



MAP OF ARNOLD'S ROUTE FROM DEAD RIVER TO QUEBEC

ond division was ready to do more than its orders, the fourth division was eager to do less. That was the difference; and after Enos, for the sake of appearances, had voted to go on, he agreed with his captains

to retreat, and at two o'clock the fourth division was ordered to face about.

At least, then, said Greene, a division of supplies. It was promised; but the promise failed. There were tears in Enos's eyes, we are told; but no bread was in his hand. The men, he declared, were determined to keep all they had. At last, however, Greene was given two barrels of flour; and with this mere pittance of bread, his troops, full of "determined resolution to go through or die," girded up their loins. "Received it, put it on board of our boats, quit the few tents we were in possession of, with all other camp equipage, took each man to his duds on his back, bid them adieu, and away"—this is the record. Even the contagion of selfishness and panic was powerless to touch these heroes.

TO GO THROUGH OR DIE

THE main body of the army, reduced now to about six hundred men, kept on up Dead River. It was a very different stream here from the deep, slow avenue below. Meadows had given place to hills, and hills began to make way for still bolder scenery. High mountains, bristling with precipices, drew near on both sides. More and more they seemed to bar the way just ahead, though the river always contrived some twist or tumble that let it through. The flood had vanished almost as quickly as it came, for the drainage area was narrow and steep; and now the boatmen were troubled by the shallows. Swifter and swifter grew the current. Closer and closer followed rapids on rapids. Now the falls were like a staircase, with a curling wave for every step, and now they made a sudden pitch several feet high; but they always meant labor and loss of time. Once more, at least, they meant also a loss of bateaux and provisions; and when the boatmen launched finally into the "chain of ponds," they were desperately tired.

The troops on shore, marching still along the southern bank, fared no better. They found the country a tangle of hills and swamps, bog-holes and steeps, ravines and ledges, rocks and ponds, "a direful howling wilderness not describable," "a dreary aspect, a perpetual silence, an universal void," as two of the army wrote. Progress was tedious, dangerous; but at last they too arrived at the first lake.

On steered the wonderful procession of boats, then, through the "chain of ponds," with final glimpses of Mount Bigelow along the way, and next it entered a shallow, meandering stream, found with difficulty, that was really Dead River again, though nowadays we call it Horseshoe Stream. About four weary miles brought the travelers to Lost Pond, as one may name it, for these eighty rods of water have eluded the eyes of the guides. Next, after a portage of about a mile, came beautiful Horseshoe Pond, a butterfly lake; Mud Pond, covered no doubt with lily-pads bleached by the frost; and finally Arnold Pond, a mammoth dragon-fly of glossy green, pinned to the earth with long shadows just below the Height of Land. A bold, high mountain fronted them here on the north; a sea of Appalachian summits piled wave on wave of dark forest toward the south and east; the range of boundary peaks filled the west; and if a horn were blown or a shot fired, the sound would ring and circle, echo and reëcho, die and revive around the green walls of the lake, until the ear seemed almost persecuted by its fugitive sweetness.

But the Provincial troops thought little of woodland beauty here, and saw no charm in dark waters. Shadows enough lay in their thoughts. "The most ferocious and unnatural hearts must shudder," so wrote Captain Thayer in his journal, "at thinking of courageous men taking raw-hide, meant for shoes, from the bottom of the boats, chopping it into pieces, singeing the hair off, then boiling it, and living a considerable time on the broth." This was the reality. This was the way our heroes fared now; yet they had not even entered Canada, and the settlements on the Chaudière, so near ten days before, were still far away.

THE TERRIBLE CARRYING-PLACE

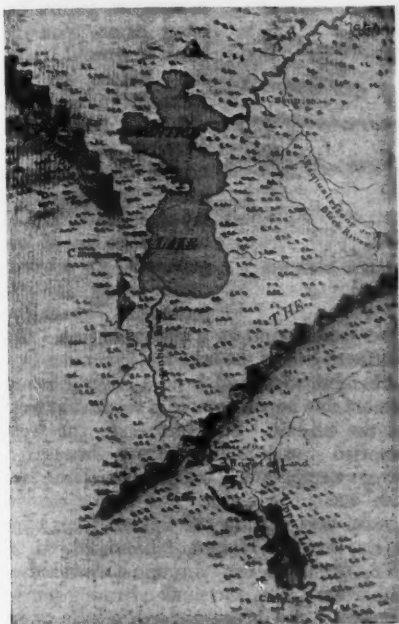
YET there was only one thought: advance; and the army set forward as rapidly as possible on the twenty-fifth and longest portage, four miles and a quarter over the Height of Land. For once their misfortunes wore the look of blessings: there was little freight. The provisions weighed only four or five pounds per man. A large part of the gunpowder proved to be damaged, and was thrown away. Tents were not worth carrying; better the face of Jove, however

frowning, than such a burden. The bateaux had broken up one by one, until some of the companies had scarcely any left. Morgan had preserved seven, and was determined on taking them across, for there was no other way to transport his military stores down the Chaudière; but resolution of such a temper was now beyond mere men. An attempt was made to trail the

had to be stumbled over. The snow, hiding pitfalls and stones, betrayed many a foot into a wrench and a bruise. Those who carried the boats—and no doubt all carried in turn—suffered still more, for bateaux and carriers often fell together pell-mell down a slope into the snow. "The Terrible Carrying-place"—that was the soldiers' name for it.

Saturday, the 28th of October, was a great day for the little army. Arnold completed his voyage on Lake Megantic in the morning, and began to descend the Chaudière; and in the afternoon his faithful troops found themselves together on what is now called Arnold River, six miles, as an arrow flies, due south from the lake.

There was a good deal to gladden their hearts. The spot where they gathered was a beautiful one. There, and there alone in the whole region, could be found a smooth and open interval. No bristling crags were about them, but wide meadows, leveled with gently dropping silt from the spring floods; no hard rocks, but a soil that yielded softly to the foot like the deepest of tapestries; while groups of lordly elms took the place of dense, gloomy evergreens. Hungry, tired, wan? Yes, all that; but still alive and still together, and the spring of life still flowing in "the merry joke, the hearty laugh."



From the original in the Library of Congress

A PORTION OF MONTRESOR'S MAP

bateaux up a brook that enters Arnold Pond; but the attempt had to be given up, and each company, except Morgan's, took only a single boat over the portage.

Even in this light order, the troops were hardly able to conquer the mountain. There was a trail, to be sure, and Steele's pioneers had bettered it; but a mountain trail, even when good, is not a highway, except in altitude. "Rubbish" had been collecting here ever since creation, as it seemed to Morison, and a handful of tired men could not remove it all in a few days' time. Ten acres of trees blown down across the path had to be left there. A wet place half a mile wide could not be rooted up. Rocks, dead logs, gorges, and precipices

NEWS FROM BEYOND

YET the victory was only half won, after all. What lay between them and Quebec? Natanis had told the scouts that there were troops and savage Mohawks on the watch below. Ten days ago they had been ordered to fill their powder-horns, and an attack began to be looked for. Had Arnold's letters gone safely through? Was Carleton, that wary old soldier, asleep? Would not the peasants resent this armed invasion? If they should, some dark passage in the valley below might easily prove the sepulcher of the expedition. And might it not prove a sepulcher just the same, if no human foe were there?

It was certainly a grave situation, but the army must advance, and that quickly. All the provisions were gathered into a common fund and then divided. This furnished each man with four or five pints of flour and a mere trifle of pork. The officers, as a rule, gave their share of meat to

the men, but even then perhaps two ounces apiece was all it amounted to. This meager stock, with possibly a scrap of game and an occasional fish, was to carry the troops through eighty miles or more of hard marching. But the ordeal could be met with patience, as everything else had been, and they calmly prepared to move on.

*Provision went through much latitude went
About 16 miles it is an astonishing thing to
see almost every man without any sustenance
but cold water which is much more sustaining
than strengthening I have now been 48 hours
without victuals.*

From the original in the possession of James G. Topham

FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF CAPTAIN TOPHAM'S RECORD
OF NOVEMBER 2

At four o'clock a messenger and a letter came from their leader, and instantly the sky lifted. News had arrived from below, and all was well. The peasants would receive the Provincials as friends. Few or no regulars guarded Quebec, and the city could easily be taken. Provisions would be sent back to meet the troops. The western army under Montgomery was advancing, and had gained some advantages already.

What a burden rolled from the hearts of the ragged fellows on Arnold River! Their hopes, not their fears, were to come true. No doubt it would be a hard march, but, thank God! there was no question about the route. It was a straight, sure road. Lake Megantic lay almost in sight, and out of it flowed the Chaudière all the way to Quebec. Twenty miles a day, and in four days the struggle would be over. True, they had little to eat, but relief would soon meet them; and meanwhile what was left of muscle and flesh, nerve, marrow, and life, would continue to honor drafts. There was a sunburst of joy in the quiet of those astonished meadows. The whole wide valley rang with cheers, and Meigs, warm-hearted Major Meigs, harangued the soldiers lustily on the glory of their mission, and blew their zeal to furnace-heat. The splendid end of their sufferings appeared in sight. Only, they must be quick. Not an hour, not a moment, could be lost.

IN THE TRAP

ARNOLD'S letter directed the army to avoid the river and march along the high ground on the eastern side of the valley; but one, indeed two, portions of the force did not follow this order. Morgan had boats, and so he went down the river easily and happily with his men; and several companies, moving on before the letter came, took the bank of Arnold River, the obvious way to Lake Megantic.

Their commander's warning against this course was urgent, but had he understood the lay of the land, it would have been more urgent still. In a word, these weary soldiers journeying down the river were bound for a miserable trap. The southern end of the lake was two miles or a little more wide, and Arnold River, flowing almost due north, entered it somewhat west of the middle. Still farther to the west emptied the Annance River through a great swamp, utterly impassable. The other side was little better. Far to the east, a stream that we now call Spider River took its rise near the Height of Land, flowed on to Spider Lake, then through a short outlet into Rush Lake, and finally, turning north, entered Lake Megantic half a mile or so from Arnold River. Just after leaving Rush Lake it received an offshoot from Arnold River, that struck across like the bar of an H, and from a point near this junction the bar sent another stream to Lake Megantic. At present the main current and the name of Arnold River pass across the bar and down the outlet of Rush Lake, while the direct continuation of the river is called the Black or Little Arnold, and the middle stream bears the name Dead Arnold; but careful study seems to prove that in 1775 the Black Arnold was the main river. Log-drivers and spring floods, vexed and blocked by its extraordinary windings, have combined to reduce the current there and expand the cross-bar, for the latter meanders very little.

At present the end of the lake where the four streams empty is the picture of

desolation. Nothing could be more doleful. It is neither land nor lake, but a waveless expanse of black water, varied with oozy ground and water-soaked refuse. It is the sink of three rivers, the slimy chaos of delta-building. Swamp-grass flourishes with a luxuriance that hints of a loathsome fertility. Bubbles of tainted gas explode in the hectic pools. Hundreds of dead trees have drifted from the highlands and lie rotting, while over them tower lifeless groves that are toppling into the same horrible grave, but shrink back with every gesture of despair. It is death in life and life in death, the lazaretto of the wilderness, the stronghold of blight and decay. And essentially what this region is now it was in 1775, for the deposits of a century and a quarter have probably raised the earth about as much as the dam in the Chaudière has raised the water.

Hanchet's men fell promptly into the trap, but Arnold helped them off in his boats, and then, supposing that his letter would save the rest, went on. Of the main body, Goodrich came first. Plowing down for several miles through bogs and swamps glassed over with ice, his men waded the cross-bar, though the ground gave way at every step, and pressed on to the lake. Their intention was to follow its eastern shore, but suddenly the Dead Arnold stopped them. When Dearborn arrived, in a canoe discovered in the woods, he found Goodrich "almost perished with the Cold, having Waded Several Miles Backwards and forwards, Sometimes to his Arm-pits in Water and Ice, endeavouring to find some place to Cross this River."

Goodrich's bateau had pushed ahead with all the flour of the company, for no such difficulty was expected; so Dearborn, taking his fellow-officer in, went in pursuit of it. But the bateau had gone too far to be overtaken, and before the captains could return, darkness came on. Their poor soldiers did the best they could. Wading about in the water, they got fire-wood, and somehow made it blaze. Then, eating "a mouthful of pork," they lay down to sleep, Dearborn's men on a hillock so low that a heavy rain would have drowned them out, with their heads close to the water all around. The next forenoon Smith and Ward came up, with one bateau apiece, and at last, after all this exposure and extreme fatigue, the troops were ferried across

the two-rivers to solid ground. A day and a half had been lost and a vast store of strength wasted in that frightful mire-hole. A straight, sure road, indeed!

LOST IN THE WILDERNESS

THE rest of the troops, retiring from the meadows to the high ground, set out the next morning on a course just east of north, and for a time fared well; but after a while, misled possibly by a small stream that seemed to be flowing toward Lake Megantic, they bore a little to the left, and soon found themselves in a horrible swamp just south of Rush Lake, "the most execrable bog-mire, impenetrable Pluxus of shrubs imaginable," as Dr. Senter described it. A thick growth of low cedars, hackmatacks, and spruces, mixed with alders, choked the swamp, and the slippery roots, hidden under a green moss full of ice and water, threatened every moment a sprain or a dislocation. To be disabled there meant a slow, sure death, as all understood full well; but after a little time the cold took all feeling from ankles and feet, and in spite of caution it was impossible to avoid falling.

At length, working painfully toward the east, the party came to the outlet of Spider Lake. One word was all they needed then. Had they crossed this little stream and pushed boldly toward the northwest, they would have seen Lake Megantic after half an hour of comfortable walking. But the guide sent them by Arnold was not well posted, and Greene, who led the march with a compass, had no clue except Montresor's map, here fatally defective. He dared not leave the water, for he thought the water could be relied upon to bring them somewhere; and so they kept on, following the swampy shore of Spider Lake in and out, in and out; for no spider has more legs than this lake has bays.

At night officers and men alike were thoroughly exhausted and absolutely lost. Where they were, where the rest were, where Lake Megantic or the Chaudière River could be found, nobody had the faintest idea. Scraping the snow away, they built fires, shivering with cold from head to foot, and almost fainting before the heat of the blaze began to warm them. Somebody was lucky enough to kill a partridge, and a little soup was made of it;

but that was only a drop. Each man took a gill of flour, stirred it up with water, and served himself with gruel or shoemaker's paste, according to his preference; or perhaps he made it pretty stiff, and warmed it on the coals or the ashes, though not much, lest a little should be burned. After that all lay down on the ground, with only the sky above their heads. Bears were plentiful; their tracks were on the snow. Wolves abounded; their howls were in the air. What was that—wind? Or was it the distant war-whoop of savages falling upon some other fraction of the army? Nobody could be sure; but every man of them knew that unless the next day should bring them out somewhere, they might as well give up.

THEY CHEER, BUT SHUDDER

ON the morrow, Monday, all were afoot as early as light appeared. Cookery was out of fashion, and they were quickly off, many nibbling their breakfast cakes as they marched. No military order had been required the day before, and they still went on in a rambling Indian file. Before long Spider River stopped their advance. At first they thought it possible to go around the stream, and steered more to the south for that purpose; but after a time it seemed a hopeless errand, and they looked for a ford. About three miles from the lake, probably, a crossing-place was lighted upon, and through the water, some four feet deep, they waded, breaking the ice that had formed on each side of the river.

Then the dreary march began again. Here a vast pile of blown-down hemlocks barred the way with a thousand branches as stiff and almost as sharp as spears; to go around meant a weary tramp, to go through meant a battle. Often young firs were planted across the way like a palisade, their lower branches dead and set. Often a dense growth of bushes hid the ground, and any step might mean the fatal sprain. Here and there a leg suddenly went down to the knee between the roots of a tree, and only good luck saved the man from a broken bone. A rotten log that seemed firm broke under his weight, and hurled him twenty feet down into the chasm that it bridged. Now and then he came to a deep, oozy swamp where he could escape miring only, if at all, by rushing across it with all his might. Dead spruce twigs snapping

back into his eyes like steel wires; broken roots catching his ankle under the leaves; moss-grown rocks bringing him to the ground—these were lesser ills. All around him spread the vastness of the forest, stopping his vision and shutting him in, dumb to every question, fatal to every hope, elusive as mist, passive but invincible, boundless because unknown, yielding only as sand yields to the bullet, quenching courage with that blind hopelessness and impotence which often turn brave men into whimpering children, when they realize they are lost; and on through all this—over hill and mountain, through chasm and swamp; now up, now down; dodging, leaping, stumbling, climbing, crawling; slipping on wet sticks, catching vainly at bushes, tripping and pitching against one another; torn, bruised, and breathless—on went the straggling wanderers, some in hope, some in despair, but all in deadly fear of falling by the way and perishing miserably and alone amid the bears and wolves. At last, as the sun was going down, the end came. The leaders halted, and looked earnestly at the ground. Lo, there were tracks in the snow. A thrill went through every heart. They were the tracks of their comrades, men as hungry, as feeble as themselves, perhaps as far astray, but yet men and comrades. Three cheers burst from the van; and then, thinking of the terrible journey they had made, they shuddered.

DISASTERS

Now for the Chaudière. That would be all downhill, for even hostile nature could not make a river climb the mountains; and they could not lose their way again, for the river went where they wished to go.

Goodrich's men, famishing, hurried on from the swamp to overtake their bateau. They did not find it, but they found a notice: the boat had been smashed, the crew barely saved, and all the flour lost. The company agreed to break up, and each keep alive if he could. Some of them killed a Newfoundland dog of Dearborn's, ate everything that was flesh, and then pounded up his bones for a soup. What else they had the next few days, Heaven only knows. Another dog was killed, and perhaps a scrap fell to them.

Morgan's boats—those precious boats that wore the men's shoulders not merely



Drawn by Denman Fink. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"PROVISIONS IN SIGHT!"

to the blood, but to the bone—were all smashed, the stores lost, the men, though not all of them, barely saved; and Morgan and his company, gathering wet and exhausted around a fire on the shore, found themselves without a mouthful of food, and had not even a dog to kill.

By the same fire lay McClellan, the beloved lieutenant of Hendricks's company, mortally ill of pneumonia. Gently he had been carried over the portages, one after another, even the Terrible Carrying-place, and he was to be taken down the Chaudière; but here the bateau had been wrecked, and its passenger just rescued from the rapids. Too feeble to speak, he lay there dying. What could be more pitiful than such a scene? Nay, what could be more glorious? For though orders had been given every one to think only of himself, men came and shared with a dying comrade the food without which they were likely to die, and gave him the minutes that meant life or death to them, stooping tenderly to catch the whispered word, "Farewell!" and shedding tears over another's misfortune when on the brink of ruin themselves.

STARVATION

THE 1st of November dawned upon a famishing army; very few still had food, many had already been destitute for a day or more, and some, determined to have a full meal for once, had eaten almost immediately the share given out in the meadows, trusting that relief was almost at hand. A kind of wrathful despair began to seize the army. Were they to be defeated, after all? Impossible! Like the Old Guard at Waterloo, they felt a sort of rage gathering inside them—a still, dumb, savage fury, the root instinct of man's will to live and to conquer. Humanity stripped bare is terrible; yes, but it is also magnificent. Some men eating dog-meat offered Thayer and Topham a share, but they declined it, "thinking that they were more in the want of it than what we were at the time."

The 2d of November found the troops one day nearer starvation. Melvin shot a squirrel and a little bird, and possibly some others were equally fortunate; but no one tells us so. All the candles had been used up long ago to enrich the gruel, and now scraps of shaving-soap, lip-salve, and poma-

tum were devoured. A dried squirrel-skin from a pocket made a meal. Cartridge-pouches, leather breeches, belts, and shoes were boiled and chewed. Some of the soldiers knew of eatable roots that could be found in the sandy beaches of the river; behind each of the knowing ones followed a party, and as he sprang to dig at a root with his fingers, they sprang too, and whoever secured the prize devoured it instantly. More than one man looked at his gun, thought longingly of the death it contained, and said to himself, "Shall I?"

The next morning, when the soldiers rose, they staggered about like drunken men; but after a little, aiding themselves with their guns, they got their footing and set out again. Hour after hour they marched. It began to seem wonderful, uncanny. Men gazed weirdly at one another. Were they really more than human, then, that they could march, march, day after day, and eat nothing, like the angels? No, they were not angels; a small stick across the path was enough to bring the stoutest of them to the ground.

THE CRISIS

Now came the most dreadful thing of all. Men fell, and could not rise again. Sitting or lying there, with all their life in their eyes, they mutely besought aid of each passer-by in turn. "Fellow-soldier, comrade, friend, help me!" pleaded their long gaze. But a halt could only add another death. Tattered and torn, many barefooted, many bareheaded, pallid, sunken, tottering, buried in misery, those who could march marched on, with heads bent forward, with eyes half closed, with brain in a dizzy stupor, just able to wonder how soon the inevitable fall—the last fall—would come. By minutes and seconds they still lived. By rods, by yards, by feet, by inches they struggled on; nothing save the very core of existence left, but that invincible. Till sky turn black or feet strike root, on, on, on!

"Provisions! Provisions in sight!" Men stopped and looked at one another, dazed. Was there a noise? What was it? "Provisions in sight!" They looked ahead, and saw coming around the next bend of the shore a vision—so it seemed—of horned cattle and horses, driven and ridden by creatures like themselves. The vision approached. It was not a vision. It was real.

Dearborn wept; Thayer wept; Topham wept; many more wept. Many thanked God. Some, now the strain was over, swooned and fell.

But there were comrades to think of, and soon the same shout was heard again, passing on toward the rear: "Provisions! Provisions in sight!" On every hilltop and bluff where the scattered troops were toiling along, the cry was taken up: "Provisions!

but the village contained only three or four little houses besides the wigwams of the Indians, and some time was required to gather men and supplies. An American with a party of Canadians, a small drove of cattle, and a couple of horses laden with bags of oatmeal, went up the river by land, while mutton for the sick, with a few other good things, went in canoes. But the progress of both parties was unavoidably slow,



From the portrait by Rembrandt Peale
owned by Mrs. E. L. Whaples

COL. RETURN J. MEIGS

From the portrait (copy) by Lincoln
in Brown University

COL. CHRISTOPHER GREENE

From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart
in the Calumet Club, Chicago

GEN. HENRY DEARBORN

Provisions in sight!" The stronger stood and shouted, and the weaker looked on and listened, with eyes raised to heaven, with tears coursing their cheeks, with hearts full of brotherly good will; and the tale of cheer, of rescue, of life, thrilling with all their thankfulness, all their tears, and all their good will, sped on, joyous as the beacon-light of a victory, up and down the hillsides, in and out of the river-bends, past the dark woods, through the dim gorges, over and around the meadows, mile after mile and hour after hour—nerving the feeble, rousing the prostrate, guiding the lost, and lighting up that vast solitude, that awful silence, with gladness and with glory. The battle with the wilderness was over; and the battle was a triumph!

FRIENDS INDEED

ARNOLD had reached the first settlement, about four miles beyond the mouth of the Du Loup River, on Monday evening, October 30, and made haste to organize a relief party, aided, no doubt, by Hanchet;

and while the van of the army was met November 2, it was not until the next day—the day Montgomery entered St. John's—that a large number of the soldiers were relieved.

The rescuers wasted no time. When a party of the specters was met, as many as possible were gathered, and an ox or a cow fell a victim at once. Sometimes the men could wait for no process of cooking. Raw flesh tasted good, and unbolted oatmeal, stirred up with water, was pronounced "sumptuous." With all speed the Canadians—swarthy little fellows, in truth, with pipes forever in their teeth, but angelic in the eyes of the troops—pushed forward then on their errand of mercy, shouting as they went. When evening arrived they still kept at work, and man after man, found prostrate in the snow, was revived, fed, and brought into camp on the horses. Happily, it was not as if they had been reduced to their state of weakness by disease. Though near perishing, they soon began to revive, and while many were sick and feeble, only a few actually died.

Arnold brought a package of manifestoes in French, provided by Washington's thoughtfulness, and these explained with persuasive cordiality the intentions of the Provincials. The word "freedom" cast its usual spell, and we may well believe that Arnold's bold and winning manner dazzled the natives. At first they gazed in astonishment at the procession of armed ghosts issuing from the forest; but wonder changed into admiration when the ghosts proved to be men, and admiration into sympathy when the men were found to be starving. Few could speak English, but the ring of a true shilling was a language all could understand. "Mighty extravagant prices" were charged, so the Provincials thought sometimes; but the patriots on the Kennebec, too, had been thrifty, and the strangers felt on the whole that even in their own country they would have fared no better. Sympathy rose to cordiality when the Americans repaid help with gratitude as well as money; and it was jolly enough, where the invaders might well have expected stones and pitchforks, to see a woman quit her loom, and sing and dance "Yankee Doodle" with all her might, when a party of the soldiers called.

ON TO QUEBEC

THE leader, after addressing the Indians in his blandest fashion, enlisted some forty of them and hurried on. Officers and expresses were kept hard at work relieving and rallying the men; and little by little, wading the icy Du Loup near its junction with the Chaudière, and saluting the first poor cabin with a cheer, they hastened on

through Sertigan, the shady valley, as energy came back. It was no longer a wilderness around them. On each side of the chastened Chaudière ran a fair line of thatched and whitewashed cottages, where the peasants lived contentedly on their bread, garlic, and salt. Back from river and houses and road spread the gently rising fields, and the dreadful mountains drew farther and farther away.

By the afternoon of November 6 a considerable force had gathered at St. Mary, and the advance began again. About four miles below the village, road and river turned each a right angle, and turned them in opposite ways, and at last the Chaudière was left behind. Ahead lay dark billows of evergreen, and the Route Justiniennne, the only road, was twelve miles or so of snow, mud, and water half-leg deep. But obstacles like these were trifles now. Like ships the soldiers plowed straight through, and at about midnight they reached St. Henri, where long white houses group themselves cozily now around a Gothic church, in the journeying shadow of its lofty spire.

The next day Arnold's van crept heedfully on by a corduroy road in a snow-storm, and about two o'clock in the morning of November 8 his advance-guard stood on the high bluff of Point Levi. Below them rolled the great St. Lawrence, more than a mile wide, its crisp waves resounding on a pebbly beach; and yonder, lighted up by the waning moon, towered that enormous bulk of stone, Quebec.

Long and silently they gazed; and they could well see, as we can, that before them, not behind, lay the real struggle, after all.

(To be continued.)



DURANCE

BY FRANK PRESTON SMART

WHEN four walls bar me out from her
 Who makes the world for me,
 'T is I who am the prisoner
 And she the one that 's free.

THE POE-CHIVERS PAPERS

THE FIRST AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF ONE OF POE'S
MOST INTERESTING FRIENDSHIPS

EDITED BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

SECOND PAPER



CHIVERS did not remain long in New York in the memorable summer when he met his idol of genius face to face and consorted with him in so mundane a fashion. "The Lost Pleiad," his last volume of verse, was now safely published. Poe noticed it in the "Broadway Journal," August 2, 1845; he describes the volume as the honest and fervent utterance of an exquisitely sensitive heart which has suffered much and long. "The poems," he goes on, "are numerous, but the thesis is one—*death*—the death of beloved friends. The poet seems to have dwelt among the shadows of tombs, until his very soul has become a shadow. . . . In a word, the volume before us is the work of that *rara avis*, an educated, passionate, yet unaffectedly simple-minded and single-minded man, writing from his own vigorous impulses—from the necessity of giving utterance to poetic passion—and thus writing *not* to mankind, but solely to himself. The whole volume has, in fact, the air of a rapt soliloquy." He then gives a long extract from the poem on Shelley, and ends by complimenting the volume as "possessing merit of a very lofty—if not of the very loftiest order."

The correspondence was resumed in August by a missing letter of Chivers from Philadelphia to which the following is an answer.

POE TO CHIVERS

New York: Aug. 29.

MY DEAR FRIEND, I sit down, in the midst of all the hurry of getting out the paper, to

reply to your letter, dated 25th. What can you be thinking about? You complain of me for not doing things which I had no idea that you wanted done. Do you not see that my short letter to you was written on the very day on which yours was addressed to me? How, then, could you expect mine to be a reply to yours? You must have been making a voyage to "Dreamland."

What you say about the \$50, too, puzzles me. You write—"Well I suppose you must have it"—but it does not come. Is it possible that you mailed it in the letter? I presume not; but that you merely refer to your intention of sending it. For Heaven's sake do—as soon as you get this—for almost everything (as concerns the paper) depends upon it. It would be a thousand pities to give up just as everything flourishes. As soon as, by hook or by crook, I can get Wiley & Putnam's book done, I shall have plenty of money—\$500 at least—& will punctually repay you.

I have been making all kinds of inquiries about the "broken" money [referring to a commission from Chivers to obtain some paper money of the Bank of Florida]—but as yet have not found it. Today I am on a new scent and may possibly succeed. The "Southern Patriot" is published at Charleston. I have no copy—but you can see it anywhere on file I presume, at Washington. The "Morning News" of this city had, also, a handsome notice, digested from mine in the B. J. Colton's Magazine will also have a favorable one. You may depend upon it that I will take good care of your interest & fame, but let me do it in my own way.

Thank you for the play—poems—and Luciferian Revelation—as soon as I get a chance I will use them. The L. R.¹ is *great*—& your last poem is a noble one. I send on to day the books you mention.

Virginia and Mrs. Clemm send their warmest love to you & your wife & children. We all feel as if we knew your family.

God bless you, my friend.

Truly yours,

Poe.

I have not touched a drop of the "ashes" ² since you left N. Y.—& I am resolved not to touch a drop as long as I live. I will be with you as soon as it is in any manner possible. I depend on you for the \$50.

¹ "Alluding to a MS. work on Poetry, entitled *Lyres Regalis*, then in his possession."—*Chivers's note*.

² "This was written in allusion to my having asked him in one of my letters touching his intemperance:— 'What would God think of that Angel who should condescend to dust his feet in the ashes of Hell?'"—*Chivers's note*.

Chivers replied from Georgia, September 9 and October 30 (and apparently at intervening dates), in a cordial, off-hand manner as of boon-companionship, congratulating Poe on his good resolutions and warning him that he must not "flatter" him or "practise lip-service," as his friendship is sincere and disinterested; and he explains why he does not send the money, though promising forty-five dollars soon. Poe, meanwhile, was writing for money to every one he dared—to Kennedy, Griswold, and George Poe, for example—to complete his purchase of the "Broadway Journal," and he made a last attempt upon Chivers.

POE TO CHIVERS

New York: Nov. 15, 45.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Beyond doubt you must think that I treat you ill in not answering your letters—but it is utterly impossible to conceive how busy I have been. The Broad-

way Journals I now send, will give you some idea of the reason. I have been buying out the paper, and of course you must be aware that I have had a tough time of it—making all kind of manoeuvres—and editing the paper, without aid from anyone, all the time. I have succeeded, however, as you see—bought it out entirely, and *paid for it all*, with the exception of 140\$ which will fall due on the 1st of January next. I will make a fortune of it yet. You see yourself what a host of advertising I have. For Heaven's sake, my dear friend, help me now if you can—at once—for now is my time of peril. If I live until next month I shall be

beyond the need of aid. If you can send me the \$45, for Heaven's sake do it, *by return of mail*—or if not all, a part. Time with me now is money & money more than time. I wish you were here that I might explain to you my hopes and prospects—but in a letter it is impossible—for remember that I have to do *everything* myself—edit the paper—get it to press—and attend to the multitudinous business besides.

Believe me—will you not—my dear friend—that it is through no want of disposition to write you that I have failed to do so:—the moments I now

spend in penning these words are gold themselves—& more. By & bye I shall have time to breathe—and then I will write you fully.

You are wrong (as usual) about Archytas & Orion—both are as I accent them. Look in any phonographic Dictionary—say Bolles. Besides, wherever the words occur in ancient poetry, they are as I give them. What is the use of disputing an obvious point? You are wrong too, throughout, in what you say about the poem "Orion"—there is not the shadow of an error, in its rhythm, from A to W.

I never dreamed that you did not get the paper regularly until Bisco told me it was not sent. You must have thought it very strange.

So help me Heaven, I have sent and gone



EDGAR ALLAN POE

From a daguerreotype owned by the Players, New York, believed to be the last portrait of Poe. It is a copy made by Pratt of Richmond, Va., from an original taken by him.

personally in all the nooks & corners of Broken Land & such a thing as the money you speak of—is *not to be obtained*.

Write me soon—soon—and help me if you can. I send you my Poems.

God bless you.

E. A. P.

We *all* send our warmest love to yourself, your wife & family.

Whether Chivers sent the money remains doubtful, as the six letters he wrote Poe in the ensuing nine months are missing. Meanwhile Poe had been obliged to give up the "Broadway Journal," had fallen ill, and was now at Fordham cottage in a wretched state of health and poverty. The following letter is one of the most courageous he ever wrote and shows him in his best mood.

POE TO CHIVERS

New-York, July 22/46.

MY DEAR FRIEND, I had long given you up (thinking that, after the fashion of numerous other friends, you had made up your mind to desert me at the first breath of what seemed to be trouble) when this morning I received no less than 6 letters from you, all of them addressed 195 East Broadway. Did you not know that I merely boarded at this house? It is a very long while since I left it, and as I did not leave it on very good terms with the landlady, she has given herself no concern about my letters—not one of which I should ever have received but for the circumstance of new tenants coming in to the house. I am living out of town about 13 miles, at a village called Fordham, on the railroad leading north. We are in a snug little cottage, keeping house, and would be very comfortable, but that I have been for a long time dreadfully ill. I am getting better, however, although slowly, and shall get *well*. In the meantime the flocks of little birds of prey that always take the opportunity of illness to peck at a sick fowl of larger dimensions, have been endeavoring with all their power to effect my ruin. My dreadful poverty, also, has given them every advantage. In fact, my dear friend, I have been driven to the very gates of death and a despair more dreadful than death, and I had not even *one* friend, out of my family, with whom to advise. What would I not have given for the kind pressure of your hand! It is only a few days since that I requested my mother in law, Mrs. Clemm, to write to you—but she put it off from day to day.

I send you, as you request, the last sheet of the "Luciferian Revelation." There are several other requests in your letters which I know you would pardon me for not attending

to if you only were aware of my illness, and how impossible it is for me to put my foot out of the house or indeed to help myself in any way. It is with the greatest difficulty that I write you this letter—as you may perceive, indeed, by the M.S. I have not been able to write *one line* for the Magazines for more than 5 months—you can then form some idea of the dreadful extremity to which I have been reduced. The articles lately published in "Godey's Book" were written and paid for a long while ago.

Your professions of friendship I reciprocate from the inmost depths of my heart. Except yourself I have never met the man for whom I felt that intimate *sympathy* (of intellect as well as soul) which is the sole basis of friendship. Believe me that never, for one moment, have I doubted the sincerity of your *wish* to assist me. There is not one word you say that I do not *see* coming up from the depths of your heart.

There is one thing you will be glad to learn:—It has been a long while since any artificial stimulus has passed my lips. When I see you—should that day ever come—this is a topic on which I desire to have a long talk with you. I am done forever with drink—depend upon that—but there is much more in this matter than meets the eye.

Do not let anything in this letter impress you with the belief that I *despair* even of worldly prosperity. On the contrary although I feel ill, and am ground into the very dust with poverty, there is a sweet *hope* in the bottom of my soul.

I need not say to you that I rejoice in your success with the silk. I have always conceived it to be a speculation full of promise if prudently conducted. The revulsion consequent upon the silk mania has, of course, induced the great majority of mankind to look unfavorably upon the business—but such feelings should have no influence with the philosophic. Be cautious and industrious—that is all.

I enclose you a slip from the "Reveillée." You will be pleased to see how they appreciate me in England.

When you write, address simply "New York City." There is no Post office at Fordham.

God bless you.

Ever your friend,

Edgar A. Poe.

P.S. I have been looking over your "Luciferian Revelation" again. There are some points at which I might dissent with you—but there [are] a 1000 glorious thoughts in it.

Chivers replied to this February 21 and April 4, 1847, and possibly at other dates, but Poe seems to have felt less interest in the correspondence. Chivers invites Poe



From the original portrait by C. G. Thompson, in the Athenæum, Providence, R. I., to which it was presented in 1884
by W. F. Channing, M.D. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

SARAH HELEN WHITMAN, 1838

Mrs. Whitman, who achieved much distinction as a writer of verse and prose, was born in Providence in 1803. Her literary career followed upon the death of her husband, a lawyer of Boston, in 1833. She and Poe maintained a friendly intercourse, which, after the death of his wife, grew into a conditional engagement of marriage, soon after broken on the insistence of her friends. This occurred in 1848, not long before Poe's death. She wrote a little volume in praise of the poet.

to come to the South to live. "I will take care of you as long as you live—although, if ever there was a perfect mystery on earth you are one—and one of the most mysterious." With the expression of a hope to see him in May, in New York, Chivers's part of the correspondence ends. Poe, on his part, wrote one more letter at least, a year later, on which Chivers notes: "The following is the last letter that I ever received from him."

POE TO CHIVERS

Fordham—Westchester Co.

July 13, 48.

MY DEAR FRIEND, I have just returned from an excursion to Lowell:—this is the reason why I have not been to see you. My mother will leave this note at your hotel in the event of your not being in when she calls. I am *very* anxious to see you—as I propose going on to Richmond on Monday. Can you not come out to Fordham and spend tomorrow and Sunday with me? We can talk over matters, then, at leisure. The cars for Fordham leave the depot at the City Hall almost every hour—distance 14 miles.

Truly yours
Poe.

Poe's last reference to his friend occurs in a letter to Mrs. Clemm, September, 1849: "I got a sneaking letter today from Chivers."

It is apparent from the foregoing papers, as well as from the letters of Chivers which are published in full by Professor Harrison, that he was filled with an enthusiastic admiration for Poe and worshiped his genius. It is the more striking a tribute because he was of a religious cast of mind and not a sharer in Poe's weaknesses. He was not one of those who went spurring with Poe; and in spite of what he knew and had seen, he maintained a high respect for his genius and a warm interest in his welfare. Chivers was a hero-worshiper, and he adored the spirit of poetry after that fashion that sees in the poet, whatever he may be humanly, only a great glory. When Poe died, and the trouble arose over Griswold's memoir of him, Chivers, like several others who had known Poe, was desirous to write a life of him and defend his memory. He made some collections for this purpose, and the reminiscences and letters already given are a part of his material. He offered this life to Ticknor,

October 27, 1852, as if it were completed; but as he continued to work on it after that date, it was probably never advanced beyond its present fragmentary condition. Its (manuscript) title-page reads as follows:

NEW LIFE
of
Edgar Allan Poe,
A
Faithful Analysis of His
Genius as a Poet, the
Publication of Many Golden Letters
(one Poem Never Before Published in Any of
His Works), together with some Beautiful
Elegies on his Death
By
T. H. Chivers, M.D.
Dedication.

To the Eternal Spirit of the Immortal Shelley,
this work is now most Solemnly dedicated, by
one who longs to enjoy his company in Elysium.
The Author.

Its opening pages are a chaotic flow of eulogy in which Poe's mortal weaknesses are fully acknowledged, for Chivers entertained no illusions on that score, but Poe is worshiped as an incarnation of genius. Chivers's point of view is contained in his "Golden Letters," as follows:

GOLDEN LETTERS

It is not by the objective relationships of a man that we are to judge of his peculiar idiosyncrasies—his essential quality, psychological as even as physiological—but by his subjective experiences—these constituting the true *esse* of the *existere* of his life—the plenary Revelations of his inmost soul. As the tree is known by its fruits; so is a man by his works—these constituting the truly Hesperian Apples of the Paradise of his being in time. This is eminently true of the nature of the Poet whose soul is the crystalline Fountain from which flow all the living, singing rivulets of his life—watering the Vales of Immortality with their pellucid selves, while revealing to the enraptured imaginations of men the virgin gold which lies Sparkling through its amber.

This is true not only in regard to his Prose, and Poetical writings, but more especially to his letters—the most unsophisticated—most natural—truer revealers of the heart—than any or all others, for what he there writes is unpremeditated, intuitive heart histories.

This section of the biography is followed by a summary of the facts of his career given by Griswold. The only value of the

remainder lies in the few original papers which Chivers secured and thereby preserved. Among them is one more letter of Poe's, which is self-explanatory, and illustrates again the care Poe took to have the good opinion of the press if he could obtain it. It is addressed to the editor of the "National Archives," Ithaca, New York.

POE TO J. HUNT, JR.

New York March 17, 45.

DEAR SIR, There is something in the tone of your article on "The Broadway Journal" (contained in the "Archives" of the 13th.) which induces me to trouble you with this letter.

I recognize in you an educated, an honest, a chivalrous, but, I fear, a somewhat over-hasty man. I feel that you can appreciate what I do—and that you will not fail to give me credit for what I do well:—at the same time I am not quite sure that, through sheer hurry, you might not do me an injustice which you yourself would regret even more sincerely than I. I am anxious to secure you as a friend if you can be so with a clear conscience—and it is to enable you to be so with a clear conscience that I write what I am now writing.

Let me put it to you as to a frank man of honor—Can you suppose it possible that any human being could pursue a strictly impartial course of criticism for 10 years (as I have done in the S. L. Messenger and in Graham's Magazine) without offending irreparably a host of authors and their connexions?—but because these *were* offended, and gave vent at every opportunity to their spleen, would you consider my course an iota the less honorable on that account? Would you consider it just to measure my deserts by the yelpings of my foes, independently of your own judgment in the premises, based upon an actual knowledge of what I have done?

You reply—"Certainly not"; and, because I feel that this *must* be your reply, I acknowledge that I am grieved to see anything (however slight) in your paper that has the appearance of joining in with the outcry so very sure to be raised by the less honorable portion of the press under circumstances such as are my own.

I thank you sincerely for your expressions of good will—and I thank you for the reason that I value your opinion—when that opinion is fairly attained. But there are points at which you do me injustice.

For example, you say that I am sensitive (peculiarly so) to the strictures of others. There is no instance on record in which I have ever replied, directly or indirectly, to any strictures, personal or literary, with the single exception of my answer to Outis. You say, too,

that I use a quarter of the paper in smoothing over his charges—but four-fifths of the whole space occupied is by the letter of Outis itself, to which I wish to give all the publicity in my power, with a view of giving it the more thorough refutation. The charges of which you speak—the charge of plagiarism &c.—are *not made at all*. These are mistakes into which you have fallen, through want of time to peruse *the whole* of what I said, and by happening upon unlucky passages. It is, of course, improper to decide upon my reply until you have heard it, and as yet I have only commenced it by giving Outis' letter with a few comments at random. There will be *four* chapters in all. My excuse for treating it at length is that it demanded an answer and no proper answer could be given in less compass—that the subject of imitation, plagiarism, &c. is one in which the public has lately taken much interest & is admirably adapted to the character of a literary journal—and that I have some important developments to make, which the commonest principles of self-defence demand imperatively at my hands.

I know that you will now do me justice—that you will read what I have said & may say—and that you will absolve me, at once, of the charge of squirmishness or ill nature. If ever man had cause to be in good humor with Outis and all the world, it is precisely myself, at this moment—as hereafter you shall see.

At some future day we shall be friends, or I am much mistaken, and I will then put into your hands ample means of judging me upon my own merits.

In the meantime I ask of you, justice.

Very truly yours,

Edgar A. Poe.

To J. Hunt Jr.

P.S. I perceive that you have permitted some of our papers and the Boston journals to give you a wrong impression of my Lecture & its reception. It was better attended than any Lecture of Mr. Hudson's—by the most intellectual & refined portion of the city—and was complimented in terms which I should be ashamed to repeat, by the leading journalists of the City. See Mirror, Morning News, Inquirer, New World, &c. The only respectable N. Y. paper which did *not* praise it throughout, was the Tribune whose transcendental editors, or their doctrines, I attacked. My objection to the burlesque philosophy which the Bostonians have adopted, supposing it to be Transcendentalism, is the key to the abuse of the Atlas & Transcript. So well was the Lecture received that I am about to repeat it.

[Note on the outside.] Be kind enough to answer this immediately in order that I may know it has been rec'd.

Chivers applied to Mrs. Whitman of Providence, but he obtained no letters from her or other papers in respect to her relations with Poe except a copy of Pabodie's letter to Griswold, which has been often published. With Mrs. Clemm he was more successful. She replied to his request as follows:

MRS. CLEMM TO CHIVERS

Milford, Dec. 8th '52.

DEAR SIR, I received yours on Monday, but owing to a violent head ache could not reply to you sooner. I had heard from Mrs. Whitman of Providence, of your intention concerning the work you mention. How much pleasure it would give me to aid you, with any thing relative to my dear Eddie. But I (most unfortunately) have nothing but his own precious letters to myself during his last absence from home. I wish you could see those letters,—they alone would convince you, how falsely Griswold has spoken of him. Oh! that I could see you for an hour, and could tell you of his many beautiful traits of character—of his devotion to my “darling Virginia,” and of his love and kindness to myself. When that hateful and untrue Biography first appeared, I nearly sunk under it, I was confined to bed for a long time with a nervous fever. But God spared my life to endure farther trials. As to Griswold's statement that my poor Eddie ever spoke of you unkindly, [it] is entirely untrue. You were one of the few he *admired and loved*. How often has he recited to me some of your beautiful poetry, and said “I would have been proud to have been the author of this article.” How often has he repeated, with tears in his dear eyes, that sublime poem of yours, “*She came from heaven to tell me she was blest.*” You know, dear Sir, my darling Eddie was not entirely perfect, and when he had indulged in a glass or two of wine, he was not responsible for either his words, or actions. If I had the means I would see you in Boston; but I have not. I have been staying in Lowell some time since my sad affliction, but owing to the severe climate, have been obliged to leave it. How many times I have wished to learn your address. . . . Will you have the kindness to send me your address *when* you are at home? . . . When I heard of my Eddie's death, I was at Fordham, and I then acted as I *well* knew he would have wished me to do. I destroyed all the letters he had ever received from his *female* friends, and many others of a private nature. Griswold told me he *must* see some of his correspondence, and I gave them to him with the understanding that he was to return them to me. Yours were among them. I have never been able to get them from him. Do you not think, dear sir, that God will pun-

ish him, for all the falsehoods he has told of my beloved Eddie?

With many wishes for your happiness I remain, dear Sir, your sincere friend,

Maria Clemm.

Chivers introduces the next letter with this note:

The following letter was sent to me for publication by Mrs. Mary [Maria] Clemm the mother-in-law of Mr. Poe. It is from Mrs. Elmira Shelton, the lady, in Baltimore [Richmond], to whom he was finally engaged to be married, and is, undoubtedly, one of the most beautiful, if not the very beautifullest letter that was ever written by any woman living or dead—being all heart—all soul—the truest, most perfect revelation of her boundless love. The man who could have inspired such love as this in the heart of a woman of such superior talents, possessed qualities far above any thing for which the world has ever given him credit—proving, most positively, that he kept unshewn within his soul a tenderness akin to that of the Angels in Heaven.

There is no Art in this letter, but it is all nature—fortuitous intuition—as spontaneous in its unsophisticated purity as the perfect love which inspired it—infinite love chastened now by as infinite a grief. I have never yet been able to read it without shedding tears. The truth is, it is an Epistolary Elegy—a funeral Oration—a pathetic Requiem—or the triumphant victory of his affection over the female heart. A more beautiful Elegy was never written on the death of any man—a Eulogy which not only preaches the truest gospel of the qualities of its subject, but makes immortal its author. It is the most perfect triumph of love over death—making the victory of the grave eternal loss.

MRS. SHELTON TO MRS. CLEMM

Richmond, Oct. 11th, 1849—

Oh! how shall I address you, my dear, and deeply afflicted friend under such heart-rending circumstances? I have no doubt, ere this, you have heard of the death of *our dear Edgar!* yes, he was the *dearest object* on earth to me; and, well assured am I, that he was the pride of your heart. I have not been able to get any of the particulars of his sickness & death, except an extract from the *Baltimore Sun*, which said that he died on Sunday, the 7th of this month, with congestion of the brain, after an illness of 7 days. He came up to my house on the evening of the 26th Sept. to take leave of me. He was very sad, and complained of being quite sick. I felt his pulse, and found he had considerable fever, and did not think it probable he would be able to start the next morning, (Thursday) as he anticipated. I felt so

wretched about him all of that night, that I went up early the next morning to enquire after him, when, much to my regret, he had left in the boat for Baltimore. He expected, certainly, to have been with his "dear Muddy" on the Sunday following, when he promised to write to me; and after the expiration of a week, and no letter, I became very uneasy, and continued in an agonizing state of mind, fearing he was ill, but never dreamed of his death, untill it met my eye, in glancing casually over a Richmond paper of last Tuesday. Oh! my dearest friend! I cannot begin to tell you what my feelings were, as the horrible truth forced itself upon me! It was the most severe trial I have ever had; and God alone knows, how I can bear it! My heart is overwhelmed—yes, ready to burst! How can I, "dear Muddy!" speak comfort to your bleeding heart? I cannot say to you, weep not—mourn not—but I do say, *do both*, for he is worthy to be lamented. Oh! my dear Edgar! shall I never behold your dear face and hear your sweet voice, saying, "Dearest Muddy!" and "Dearest Elmira?"—How can I bear the separation? The pleasure I anticipated on his return with you, dear friend! to Richmond, was too great, ever to have been realized, and should teach me the folly of expecting bliss on earth. If it will be any consolation to you, my dear friend! to know that there is *one* who feels for you, all that human can feel, then, be assured that person is *Elmira*. Willingly would I fly to you, if I could add to your comfort, or take from your sorrows. I wrote to you a few weeks ago; I hope you received the letter. It was through the request of my dearest Eddy that I did so; and when I told him I had written to you, his joy & delight were inexpressible. I hope you will write to me as soon as possible, and let me hear from you, as I shall be anxious about you incessantly untill I do; Farewell, my stricken friend! and may an All-Wise & Merciful God sustain and comfort us under this heart-breaking dispensation, is the fervent & hourly prayer of your Afflicted and sympathizing friend.—*Elmira Shelton*—

Do let me hear from you as quickly as possible—

Direct to Mrs. Elmira Shelton—

Care of A. L. Royster,
Richmond, Va.

This is the last of the papers directly bearing upon Poe's life; but some further light on his relations with Chivers as a poet is given by the correspondence of the latter with Simms, in which Chivers plainly states his own view of Poe's obligations to himself in the matter of "The Raven." The volume which Simms acknowledges and criticizes is the famous "Eonchs of Ruby,"

published in New York, with the date 1851. It appeared at the end of 1850.

SIMMS TO CHIVERS

Woodlands, S. C. April 5, 1852

THO. H. CHIVERS, M.D.

DEAR SIR. I was absent from the city when your letter was received, & many cares, some indisposition & other passing causes, have prevented me from answering till now. I have received & read your last volume, with pleasure & regret. Pleasure, because you have a rare faculty at versification. Regret because you do not do it justice—because you show too greatly how much Poe is in your mind—because you allow your fancies to run away with your muse—because you do not suffer thought to coöperate sufficiently with your faculty for rhyme—and because your rhymes are too frequently iterated, so as to become monotonous. You forget that rhyme is the mere decoration of thought, and not to be suffered to occupy its place. I shall have to say all these things in my notice of your book, and while doing justice to your real endowments, I propose to say these things with some severity. You have too much real ability to be suffered to trifle with yourself and reader; and I shall be severe, simply because I desire to be kind. I have sent you the drama & will send you some other trifles. I am also happy to enclose you the verses you desire. I shall be curious to see your play of C. Stuart & your volume of criticism. You are right to address yourself to labours of length, which may take you out of your mannerisms. Mannerism is a fatal weakness. Give up fugitive verses, which lead only to one form of egotism or another, as Poe, who wrote in jerks & spasms only, & in intervals of passion or drink, contended for fugitive performances. This was his excuse and apology only, for his own short-comings. Do not allow his errors to wreck you as they did himself. Give him up as a model and as a guide. He was a man of curious genius, wild & erratic, but his genius was rather curious than valuable—bizarre, rather than great or healthful. You see that I deal with you frankly. Do not misconceive what I say, or mistake the feeling which prompts me. I would wish to serve you to promote the exercise of your just faculties. In particular, I would keep you from sinking into this sin of mere imitation. Strike out an independent path and publish anonymously. Your previous writings would surely prejudice your new, if they could be identified, in the estimation of readers & critics. Make your book unique—seek for simplicity & wholeness—avoid yourself in your topics—write no more elegies, and discard all pet words, all phrases—discard all attempts at mysticism. Be manly, direct,

simple, natural,—full, unaffected & elaborate. Pardon me this freedom, but a genuine desire to see you successful prompts me to counsel you. I am not well—have been overtaken, —and write with a dizzy brain.

very respectfully

Yr ob. Ser^t

W. Gilmore Simms.

CHIVERS TO SIMMS

Tontine Hotel, New Haven, Conn.,
April 10th, 1852.

MY DEAR SIMMS, For fear that you may probably mistake the purport of my last letter—as it was written in the greatest hurry—permit me to say here that you must disabuse your mind, at once, of the ideas which you entertain of my late book—as expressed in your recent letter.

In the first place, your regrets, as therein expressed, are a "lost fear"—inasmuch as the ornaments about which you speak are the soul of the Poems. I will not stop to prove this here, but merely say you will see it done in my book of *Lectures* entitled *Hortus Deliciarum, or, the Garden of Delights*, in which I have given an analysis of Poetry from its Gothic up to its Greek manifestations. You will therein see a "New Thing under the Sun."

Now permit me to say, once for all, that the Poems in that Volume are all original—my own—not only in conception but in execution. There is not a Poem in that book modeled, as you suppose, upon anything that Poe ever wrote. You, no doubt, think that you will have something to harp upon when you come to speak of *The Vigil in Aiden*; but, my dear friend, you will miss it. I am not able at present, to say *what* your talents are in the field of analysis; but I know, very well, that I am able to answer any man on this or the other side of the water, in regard to the originality of Art—and particularly of that Poem. Why, my dear Sir, I do not, like other Americans, steal the old English forms and then send my imitations forth in the world as *something* achieved. I have too much mother-wit to use this *insulting presumption*. There is not a Poem in that book that is not, *per se*, a work of Art—a work of Art not only as an Art-work, but *fortuitously* so—the Existence of it being coeternal with its Esse. This the glorious Poe saw in my first book, but he was too full of envy to express it *fully*—but *he saw it*—and I have now letters in my possession from the first American Literati, which inform me of this fact. Would to God that he were now living here on earth that he could tell it as no one else can.

The Critic *must* be an Artist—he must understand Art. Poetry cannot be criticized by a mere *ipse dixit* (*Verbum sapienti*).

I wrote you in my last that *The Vigil in Aiden* was founded upon Poe himself. But why do you think it is an "imitation" of *The Raven*? Because it contains the word *Lenore*? But is not *Lenore* common property? Mrs. Osgood, as well as the German Poet Körner, made use of it. Is it because I make use of the word *Nevermore*? Is it because it is written in the same rhythm? But all these things are *mine*. I am the Southern man who taught Mr. Poe all these things. All these things were published long before *The Raven*, from which *The Raven* was taken. All these things I will make plain to you in my answer; but do not let this deter you from speaking out—only my answer will go hard with you as a Critic.

But this is what I want to know: Do you conscientiously believe *The Raven* is to be named in the same century with *The Vigil*? Look at the Refrains—the every thing—of the two—and answer me. The "monotony" about which you talk is not in the Poem—but in you—as it is always varying to the denouement. Read it, as you ought, and you will see this.

When I show you how that truly great man, Poe, failed in *The Raven*, in attempting to do what I had already done in the Poem from which he stole, you will then admit that I really "have a happy faculty at rhyming."

"Mysticism." Well, this is necessary in Poetry too—as I will show you in my Lecture on Art. Now if you were as well acquainted with the Jackasses of America as I am, you would know, just as well as I do, what a hold all these new inventions of mine have taken upon them—so that they now stand committed as plagiarists of the blackest dye. I have fifty by me now. Yet, I kept locked up for seven years, and gave only a few friends my *Lost Pleiad*. Well, this is some consolation—nay, a very great joy to me—proving that *Magnus est veritas, et prevalebit*.

Never talk any more about "fugitive pieces." I have an Epic which you will like—I think. I hope so, at least—for there is no man living whose good opinion I value more than I do yours. God bless you. *Esto perpetua*.

Thos H. Chivers.

P.S. I have received and read your Drama, and find it the best thing that I have ever seen of yours—in fact, I am now puzzled to know why you should ever have worn out your faculties in writing Novels. I will give you a *just* and a *true* review in my book—not an *ipse dixit* affair with no soul in it but *envy*—but one founded on a close insight into Art. You have shown in this Play that you are not unacquainted with the *true Dramatic Style*—but the next Play you write, meditate a Theme—have it a worthy one, which this is not—then either write a Poem *proper*, or one entirely

after the Elizabethan Gods. This you must do, or it will not live. Then, again, it is not *necessary* to the Dramatic colloquy, as you seem to suppose, that you should continually double your syllables at the end of your lines. This, it appears to me, you have studied to do, all along through your Play. It also appears to me—(judging from your work—) that you suppose—just as Byron and many others—the Dramatic composition is incompatible with the development of the highest Art. But this is not so—but diametrically opposite to the fact. The truth is, you seem to have a perfect *contempt* for what may be called the *Art of Composition*; but let me tell you that this is the *glory of all Poetry*. You spoke of my *Lost Pleiad* as being but a feeble exposition of my conception of Art; but you did not know, at that time, that that book was the fulfillment of that wise saying of the Latins—*Ars est celare Artem*—but Poe knew it. Lodovico Carracci could not see all the beauties of his brother Annabale's Paintings, because he was a *rival*. But it has always been my misfortune in life not to have had time to feel this passion—having had so much to think about and suffer.

It would give me great pleasure to receive any thing of yours that you may be pleased to send me. *Do not permit your mind to be abused in regard to me by some of my sap-headed enemies, who bray nonsense to the citizens of Charleston—for they do not know me.*

Yours as above, T. H. C.

An earlier letter of the same tenor was addressed to Augustine Duganne. It refers to the same book as the preceding.

CHIVERS TO DUGANNE

No. 118, Leonard Street, N. Y.,
Dec. 17th 1850.

MY DEAR SIR, I called with a friend yesterday to see you, but you were not in. I thank you for the good opinion which you entertain of my Poems. But I admire you a good deal more for the fearless manner in which you have expressed it—amid this "day of small things"—or, rather, owls of midnight darkness.

There are, however, some things in which you are mistaken. There is not a single Poem in that whole Volume imitative of either Wordsworth, Tennyson, or Poe. Wordsworth is no Poet—Tennyson is entirely devoid of passion—the primum mobile of the true Poet—and Poe stole every thing that is worth any thing from me. This I thought you *knew* perfectly well. If you do not know it, I can very easily make it appear.

The line to which you object and italicise in "*The Lusiad*," is the *best* in the verse. The

Circassians never "shave" their hair. The word "*shaven*" is the most *poetical* that could have been used.

The next verse from the same Poem, is also of the same stamp. I make use of the word "so" to express how *I kissed her*. Its being used in "*Jim Crow*" has nothing at all to do with its utility.

You are also wrong about "*Threnody*." The verse to which you object is one of the finest in the Poem. The use of the word "*Tommy*" is not bathos. This has nothing to do with bathos. It is *pathos*. It is not the *familiarity* of a word which constitutes its bathos; but its unpoetical applicability *per se*. This is *per se* a poetical word, and so used.

The verse which you quote from "*Evening*" is not a "gorgeous platitude," but one of the finest in the book, precisely because no man ever wrote any thing like it. I defy you to point me out a finer verse. The due do "give God thanks by playing on the hills their pranks."

Any man who would "slur over" any thing in my book because he supposed it was imitative of the writers named, *without* knowing it is so, is a jackass of the "first water" and as far beneath your contempt as mine. I never read any thing of Wordsworth that pleased me. Tennyson is an Epicurian Philologist. Poe stole all his "*Raven*" from me; but was the greatest Poetical Critic that ever existed. This I will prove to you, if you will call and see me.

I have the "*Epic*" of which you speak. I have also a Play, in Five Acts, which I wish to show you—besides many other precious gems.

Wishing you all happiness,

I remain yours, most truly,

Thos H. Chivers.

Augustine Duganne, Esq.

P.S. Excuse this haste—but do not fail to come and see me. You are a man after my own heart.

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The claim which Chivers here sets up is to an originality in metrical effects independent of Poe's example; he asserts that he practised these effects before Poe and that Poe borrowed from him, notably in "*The Raven*." It is only too obvious that what was styled at the beginning of these articles the "Orphic egotism" was now fully developed in Chivers. He had, in 1849, corresponded with W. E. Channing and proclaimed himself an associationist. "I am an associationist and glory in the prosperity of the cause," he wrote; "I believe that association is the only Ithuriel spear that can strike dead the mailed tyrants of the land."

He was also in correspondence with Professor George Bush on the candelabrum of the Tabernacle and cognate matters, and devoted somewhat to Hebrew learning. He became, as has been said, a Swedenborgian. His poetic self-sufficiency and illusions were a part of this seething mental state. But if it be thought that his mind had lost its balance in some degree, it is only just to observe that his claim to have developed originality in metrical effects was nothing novel. The character of his reflections on meter may be illustrated by a passage from his prose.

It is the belief of many—fortunately [not] of Poets—that the School books enumerate all the rhythms in which any Poem can be written. But the truth is, by an ingenious combination, infinite numbers can be produced. The old English Poets of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, nearly all wrote in the same rhythm and metre. There is no attempt made by any of the very best Poets of that, and the subsequent Age, to produce any novel effect by combination. They disliked innovation on the old established forms—supposing, or presuming that what was done by their forefathers, was the most perfect and therefore followed directly in their footsteps. What is true of the Lyrical Poets of that day may also be said of the Dramatic writers. Nearly all the Lyric Poets wrote in the obsolescent style of the Iambic pentameter and Dimeter verses. I have long thought that I would write a paper on the various rhythms of the Æthiopians compared with those now in use of the Caucasian race—descriptive of the different idiosyncrasies of the two races—their peculiar modes of passionate expression are as essentially different in every respect, as their complexions—showing that the internal, or subjective, consciousness gives denomination to the outward, or objective expression.

The Homeric expression was spondaic—like the ponderous tread of a mighty army of Elephants—compared with that of the Æthiopian, which is generally Satyric, or lively. The English people write Hymns and funeral elegies; the Æthiopians—trochaic, Drinking-Songs giving a better knowledge of the physiology as well as psychology of the two nations than can be found either in tradition or History—in proof of which I will now proceed to give a few of the Æthiopian native Melodies. The following is what may be called a Jig which must be accompanied by a measured clapping of the thighs and alternately on each other:

"I doane lyke de cown feeale—
I doane lyke de cotton-patch;
I like to ten de tatur-hill—

Too, Mark, a-Juba!
Juba seed de seed de breed—
I like to ten de tatur-hill—
Too, Mark, a-Juba!
Ole aunt Sary
In de dairy—
She cate de meat, she gim me de huss—
She bake de bred, she gim me de cruss—
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There is no such rhythm as this in the Greek Poetry—nor, in fact, in any other Nation under the sun. There is no dance in the world like that of Juba—the name of that [illegible] provoking jig which accompanies this recitative—the very climax of jocularity—being as far above the Pyrric as the Tarantula in provoking laughter accompanied by irresistible shouts of uproarious hilarity.

He maintained his originality in meter from the first; it was not an afterthought. The following letter to an editorial friend in Georgia exhibits this plainly, while it casts some side-lights on his career.

Oaky Grove, Ga., Nov. 1st, 1845

MY DEAR FRIEND, I have just received your kind and good letter, and hasten to reply to it. It gives me infinite pleasure at any time to receive a letter from you. For the friendship manifested to me in it, I will love you as long as I live. I was conscious that your delay, in not answering my letter sooner, was occasioned by some unavoidable circumstance. I am sorry that you have been ill. This you can remedy only by taking physical exercise, and living on a vegetable diet. Most of the diseases in this climate are occasioned by the use of animal food. Although Man is an omnivorous animal, in a *Southern* climate, he ought to make use of more vegetable than animal diet. The kind of exercise which I would recommend to you, is riding out in the evening, and walking about as much as possible. No man, unless he has a very strong constitution, can enjoy uninterrupted health for any length of time, who exercises his brain, as you are compelled to do, without regular exercise. The vocation of an Editor is very trying to the constitution. Very few Editors enjoy uninterrupted health—owing to this fact, that they are too much confined to one place.

I thank you for your good opinion of my book. There is not a man in the State of whose good opinion I am prouder than your own. In 1834 I wrote a Play in Five Acts, which received the commendations of the greatest men in the world, yet it has never been published up to this hour. I always felt an unutterable disgust for the miserable carplings of a certain set of biped Asses, who bray longest and loudest about that of which they know the least. This has caused me to live a

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Oaky Grove, Ga., Nov. 1st, 1845

MY DEAR FRIEND, I have just received your kind and good letter, and hasten to reply to it. It gives me infinite pleasure at any time to receive a letter from you. For the friendship manifested to me in it, I will love you as long as I live. I was conscious that your delay, in not answering my letter sooner, was occasioned by some unavoidable circumstance. I am sorry that you have been ill. This you can remedy only by taking physical exercise, and living on a vegetable diet. Most of the diseases in this climate are occasioned by the use of animal food. Although Man is an omnivorous animal, in a *Southern* climate, he ought to make use of more vegetable than animal diet. The kind of exercise which I would recommend to you, is riding out in the evening, and walking about as much as possible. No man, unless he has a very strong constitution, can enjoy uninterrupted health for any length of time, who exercises his brain, as you are compelled to do, without regular exercise. The vocation of an Editor is very trying to the constitution. Very few Editors enjoy uninterrupted health—owing to this fact, that they are too much confined to one place.

I thank you for your good opinion of my book. There is not a man in the State of whose good opinion I am prouder than your own. In 1834 I wrote a Play in Five Acts, which received the commendations of the greatest men in the world, yet it has never been published up to this hour. I always felt an unutterable disgust for the miserable carplings of a certain set of biped Asses, who bray longest and loudest about that of which they know the least. This has caused me to live a

retired life for the last ten years. These miserable wretches I never met in any other State except my own—this sunny, precious land which I love better than I do any on the face of the earth. With such as these my heart was broken in the dawn of my manhood, when my aspirations after the Beautiful and the True first began to glimmer in my soul. Some of these have shrunk, in the satiety of their self-conscious ignorance, into the hopeless oblivion which their vindictive and inhuman souls have merited; while others are now preparing for the same harvest. The very thing that has sunk, and will sink, them into eternal oblivion, has inspired me with emulation. I dislike to speak of myself, but I am compelled to do so, that you may know the truth. There are many who have seen me, but very few in this State who *know me*.

The Play to which I have referred is now in the possession of Mr. Poe, one of the greatest men that ever lived. I have written four others—four Farces—thirteen Essays on different subjects—twelve Lectures on Poetry—and about fifty Tales—every single one of which has been spoken of in the highest terms. I speak of this to you that you may know with what eternal and infinite contempt I look upon those two two-legged serpents who have waylaid the path of my life to poison me with the harmless venom of their polluted lips. No wonder the North looks with such contempt upon the South, when a man cannot write a decent Editorial for a News Paper without being despised by the obstreperous cackinnations of thirty thousand Asses who can neither read nor write. Not only this, but if an individual not only for his own, but the honour of his native State, wishes to redeem her from the curse of being smothered in ignorance, he is absolutely bored to death by ignorant wretches who not only hate every thing good, but seem to think that nothing good can come out of the Nazareth in which they were born. They are so completely lost to all manly feeling and common sense that they do not even know that by so doing they disgrace nobody but themselves. Their wishing to torture others is only a living manifestation of the pangs which their own self-conscious degradation is inflicting upon themselves. There never yet lived a good and wise man who did not wish others to be good and wise. Ignorance is the mother of all the evils that infest mankind.

You say, in the conclusion of your letter, that you sympathize with me in every page of the Elegy on the death of my precious little daughter. My Dear Friend! you do not know how I respect you for your good feeling. The Poems of the Volume which I sent you, will be published in a different form in Boston with other Poems, on different subjects, added to them. They have been spoken well of by

the greatest men in the world. The Poem entitled "To Isa Singing," and "The Heavenly Vision," are both selected by Mr. Poe in his recitations, while lecturing on Poetry in the Stuyvesant Institute, New York. There have been no less than six plagiarisms and imitations of the Poem "To Allegra Florence in Heaven," which I have seen in different papers myself. Yet, there are Asses in this very County who are fools enough to persuade their pitiful souls that a man born in Wilkes cannot write Poetry. There is not in the whole Geography of the earth a more poetical clime than this. There is nothing in which I take so much pride as in never having written a single line in imitation of another. Every line is original. If you will examine my Poems, as they must be examined before they can be understood, you will perceive that they are all artistically my own. Any body of moderate ideality can write a Poem by another rhythm; but it is a task which few ever attempted to originate a style. If you will examine the subject, there is something akin in the rhythmic arrangement of the Poetry from the days of Chaucer down to the present time. In fact, there is not a single Poem, if we except my friend Tennyson's of England, of the present day, that is not modeled after the Poems of the old writers. The very rhythm of my Poems cost me years of study—and are we to believe that any sort of an Ass can understand them? I need not tell you that there is not one man in ten thousand can read a Poem correct. How pitiful then to talk of Criticism. It is shameful!

A poem, "The Lady Alice," seems to me the fairest example of the rhythm which Chivers evolved; and the patient reader who has read these relics of Chivers thus far may welcome one entire poem from his pen.

THE LADY ALICE

I

The night is serene with pleasure—
Balmly the air—
For the Moon makes the icy azure
Argently clear;
And the Stars with their music make measure
To mine down here—
My song down here—
My beautiful song down here.

2

Pale light from her orb is raining
On earth—the sea;
While I am on earth complaining
Of one to me
More fair than the Moon now waning—
More pure than she—
More fair than she—
More womanly pure than she.

3

She lives in her golden palace
Beside the sea;
And her name is the Lady Alice—
So dear to me!
And she drinks from her crystal Chalice
Sweet wine so free—
White wine so free—
Because her pure heart is free.

4

She sings while the Angels listen
With pure delight!
And the Stars with new glory glisten,
And laughter bright;
While my heart in its narrow prison
Doth pine to-night—
Pine all the night—
For want of my Moon to-night.

5

She smiles while my soul is sorry
With love divine;
And the Stars hear in Heaven the story
Which makes me pine!
I would give all their crowns of glory
If she were mine—
Were only mine—
Were only forever mine.

6

Oh! come from thy golden palace,
Sweet Lady bright!
And fill up this empty Chalice
With wine to-night!—
I drink to my Lady Alice!
My soul's delight—
Heart—soul's delight—
My ever divine delight!

The likeness to Poe is unmistakable; but in the poem as a whole there is to my ear a Celtic quality in the refrain which Poe never naturalized in his own verse. It may be allowed that, though overlaid with Poe's peculiar myth-names and vocal mystery, Chivers's verse had a music of its own. From the start he had sought the melodic effects of the refrain more markedly than Poe himself, and he had been bred on Coleridge and Shelley, the lyrical masters of sound. He was in parallelism with Poe, so to speak, and was attracted to him till he coalesced. It is no wonder that he himself sincerely regarded his work as the primary one, and Poe's as the derivative, given his egotism. The claim he made in regard to "The Raven" can be defined

precisely. He had employed an iambic meter with three feminine rhymes for elegiac verse in the poem "To Allegra Florence in Heaven," and he had developed the idea of the return of the dead woman's soul to her lover in "Uranothern"—a title certainly pre-Poesque. If one chooses the marvelous lines from the first of these to illustrate the kind of meter, it is easy to give the impression of a *reductio ad absurdum*. No account of Chivers would be complete without them.

As an egg when broken, never can be mended,
but must ever
Be the same crushed egg forever, so shall
this dark heart of mine
Which, though broken, still is breaking, and
shall nevermore cease aching,
For the sleep which has no waking—for
the sleep that now is thine!

But the absurdity of the substance is not one of the arguments, after all, and the rest of the poem is not like this.

It is not too much to grant that in the many atmospheric influences that surrounded the germination of "The Raven" (and their number was a multitude) these two poems, familiar to Poe, and certainly the last of them, "Uranothern," had a place. The two poets were extraordinarily sympathetic, but what was intense and firm in Poe was diffused and liquescent in Chivers, who was in truth a kind of double to him in what seems sometimes a spiritualistic, sometimes a grotesque way. He was, indeed, to Poe not unlike what Alcott was to Emerson, and the comparison helps to clarify the confusion of their mutual relations, while it maintains Poe's mastery unimpaired. Chivers continued to publish new volumes, and reissue the old, until he died in Georgia in 1858.

Unfortunately, in attempting to reconstruct the image of Chivers it is impossible to escape that burlesque effect, though with the kindest intention in the world, which has proved the most enduring element in his works. He did not really change and lose his balance of mind in poetic egotism; the lack of balance was always there, and only declared itself more spectacularly as time went on. The tumultuous vacuity of Blake is found in him from the start and at the finish; it took the form of senseless sonority of diction and mindless rhyme-echo at the end, instead of visible chaotic

things of line and color. But at the beginning there was the germ. Here is a stanza from one of his early pieces, entitled "To a China Tree."

How gladly I looked through the suckle-
gemmed valley,
The grove where the washwoman filled up
her tank—
And stood by the well, in the green oakey
alley,
And turned down the old cedar bucket and
drank.
But farewell, ye oaks! and the trees of my
childhood!
And all the bright scenes appertaining to
joy!
I think of ye often, away in this wildwood,
But never shall be as I was when a boy.
Nor shoot with my cross-bow—my mulberry
cross-bow—
The robins that perched on the boughs near
the gate.

This is something that neither Moore, nor Coleridge, nor even Woodworth, would have been capable of; but in it are the imitative catch, the liking for the refrain, the unconscious dips into bathos, that appear also in the later verses. Many poets have felt that Poe escapes these things only by a hair's-breadth, though his material is finer. The difference was that Poe was a genius, while Chivers only thought he was one. Poe, I think, played with Chivers to make something out of him; but there was nothing to be made of him but a friend, and that was not Poe's game. Apart from Poe, Chivers was an interesting illustration of his times: the vast, unfathomable ocean of American crudity was in Chivers, Alcott, Whitman, Mark Twain—these four. He was, without regard to his poetry, a most estimable man in his intellectual sympathy, his ideals and labors, and kindly and honorable in all his relations with his fellows.



THE SIXTH DAY

BY EDITH DE BLOIS LASKEY

THE worlds had lain in an age-long dream while steadily to and fro,
With a force repressed till it seemed like rest, the powers were heaving slow;

And the sentient, fluttering life of things, like a spark when the currents meet,
Had sprung, youth-strong, from the travail long, and creation seemed complete.

But a nameless want that was past endure, shadow-like, darkened all,
And the horror tense of a keen suspense held the pulse of the whole in thrall,

And Nature bloomed like a summer bride in the joy of her new-won grace,
But great, dumb fear of a wonder near swept the beauty from her face.

Lo, still! The hush of a million worlds was piercing as a flame,
The life-wide breath was clutched, like death, and then the moment came.

(O lips infirm that strive to speak what never a mortal can!)
The eternal Now touched a shaggy brow, and the beast looked up—a Man!



BY WILLIAM GAGE ERVING

WITH PICTURES BY FERNAND LUNGREN

PART II¹

AT daybreak of the 17th of July, 1901, I set out from Khartum on my river journey of eighteen hundred miles to Cairo.

A day's soaking in the river and a coat of spar varnish had brought my heat-parched canoe back into perfect condition, and my outfit had been completed by the addition of a few cooking-utensils and an abundance of bread, rice, and canned goods. The baggage occupied the middle of the boat, lashed firmly to floor and thwarts, while doubled up in the bow was my servant, a Cairene, Hassan Mohammed by name.

This man, highly recommended to me for the occasion, had up to this time performed his duties of servant and cook fairly well. Under his charge the canoe had made the long journey by river and desert to Khartum without accident, but now, at the very beginning of the voyage, he "flunked" utterly. Though a son of the desert, he had no sand. A few miles of choppy water, with an occasional wavelet over the gunwale, blanched his face with terror. "Never can we descend into such a high water in this so small a boat!" he declared; and so a little below Omdurman, when he begged

to accompany me along the bank till smoother water was reached, I permitted him to land. Forthwith he girded up his loins and sped in the direction of the city, and as my servant I saw him no more. I heard of him, however. That same night he reported at Khartum that my boat had swamped and he alone survived, whereupon, as he subsequently stated, "for four days was I thrown into prison."

The first day's journey was an uneventful one, the course being through smooth water for the best part of the way. The river was filled with islands some several miles in extent, while the banks were high, usually overgrown with scrub and mimosa, and deserted save for an occasional group of round straw huts with pointed roofs, from which a native now and then emerged to stare at my strange craft. My only map, an old one dating from the days of Gordon, was so full of inaccuracies that I almost immediately lost all account of my location, and it was only toward evening, as I encountered a few stretches of quick water and found the level country giving way to a ridge of blue hills running across the river's course, that I decided that I

¹ See the preliminary narrative, "From Cairo to Khartum," in *THE CENTURY* for January, 1903.

was approaching the head of the Shabluka, or Sixth Cataract. On a little island opposite a bold, rocky height beside the river, and just below the first series of rapids which constitute the Shabluka, I halted for the night. It was a tiny bit of land, consisting of a long, low spit of sand, at one end of which the soil rose some twenty feet above the water and was covered with bushes and rank undergrowth.

Into the very heart of the islet ran an arm of the river, forming a good shelter for the canoe, while a bit of smooth sand among the bushes offered an ideal sleeping-place. The sun had already set, and in less than thirty minutes dusk had changed to night.

Too weary from my first day's run to trouble to build a fire, I regaled myself on bread and cold meat, and, rolled in my blankets, fell fast asleep.

In the Shabluka pass we have one of the many instances in which the Nile has hurled itself at an opposing mountain barrier and cut its way through. In fact, it often seems to select these unpropitious places for its course, when on each side, a few miles away, there is a tolerably level, unbroken expanse of desert.

For ten miles the river twists in and out before escaping to the open once more. Its current is very rapid, making it well-nigh impassable at low water because of the numerous rocks; but at the time of my descent the summer flood was well along, and all but a few of these barriers were hidden below the surface, their presence being marked only by occasional eddies.

Hence as a cataract the Shabluka was a distinct disappointment, and only the desolate grandeur of the gorge and the wild, swirling current redeemed the situation.

By noon the clouds had disappeared, the breeze had died away, and the rays of the sun beat down upon my pith helmet with a fierceness truly appalling. An al-

most irresistible drowsiness stole over me, and it was only by faithfully counting my paddle-strokes that I was able to avoid falling asleep in the bottom of the boat. At length, late in the afternoon, the heat diminished and signs of life once more appeared.

Nearly every sand-bank that I passed was tenanted by geese, ducks, cranes, and many other smaller water-birds, not to mention families of big, clumsy white pelicans, which abounded everywhere. Rarely did these hundreds of birds evince fear on

my approach; in fact, more than once an unusually inquisitive pelican swam out to interview the stranger, and after silently observing him for some moments, sedately returned to its company.

At sunset I was floating peacefully in the middle of the river, which seemed to stretch away boundlessly before me. To my left was a good-sized native village, where shouts and the beating of tomtoms proclaimed some celebration. Not wishing to join in these festivities, I began to search for some quieter place in which to pass the night, and presently reached a tiny island that seemed to answer my needs.

Rounding the farthest point, I found



ALSO LOOKING FOR A LODGING FOR THE NIGHT

myself in a little cove from which a slope of sand ascended to the underbrush above high-water mark, as in my camping-place of the preceding night. I was about to run ashore when I perceived that, contrary to my expectations, the island was inhabited. Descending the slope in front of me in a nonchalant manner, his enormous head slowly swaying from side to side, his long tail sweeping the sand in graceful curves, appeared the lord of the demesne, that terror of the native, a crocodile, some dozen feet long.

This creature, once so common in the Nile, is now absolutely extinct north of the Second Cataract, and it is only south of Khartum that he is to be found in numbers. Unlike our Florida alligator, he is not an agreeable companion. Instances of his sweeping men off the bank and disappearing with them to the bottom are not rare, and where he is common no native dares approach the riverside after nightfall. My new acquaintance stopped, and after surveying me intently for a moment, turned his head, and seemed to hold converse with friends hidden in driftwood and brush beyond. Having apparently apprised them of the arrival of a guest, he again advanced toward me, a smile of welcome plainly visible on his features.

That toothful smile recalled me to myself, and I abruptly took my departure, leaving him still regarding my strange behavior in open-mouthed surprise.

For fifteen minutes I paddled vigorously, and in the deepening dusk began to search for another and quieter place. A white bird on the shore attracted my attention, and I headed for it, having no objection to such company. But, alas! as I neared the bank I saw a large black object slide from it into the water with a splash. For an instant I stopped, and then paddled hard for the land, thinking that to be the safest place under the circumstances.

Why did this wretched crocodile number two, instead of continuing on his way, stop in the mud not five yards from the bank? Suddenly there was a prodigious scraping along the boat's keel, then a succession of sledge-hammer blows, which shook the little craft from end to end, while spray filled the air and the stork flew screaming away.

For a moment I stared helplessly, expecting to see the brute's nose appearing

through the bottom of the canoe; then the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself, and suddenly remembering that the crocodile does not like the sound of the human voice, I made night hideous with yells, beating the water savagely with the flat of my paddle meanwhile. For a few seconds pandemonium reigned, and then blessed quiet. My friend had left as suddenly as he had appeared. But the desire to possess this land had left me. I steered for the open, and it was not until the danger of capsizing in the darkness became more vivid than the recollection of my last encounter that I again ventured shoreward and hurriedly scrambled up the steep bank, taking the boat's painter with me. My troubles were not at an end, however. A rising gale of wind rendered vain all attempts at lighting a fire, while clouds of fine sand saturated any article of food exposed for a moment. Thunder and lightning, too, gave warning of the approaching haboob, against which there was not the slightest shelter.

Crocodiles or no crocodiles, I must visit the water's edge again; but my visit was not unduly prolonged. Throwing some of my belongings up to the top of the bank, I laboriously dragged the half-emptied canoe to the same place, and, turning it on its side, bottom to the wind, lashed it firmly to the scrub. In its lee I spread my tent and blankets, and though the outer layers were soaked in the deluge which followed, the innermost fortunately escaped, and the rest of that night I passed half buried in sand, sleeping and shivering alternately.

Next morning, three hours after embarking, I approached Shendi, and recognized, in the large tree-shaded building on the right bank, the officers' quarters which had been pointed out to me on my way to Khartum. The river was smooth, and the current carried me rapidly across the broad bend toward this spot. Intently watching it for any signs of civilized man, I paid little attention to a couple of large nuggars which, as I passed, cast off from the shore, hoisted sail, and came swiftly bearing down upon me from behind. Neither did I notice that they were manned by blacks in khaki uniform; nor did I pay special attention to the loud shouts with which I was greeted, but considering them only friendly hails, simply waved my paddle in reply

and continued on my way serenely. Then it was that I saw a partly clad white man rush down the bank pouring forth a volley of commands in Arabic, which was followed by a few sharp orders close to my ear, and hastily turning, I saw the first nuggar about to run me down: "Clumsy navigation!" I thought, and for safety straightway ran full tilt into the bank, where my boat was instantly seized by two armed blacks, while others came running up from all directions. While in blank amazement I was still endeavoring to recover my balance, imperiled by this abrupt halt, the officer came up. "Good morning," said he, civilly enough. "I am afraid I shall have to ask you to stop—orders from Khartum to arrest you." Then he showed me the following astonishing telegram:

commandant shendi an american left khar-
tum yesterday in a canoe stop him wire berber

While I gazed at him in utter stupefaction, he continued: "You've got a blooming nerve to run by my boats put out there to stop you. It's good luck for you they had orders not to shoot, but the blackies below and out on that sand-bank might not have been so particular." Then he cheerfully remarked that as the guard-house was unfinished, I should have to be his prisoner at the club, whither we proceeded, followed by a file of soldiers bearing my canoe and kit.

Arrived at the mess, the commandant presented me to the several officers present, who regarded me curiously. Clad as I was in jersey, trunks, and native slippers, my head covered with a sun-helmet, which, though immense, failed to hide my unshaven and begrimed condition, my appearance warranted it. Never was arrest conducted more genially. Bath, shaving-material, and wardrobe were placed at my disposal, and half an hour later, clothed once more in civilized attire, I was enjoying a sumptuous breakfast in the airy dining-room, the walls of which were decorated with flags and weapons.

Three or four officers were lounging about, smoking or devouring the lately arrived weekly mail,—the day (Friday) being the official sabbath,—and my detention formed the subject of conversation. Through an officer from Halfa they had already learned of my plans, and it was

the consensus of opinion that it was on account of their impracticability, from the government point of view, that I had been held up. "But why was he allowed to start from Khartum?" asked one. I suggested that my intentions had not been advertised at that point. "And if he wants to get smashed up and drowned, why should the government interfere?" inquired Bimbashi K—. Before I could reply, the commandant's boy, "Australia," entered, chattering excitedly as he saluted. "There's trouble in the kitchen," remarked the Bimbashi: "we must n't miss it"; and we hastily adjourned thither, meeting on the way the cook, who triumphantly displayed, held at arm's-length upon two sticks, the remains of a five-foot Egyptian cobra which he had just killed among his stewpans.

Though one-time capital of the ancient kingdom of Meroë, and the reputed home of Sheba's queen, Shendi now presents not a trace of its former greatness. A few straw and mud huts amid acres upon acres of ruins are the sole remains of a city which in 1819 defied Mohammed Ali when his son came to collect a tribute of grain which the Shaggia tribe considered excessive. Protested in vain, at length the wily chiefs feigned compliance, and invited the pasha and his attendants to a banquet, in the course of which the durra would be delivered at the door. In the midst of the feast the crackling of flames was heard, the grain piled about had been fired, and Ismail and his followers perished to a man. Great was the father's wrath. The next year he appeared at the head of an army, burned the town, and slew all the inhabitants.

From this blow Shendi never recovered, and in the days of the dervishes was too unimportant to suffer, while Metemmeh, across the river, had become the populous terminus of the caravan route from Korti across the Bayuda desert, one link in the long journey to Khartum, and carried on a prosperous trade. And now Metemmeh, its merchants scattered and its fighting-men massacred by the Khalifa, has a population of only seventy-five men and twelve hundred women.

To the south of the barracks are the "married quarters" of the Sudanese troops, scores of straw huts arranged in rows with military precision, outside of each a light straw shelter with the omnipresent angareb,

or bed, beneath it. The Sudanese soldier is enlisted for life, his wage is higher than that of the Egyptian, averaging fifty piasters a month, and as long as he is fighting he is perfectly content. Barrack life, however, is very distasteful to him, and in these days of peace recruits come in but slowly. Nearly every man is married, generally possessing but one wife, who, with his children, receives a regular allowance of durra from the government. This is not an onerous burden upon the commissariat, however, for the number of children is always very small, twenty children to a company of one hundred men being a high average.

A morning gallop into the desert, luncheon at noon in the breeze of a big pun-ka, followed by a siesta till five, when the broiling, choking heat of midday was lessening and we all came together at the tea-table, dinner at eight on the veranda by candlelight, and a round of story-telling until bedtime—such was the program of my first day's captivity.

Khartum was not heard from till the next day at luncheon, when a telegram was brought in to the commandant. This, I was informed, permitted me to proceed on condition that I should not attempt the passage of the Fourth Cataract in my canoe. But I declared that I must go down the river, and I would not make another trip on that railroad. A council of war was held, and Bimbashi K—— finally suggested that with camels I could make a carry round the cataract. "It's a good hundred and fifty miles of rather bad going, but you should do it in a week," said he; and orders were given for a camel to be brought that we might experiment in loading a canoe. This proceeding, which took place in the garden, appeared dangerous to the welfare of the canoe and roused the ire of the camel, which seemed to consider such a burden beneath his dignity. Unwillingly he knelt, snarling, rolling his head from side to side, and continually blowing out of his mouth and sucking in again a red membranous balloon.

Notwithstanding his objections, however, we at length devised a fairly satisfactory way of fastening the craft, and the beast was released, while that same afternoon an order was sent by wire to Abu Hamed to have four camels in readiness for me upon my arrival.

I now hastened my arrangements for de-

parture. Bimbashi N——, who was on sick-leave, invalidated from a surveying expedition up the Atbara, accepted an invitation to accompany me as far as the Meroë pyramids, thirty miles below. The whole mess assembled on the bank to see us off, and so I took leave of the kindest of hosts and the gentlest of jailers. We reached our destination about ten that evening, camped on the sun-baked mud-bank, and early the next morning N—— made his way inland, flagged a "wildcat" engine, and returned up the river.

The difficulty of visiting the pyramids, lying on the hillsides some three or four miles away, now confronted me. However, a scantily clothed native appearing at this moment, I accosted him, and eking out my Arabic, which consisted of the equivalents for "donkey" and "pyramid," with numerous realistic gesticulations, sought to convey to his understanding my desires as follows: a bowl of fresh milk, a place of safety for my canoe and outfit, and a donkey and guide to the pyramids, for all of which he should have a suitable reward upon my return. Strange to say, he comprehended; and in half an hour I had finished a breakfast of bread and milk, my goods had been brought to his straw hut, and one of the women had taken her seat near by, on guard, when he reappeared with two donkeys.

Not far from the river the trail crossed an extensive tract covered with broken bricks, the site of some city of old, among the ruins of which appeared two or three uncouth animals carved in granite, which perhaps once guarded the approach to some now vanished temple. Then followed a ride of more than an hour over a gravelly desert to the nearest of the three groups of pyramids. This consisted of fifteen more or less dilapidated structures, from the top of one of which some forty others could be distinguished, mere heaps of debris. The other two clusters, rising from the hills a mile beyond and numbering respectively seven and eighteen pyramids, were in a much better state of preservation. Faced with carefully hewn black stone, they varied greatly in size, the largest probably being less than seventy-five feet high, and were much more slender than those of Egypt. From the east side of each projected a small temple chamber, the portal, in a few instances, adorned with low reliefs,

while at its farther end, and cut into the side of the pyramid itself, was an apparently walled-up doorway, the Winged Sun carved on its lintel. This had deceived treasure-hunters, who in a few cases had removed the stones, only to find rubble beyond.

Scarcely anything is known of the history of these pyramids, but the old idea that they were an early example of Egyptian art, monuments of the advance of a nation invading Egypt from the south long before the days of the great pyramids, has been abandoned for the less fascinating theory that they date from the days of the Ethiopian kingdom which flourished when Egypt's glory was only a memory. But though their age be but three thousand years instead of double that number, there is something wonderfully impressive in their appearance, rising as they do in the midst of the desert miles from any living thing, while, more fortunate than their nobler and more ancient brethren of Gizeh, their solitude and dignity in the passing of the centuries remain undisturbed by the presence of venal Bedouin or electric trolley-car.

Early in the morning of the third day out from Shendi I was drifting slowly along, watching an enormous crocodile which, having laboriously waddled off a sand-bank, was lazily swimming across my track not a hundred feet away, displaying some six feet of head for my edification. Suddenly there broke in upon the stillness a faint, distant "chug-chug," and, like a flash, the great head disappeared from view. Not half a mile below me, rounding a wooded point and working slowly up the stream close to shore, appeared a little steamer of the type I had seen on the Halfa reach, flying the Union Jack and the star and crescent, emblematic of the joint control of England and Egypt in the Sudan. Though a little surprised by the appearance of a steamboat in this part of the world, I paid no attention to this new arrival other than to get out of its way, and with this intent steered for mid-stream. The steamer went in the same direction. I therefore headed inshore, whereupon the stranger did likewise, bumping her nose into the bank not ten yards from my stranded boat, while a crowd of blacks poured off her deck and came toward me on the run. In far less time

than it takes to tell, I was surrounded, seized, and dragged from my canoe, and in the grasp of half a dozen natives was hustled aboard the steamer. A big fellow in drawers and turban standing amidships appeared to be the captain, but without debate or parley I was stripped of my belongings and unceremoniously dropped into the hold. Hardly had I reached the bottom before the hatch was clapped on and I was in Stygian blackness. In a few moments I heard shouts and the pattering of naked feet on the deck above, and the renewed sound of paddle-strokes indicated that the steamer had backed off the bank and was proceeding to parts unknown.

Through all this not a word had been spoken to me, nor had I uttered one, so surprised was I to find myself attacked by a crowd of black pirates sailing under the British flag. For a moment I was stunned; then dismay was succeeded by wrath, but being unable in the darkness to discover anything wherewith to hammer on the deck above, I was obliged to content myself with shouting anathemas, threats, and commands in all the tongues I could master. With a tropical midday sun beating on the iron deck, it was hot in that hold; and when, after half an hour of this suffocating imprisonment, the hatch was lifted off, I welcomed the air with a gasp of relief.

This did not mean freedom, however, for about the opening was posted a guard of five half-naked men, who stared down at me with curiosity. Among the black faces I recognized the man with the turban, to whom I shouted the names of every British pasha, bey, and bimbashi I had ever met or heard of, coupling them with the words "telegraph" and "Shendi." As I proceeded, a "melanotic pallor" overspread his countenance, a hurried consultation followed, and almost immediately the boat was turned about and began swiftly descending the river. In about twenty minutes we brought up against the bank, and after a short delay I was lifted out and, still under guard, now reinforced by a khaki-clad Egyptian, was conducted ashore.

Here for half a mile we followed a narrow track through the mimosa, which ended abruptly at a line of rails and a mud hut whence came the click of a telegraph instrument, sure token of a Sudan railway station. As we entered the low doorway I

noticed the usual mats, blankets, and angareb, while attached to the mud wall a telephone met my astonished gaze.

Motioning to the Egyptian sergeant, evidently the station-master, I pointed to this, repeating "Bimbashi N——, Shendi," over and over, and then in my most dignified manner sat down on the angareb and awaited developments.

A one-sided conversation in Arabic followed; the sergeant became more and more excited, and presently, turning about, saluted and handed me the receiver. Never was English voice more welcome than was N——'s, although over the telephone and sixty miles away. In a few words he was informed of my predicament, and, as much astonished as I was at the happening, promised to wire the facts at once to the British *mudir* (governor of the province) at Berber, from whom we might expect despatches very soon.

All this and the orders to the station-master which followed had a great effect upon my captors, whose arrogance changed to obsequiousness; and when I started to return to the river they were all salaams.

Perceiving that the title of "bimbashi" did not appeal to me, they deferentially addressed me as "bey"; the steamer's tiny saloon was thrown open, and my suggestions regarding food and drink were promptly acted upon. That wretched black, the captain, stood humbly at the farther end of the room, which no one else save the cook *pro tem*, ventured to approach. So I sat in state an hour or more, when the sergeant again appeared with a message for the captain, who thereupon, with a most profound salaam, intimated that my further residence upon the steamer would be of my own volition.

Having no desire to prolong my acquaintance with the steamer *El Tahra* and her ex-dervish crew, I prepared to proceed on my way at once.

A dozen pairs of hands assisted in re-loading and casting off my boat, which, notwithstanding its rough hauling over the vessel's side, I found to be uninjured; the hem of my burnoose was lifted to as many lips; and, being once more free, I resumed my interrupted cruise.

At the time I believed the captain to be acting under orders, although executing them in an inexcusably harsh manner; but on my arrival at Berber I learned that he

was entirely without authority in his behavior. His orders were to take his steamer to Omdurman for repairs, but accidentally overhearing directions to the military police to apprehend me, he had unwarrantably taken this upon himself, hoping thus to curry favor with the government, and glad of an opportunity to lord it over a white man. He had played the part of a privateer without letters of marque, of which he doubtless repented later, when, upon reaching Omdurman, he found awaiting him a severe reprimand and a hundred lashes.

That night I camped on the bank of a little back-water not ten miles from Berber. My afternoon's journey had not been entirely uninterrupted. Some boatmen towing a nuggar up the river had raced me along the bank, shouting to me to halt; and a village sheik, a very large man mounted on a very little donkey, had been summoned and had joined in the pursuit with numerous followers. Fortunately, none had firearms; I kept out of reach of other missiles, and after a race of four miles, finally paddled to the other side of a sheltering island, where I lost sight of them. A few miles farther on was the mouth of the Atbara, but my intention to land and inspect the new bridge was nipped in the bud by the appearance of a boat which put out from shore and headed toward me. Here, too, my visitors were unarmed, and, as they had only native oars, I was soon able to distance them.

A haboob arose during the night, and though there was but little rain, the wind continued, the river became very rough, and in the morning I spent over half an hour working my way across into the lee of the shore, where alone my boat could make progress.

Thus I was creeping along under the bank when I saw a white camel speeding up the riverside, ridden by a native who waved a packet of portentous size as he shouted to me. The appearance of the envelop persuaded me to give up my advantageous position on the water and come to land. The camel knelt, the native dismounted, and, salaaming, presented to me a big brown package which was well over a foot across. Inside of this was another envelop of ordinary size, containing a welcome to Berber from the mudir, and stating further that the bearer would conduct me to the town. I

nodded assent, and the black, remounting, started off down-stream at a pace which my canoe was barely able to equal. He was soon joined by several Egyptian soldiers, and the cavalcade, following first the river and then a narrow irrigation canal barely deep enough to float the boat, finally halted beside a deep pool, its high banks covered by a grove of palms. Here I was greeted by the Egyptian governor of the district, who offered me a horse, and together we rode to the government house, not half a mile away.

It is to the mudir of Berber, Bimbashi S——, that I owe in large measure the success of my expedition. Entering with enthusiasm into my plans, he assisted me in every possible way. He it was who furnished me with letters to the various officials below, notifying them in advance of my coming, and even requesting the mudir of the next province, Dongola, similarly to assist me. He it was who provided me with a servant to accompany me to that point, a distance of over four hundred miles. Although recognizing the authority of the instructions from Khartum, and agreeing with them as to the impracticability of descending the Fourth Cataract alone in my canoe, he fully agreed with me as to the undesirability of making the long portage from Abu Hamed by caravan, and all other possible routes or methods of reaching Merawi were considered. The result of the discussion was a compromise by which I was permitted to make the attempt, but under the guidance of government pilots.

Two delightful days were spent at Berber in the enjoyment of the cordial hospitality of the mudir at the government house, or exploring every corner of the straggling and half-ruined town on one of his ponies; and at daylight on Friday, July 26, I set out on the third stage of my journey from Berber to Abu Hamed, one hundred and thirty miles. In the bow sat my new servant, Suleiman Mohammed by name, a lean, black-skinned Sudanese, tall and slender, as are all his race, his thin cheeks disfigured by scars of the deep tribal gashes which every native bears from infancy.

His clothing consisted of white, baggy drawers, a coarsely woven shirt of dark blue, a fancy jacket, and a much battered Turkish fez, of which he was inordinately proud. Unable to speak a word of English,

he watched me like a cat whenever he made any motion, to see if I disapproved of it, and modeled his future behavior accordingly. In the time he was with me he rapidly picked up words, and in the course of a few days knew thoroughly my daily program as regarded cooking and camping, truly not elaborate.

I did not allow him to handle a paddle, though occasionally in rough water he used the boat-hook, and usually he lay sprawled out in the canoe, his bare arms and legs dangling over the sides, his shirt and fez removed, and his shiny skin dripping with perspiration under the blazing sun. But whenever he hailed a native to learn our whereabouts he invariably donned his fez and spoke in most lordly tones. Such was Suleiman Mohammed, faithful and plucky throughout.

On leaving Berber, we reentered the river by the lower end of the irrigation canal, and early in the afternoon reached the head of the Fifth Cataract, which consists of the El Umar, El Bagara, and Abu Hashim rapids above Abu Hamed, and the Mograt below. Through the first three we managed to pass without incident, sometimes picking a channel, again necessarily running haphazard through the chutes between huge black boulders.

On the afternoon of the second day from Berber we entered a stretch of open water bordered by green-clad banks, a most acceptable substitute for the rocky, inhospitable region, with its fifty miles of rapids, now behind us; and that night our halting-place was a spit of sand where, rising above the universal stillness, could be heard the hideous screeching of the never-resting sakieh.

The sakieh is a Sudanese institution, as the shadoof is Egyptian. The latter is a water-hoist worked by hand, and is never found on the upper Nile. The sakieh consists of a large circular platform on the brink of the river, with a heavy post rising in the center, around which plods a yoke of oxen turning a clumsy wheel connected with a revolving drum. This extends over the water, and carries an endless-rope of palm fiber with earthen water-jars attached. The rope is lengthened or shortened according to the height of the river, and the water is taken up and discharged into the irrigation ditch in an almost unbroken stream. This crude contrivance is contin-

ually breaking down, and much of the time of the natives is spent in repairing it. Notwithstanding this drawback, the Sudanese prefers dozing in a sort of hammock slung to the swaying pole, waking at intervals only to prod the lazy oxen, to lifting heavy buckets of water for hours at

carried my boat under cover. The government house was a two-story affair built of mud and whitewashed, but the view from the little hallway where I dined with the mamoor was unsurpassed. To the east lay the limitless desert; in the other direction the broad river swept in a magnificent curve



Drawn by Fernand Lungren
A SAKIEH, OR WATER-HOIST

a time, as his Egyptian brother does. For the Sudanese places nothing before sleep, not even prayer, the teachings of the Koran to the contrary notwithstanding.

On the next afternoon we passed the narrow branch of the river which runs behind the island of Mograt, the banks of which were a wilderness of palms. Here the old maps locate the Mograt rapids, for what reason I know not. Certainly now, at three quarters Nile, there was no sign of them, while of the great cataract which I traversed on the following day, extending a distance of a dozen miles below Abu Hamed, no mention whatever is made. An hour later the white government house of Abu Hamed loomed up ahead, high on the bank, and presently we ran ashore, where the *mamoor*, a young Egyptian lieutenant, cordially greeted me, and several soldiers

around the wooded island of Mograt away to the southwest, as it started on its great loop of nearly seven hundred miles to Halfa; while beyond all rose the mountains of Monasir, a rich purple in the wonderful afterglow of the sunset.

No detail in the arrangements for my onward progress had been omitted by the mamoor. Camels had already been furnished by the neighboring desert sheiks, and were awaiting my arrival, when orders were received from the mudir at Berber announcing the change in plan. Thereupon a messenger had promptly been despatched on the sixty-mile desert march to the island of Sherri, where the Om Deras, first of the series of eight cataracts constituting the so-called Fourth, breaks the smooth water of the river; and doubtless by this time the sheik of the island held

the required pilots in readiness. In this instance the mamoor had obeyed orders, and could do no more; but for the descent of the dangerous Mograt cataract, lying at his very doors, where miles of troubled waters could be seen from where we sat, he considered himself more directly responsible, and consequently decided to have me follow the back channel around Mograt Island, thus avoiding the worst rapids altogether. With this in view, his nuggar had been brought up to the government house, where it lay awaiting the hour of my departure, when, with the morning breeze or, that failing, with the tow-rope, it was to convey me and my boat the five miles back to the head of the island which I had passed that very afternoon. For the last few days, however, the usual north wind had been lacking, and knowing that towing up-stream for that distance would consume many hours, I strongly urged attempting the cataract itself. For some time the mamoor was obdurate, for the Mograt has a very bad reputation. He would permit me to go in a nuggar, but never in an egg-shell; and only after repeated assurances from his river-men that the rapids could be safely passed at this stage of the water, did he at length reluctantly yield to my request, stipulating, however, that a guide-boat should pilot me through.

Shortly after sunrise next morning we set out. First came the guide-boat, of rude native construction, manned by two grinning blacks, bareheaded and stripped to the waist, and the pilot, an elderly man in loose white jacket and trousers, with a turban twisted about his head, who, squatting on the high stern, managed the immense rudder. My canoe, well weighted down by a heavy box of provisions added to my kit at Abu Hamed, followed at a distance of a hundred yards. In five minutes we had rounded the great curve of the river, had shot over the first opposing ridge, and were entering upon the swirling waters of the rapids. An exciting hour followed. Back and forth across the river doubled the boat of my pilots, avoiding the multitude of rocky ledges, and picking out the deep, narrow channels between, with marvelous skill; now pausing for an instant at the brink of a black descending torrent, and in a flash lost in the waves at its foot; now pulling for life to avoid a suddenly

appearing whirlpool; again clinging to the shrubbery in the lee of some tiny islet, while the rowers took breath for the next rapid; I following in their wake till my arms ached and my head swam and the canoe shipped water ominously. Ten miles passed, and at last the river again broadened out, rocks and waves disappeared, and we were gliding over an expanse of smooth water, its low, rock-strewn shores a mile apart, where I was glad to drift awhile and rest.

And now the blacks in the guide-boat ceased pulling. The bad water was passed, they could serve me no further, they were poor men and many miles from home—might they not now return? Receiving my consent, they made for the shore, where the tow-rope was brought out and the long, hard pull back to Abu Hamed began. How they dared leave me thus, with the most dangerous part of the rapids still ahead, I never understood; for they must have known that a word to the mamoor regarding their behavior would have brought upon them a severe flogging. Doubtless, however, they feared the immediate present more than the indefinite future, or possibly concluded that, after all, dead men would tell no tales.

When my faithless pilot told me that the cataract was passed he deliberately lied. I had gone barely a mile, proceeding in the very middle of the stream without a thought of danger, when just ahead a long white line appeared, spanning the entire river. In a few seconds this had developed into a barrier of spray-capped billows from which there was no escaping. In a twinkling I found myself at the top of an inclined plane of water, where the river shot over the underlying ridge in one unbroken sheet, as water over a dam in time of flood. Down this the canoe rushed with the speed of a race-horse, rose sharply on the billows beyond, hurled itself seemingly through space, and fell upon the top of a chaos of foaming waves with a crash truly appalling. A yell of terror escaped the lips of my boy as he frantically grasped the gunwales, a mass of water drenching him from head to foot. For a few moments the canoe tossed wildly about, kept head on to the waves only with the greatest difficulty, and then plunged madly through foam and eddies into the smooth water beyond.

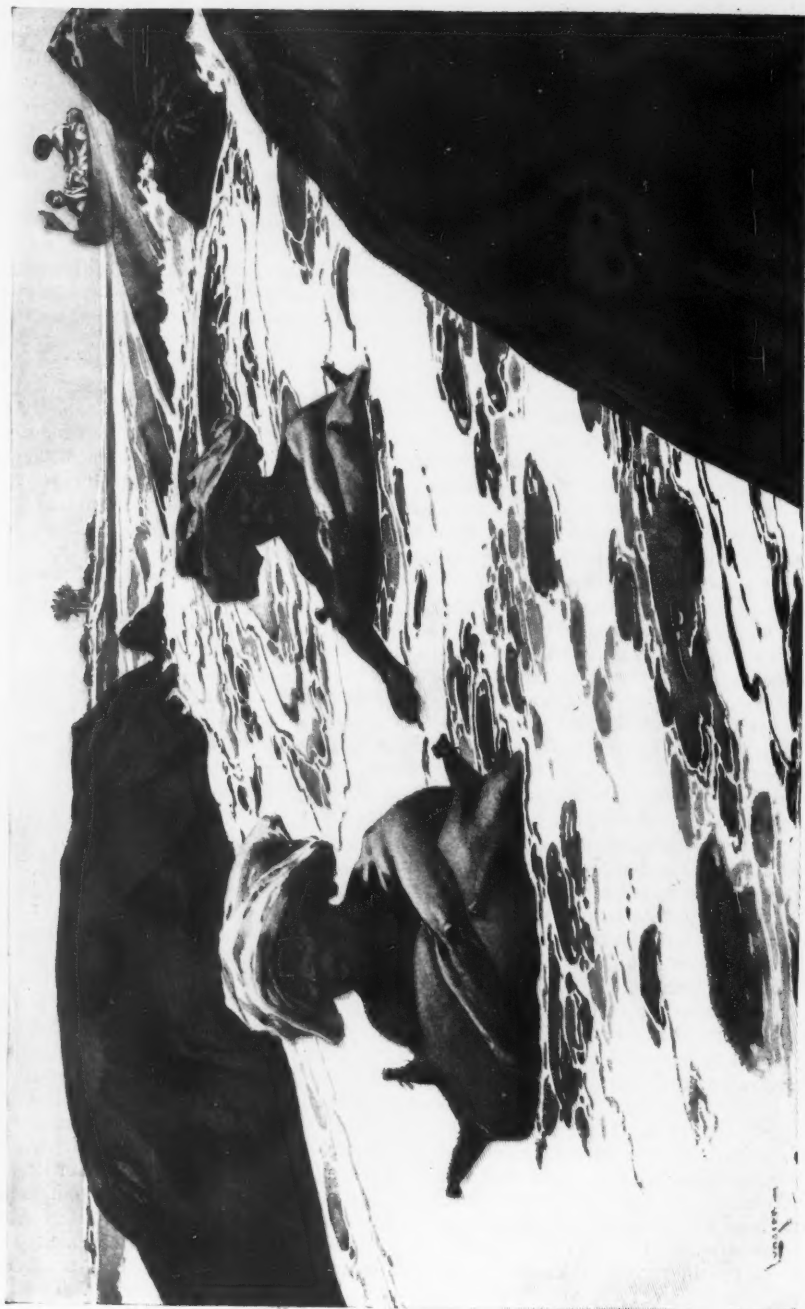
This lasted but a short distance, and scarcely had I recovered my breath when a new danger confronted me. Not a quarter of a mile ahead a ridge of rocks appeared, extending across the river, a mass of black boulders amid foam and spray of dazzling whiteness. Nowhere in this roaring inferno upon which I was being rapidly borne could I discover a sign of even the narrowest passage. Absolute destruction of the canoe seemed inevitable when, catching sight of a great flat rock the front of which, thirty feet in width, rose above the brink of the fall, I seized the last chance and headed directly for it, sheering sharply to the left when not six feet from the granite barrier. As, almost grazing its stony face, the boat sped alongside toward the maelstrom beyond, I caught up the long painter coiled at my feet and made a flying leap, landing on the sloping surface of the rock, worn smooth by long action of the water. Fortunately my bare feet did not slip, and by bracing myself the canoe was brought up with a sharp jerk. Suleiman, who throughout had behaved splendidly, sitting motionless in the bottom of the boat with both hands grasping its sides and his eyes never leaving my face, now rolled out, and in a few seconds canoe and kit were high and dry on the rock, and I was running to the brink to cool my feet, blistered from toe to heel by the scorching stone. Our desert isle stretched some three hundred feet down the stream, and below it the rapids appeared less dangerous. Here, then, we launched the canoe, and at length reached smoother water. The terrors of the Mograt lay behind us.

A few miles farther on we stopped for luncheon and rest in a shady nook on the bank below a small village. Here I was cordially welcomed by the natives, an angareb was brought and placed beneath a palm, my boy procured a gourd of milk, and soon an assemblage gathered about us as he prepared our meal. Then appeared the aged sheik of the village, feeble and blind, guided by two younger men and carrying a palm-fiber dish filled with ripe dates, which, greetings over, he presented to me as a gift of welcome. Unable to converse with him, I could only offer him a cup of tea in return, which he slowly sipped with apparent enjoyment, making as much noise in the process as possible, thereby not only cooling the beverage, but

showing his appreciation in true Sudanese style. Then, with profound salaams, he slowly retired, leaving me to finish my lunch in peace, while several of his company followed my boy to the river's edge, whither he went to wash my limited wardrobe. Taking advantage of that seldom seen luxury, soap, two of the men, when he had finished, removed their own garments and washed them by its aid, while one of the under-chiefs asked me for the remaining soapy fragment as a gift, and departed as pleased as a child therewith, to return presently with a great dish of dates.

Throughout the journey, at nothing in my equipment did the natives gaze with such longing as at my supply of soap. It was unduly large when I left Berber; a week later it was gone. It was almost the only article which had the habit of strangely disappearing by day or night, and to make a present of a tiny piece was to make the recipient a warm friend. The Sudanese river-man is a cleanly animal; he bathes constantly in the river, and washes his clothing frequently, but the white cotton cloth gives little evidence thereof. The water he uses is thick with mud. The scrubbing-board is a rock, and the cleaning is accomplished by treading underfoot for an indefinite period the muddy heap of garments.

At Sherri, which we reached at noon of the following day, we found the mamoor's messenger, an Egyptian army sergeant, and the head-men of the island waiting to receive me. Assured that everything was in readiness for my departure, I remained at the mud "rest-house" only long enough to dine, and then returned to the canoe, surprised not to find any signs of a boat in the neighborhood. Surely these people could not imagine that my canoe could carry a pilot in addition to its present burden! At my approach, two men seated on the bank busily examining a couple of goat-hide water-skins arose and salaamed. Then, having blown up the skins as tight as drum-heads, tied up the mouths with leathern thongs, and stopped up any minute orifices present by whirling around a few handfuls of mud and water inside, they made ungainly turbans of their scanty clothing, and plunged into the river. Their primitive life-buoys, which they held close beneath their chests with their left arms,



Drawn by Fernand Langren. Halfstone plate engraved by S. Davis

PILOTS THROUGH THE CATARACTS

kept their heads a good two feet above the water; and, laughing and chatting unconcernedly, the two hardy swimmers were rapidly borne down-stream by the current, by the aid of which they were to descend the fifty miles of river between Sherri and Berti, where Berber Mudirieh ends and Dongola begins.

Following these cataract *reises*, who had been selected as my guides through the first half of the Fourth Cataract, I was taken, by way of a narrow arm of broken water between the islands of Sherri and Sherrari, into the north channel of the river, where the stream, smooth at first, became more and more broken, until the whole seemed to disappear in black, frowning precipices ahead. My pilots made for a narrow bit of sand at the entrance of the gorge, and signaled me to follow. From this point of vantage I could see the stream descending like a gigantic mill-race between sheer, lofty walls of rock for some hundred yards, to enter again the main channel of the river, which presented a tossing mass of waves over a mile across. Yielding to the importunities of my guides, who begged me not to attempt the descent of this chute, I disembarked, and they took the boat under their own charge. Carefully examining its contents to see that they were firmly lashed therein, they placed their air-skins inside, and, one grasping the bow and the other the stern, plunged again into the water. In a moment they were rushing madly through the foaming waves, which threatened every instant to engulf them; and then, whirling around an angle of rock, disappeared from view. We hastened to follow by land, but to reach the foot of the gorge involved a detour of half a mile over a rocky waste through which a broad roadway had been cut by nature in some bygone age. Arriving breathless at the water's edge once more, we found the two pilots seated on a low rock which rose out of the water, the canoe floating placidly beside them. The excitement of such tobogganing was too great an attraction to forgo, however; and during the remainder of the day, through the succession of similar chutes which followed, I handled the boat myself, to the great perturbation of my *reises*, whose equanimity was restored only after several successful descents.

Pushing on early the next morning, after

a night's sleep at the "rest-house" of El Kirbekan, thirty-five miles below Sherri, in two hours' paddling we reached the island of Berti, where two natives, one borne on an inflated skin, the other on a palm log, took the places of my former *reises*. Berti lies in the midst of the Fourth Cataract. Above it are the Om Deras, Tuari, and Kubenat rapids, through which I had already passed, while from the island's foot extend the rapids of Edermi, Bahak, Kandi, and Terai, an almost unbroken stretch of cataract terminating at the island of Owli, twenty-five miles below. Throughout this distance the river is broken by the large islands of Ishishi, Kandi, and Owli into numerous channels, all difficult, some impassable. In compliance with instructions from the mudir of Dongola, my new guides were to select the most practicable of these for my descent.

From now on these pilots were continually changing. They were native sheiks, each, with a *reis*, accompanying me to the limits of his jurisdiction, and then handing me over to the sheik of the adjoining territory; and under their guidance I followed all that day a series of narrow, tortuous channels, keeping for the most part close to the right bank. In three places there was insufficient water for the passage of the canoe amid the labyrinth of rocks; but this had been foreseen by my guides, and at each point I found collected some eight or ten men, who carried canoe and kit several hundred feet around the obstruction. In the third instance, in order to avoid a series of three rocky ledges absolutely barring navigation, a longer portage became necessary; and for half an hour I proceeded on a donkey across the scorching desert, followed by my troop of carriers. Of these the four who bore the half-emptied boat, soon wearying of the labor, impressed into service an unfortunate donkey, upon whose shoulders fell the whole burden, while the former bearers, who now had only to balance the craft, grinned triumphantly at their less fortunate brothers, still loaded down with kit and provisions.

The delays incident to changing escorts, making portages, and picking a way through the rock-infested shallows consumed so much time that it was noon of the following day before I reached the foot of Kandi Island and shot the Terai rapid. Here I took leave of my faithful

friends, the cataract sheiks, and entered upon the ten miles of more open water extending to the Gerendid, last of the rapids of the Fourth Cataract.

Here the frightful desert through which I had been journeying since leaving Abu Hamed, its desolation unbroken save about Sherri, where palms and sakiehs gave proof of life, if not of prosperity, began slowly to recede, from the river's edge. The tracts of golden sand and the even more forbidding crags of black gran-

moored to the bank, and groups of natives appeared working in the fields. Ahead rose conspicuously the dark-blue peak of Gebel Barkal, at the foot of which once lay Napata, capital of the kingdom of Ethiopia, and which to-day overlooks the district of Merawi, the only fertile and prosperous region in the northern Sudan. The Fourth Cataract lay behind me, and ahead extended for two hundred miles the Merawi-Dongola reach of the Nile, its whole course uninterrupted by a single rocky ridge.

It was already dusk when I reached Merawi, a collection of hamlets extending several miles along the river front, with the religious center at the new mosque rising conspicuously on the edge of the desert, and the political headquarters at the government buildings two miles farther down the stream. In the old campaigning days it was an important advanced post, and was the point from which, in the summer of 1897, Hunter's flying column set out on its



Drawn by Fernand Lungren. Half-tone plate engraved by T. Schussler

THE PYRAMIDS OF NAPATA (MERAWI)

ite, rising sheer for scores of feet above the water, unbroken for miles by a single habitation, were succeeded by a belt of bright green durra, interspersed with villages of brown mud huts. The occasional doom-palm and the thorny mimosa fringing the banks were replaced by hundreds of date-palms, among the great green leaves of which hung enormous clusters of ripe fruit. The monitor, that great lizard of the Nile, a yard in length, which loves to sun itself clinging to the brush upon the bank; the flocks of ducks along the water's edge; the cranes wading in the shallows; and the gazelle timidly approaching the river for water, were to be seen no more, while in their places sheep, goats, camels, and sakieh oxen, under the charge of naked children, slaked their thirst at the water's edge. The sakiehs along the bank became more frequent, until, after passing the Gerendid, they were often but a few rods apart. Here and there a nuggar, unseen heretofore below Abu Hamed, lay

brilliant succession of night marches, culminating in the surprise and annihilation of the dervish garrison at Abu Hamed. Thus was made possible the completion of the desert railway and the carrying of the war into the enemy's country. Now only a single company of troops garrisons Merawi, while the mud barrack buildings and the ruinous cavalry inclosures, with their row upon row of mud mangers, are spread over acres of ground.

The mamoor welcomed me most hospitably, and after dinner at his own house conducted me to the "palace," the residence of the mudir during the winter, when New Dongola, the other capital of the province, is rendered unendurable by swarms of black flies.

That night the moonlight flooded the garden of palms and fragrant flowers, and displayed the great stuffed crocodile hanging above the palace entrance. A light evening breeze rustled in the tree-tops, and, beyond, the broad, silvery Nile murmured

drowsily, as if resting from its fierce struggle in the rocky gorges above. Half hidden in his blanket, Suleiman lay stretched on the gravel path at the foot of my angareb, and the stillness was broken only by the pacing of the sentry before the palace entrance. Such were my surroundings, in pleasant contrast to many previous camps.

The next morning at sunrise, while I was still at breakfast, the mamoor appeared to escort me to the antiquities of Merawi, an excursion for which he had made elaborate preparations the preceding evening. Starting out forthwith on two donkeys, their clumsy wooden saddles covered with soft sheepskins, we soon were ambling along over the hard, smooth sand of the desert to the pyramids of Sherri, eight miles up the river. These pyramids, eleven in number, rise upon a sandy ridge commanding a view over the valley of the Nile for many miles. Constructed of small stones of poor quality, many of their companions have disappeared, only shapeless mounds of rubble remaining to mark their sites, while the survivors are much battered and worn by time.

Not only in ancient days was this spot a burial-place for the surrounding country: even now in all directions extends a Mohammedan cemetery, and above the chaos of mounds rise three tombs of revered sheiks, rude beehive-shaped structures of brick thirty feet high, which appear almost as venerable as the near-by pyramids. Beside the open entrance of each a pious hermit has taken up his abode, who watches over the low mounds of earth within and the coarse white flags which adorn them, and occasionally fills with grain the pottery bowls lying about, making a feast for the birds. Such liberality, however, is not shown in the durra-fields below, the owners of which, knowing that in a single day these winged creatures can easily strip an entire field, erect scaffolds and post watchers thereon, who from morning till night wage war on the depredators with shouts and missiles.

Descending, we rode through fields of durra, which waved high above our heads, and halted for a time in the shade of two enormous trees by a well of crystal water. Here during the heat of the day we were entertained by two village head-men, or *ondahs*, till word was brought us that the only ferry-boat of the neighborhood was

ready. Embarking to the great disgust of a waiting caravan, who thus saw dissipated all hopes of crossing the river that day, we proceeded down-stream half a dozen miles, landing on the opposite bank, where a motley crowd of Egyptian soldiers, natives,



Drawn by Fernand Langren

PROTECTING THE CROPS

camels, and donkeys was awaiting our arrival. Mounted now on running camels, of which the government keeps a detail at every post throughout the country, we sped over the sand toward the foot of the mountain, still a couple of miles distant. As we approached it, we encountered at more and more frequent intervals heaps of debris, until we found ourselves in the midst of a confusion of rubble and quarried blocks of stone of all sizes and shapes. Here we dismounted and for an hour wandered about, pausing now before a gigantic ram of polished granite, or the colossal figure of some ruler of olden time, whose features still remained as clear-cut as when first they were chiseled out of the unyielding stone thousands of years ago.

Two columns still stood erect amid the confusion, and close beside the steep face of the Gebel could be traced the ground-plan of a temple, the sanctuary of which, cut into the living rock and adorned with much battered reliefs, still remained, sole witness to a departed grandeur. Not quite alone, however; for half a mile away, behind the isolated mountains, rose a group of six pyramids which, in spite of the silting in of sand and the destruction of their tips, still averaged fifty feet in height.

Returning to a native village beside the river, we were received by the omdah, who escorted us to his mud hut, in the veranda of which he proceeded to entertain us in true native fashion. On both sides of the low table were placed angarebs, upon which we reclined, and, after performing our ablutions Moslem-wise, proceeded to "negotiate" the meal laid before us. This consisted of two large bowls of soup, one of vegetables, the other of small bits of mutton. Before each was also a rolled-up bundle of native durra bread, thin pancakes, some two feet in diameter, of coarsely ground meal mixed with water and baked over a hot fire. Neither knife, fork, nor spoon was to be seen, the method of procedure being to break off a piece of pancake, roll it into a cornucopia, scoop up some of the stew therewith, and convey the whole to the mouth. To seize the bits of meat in the boiling liquid required, however, more skill, and I owned to scalded finger-tips at the end of the course. Again came pitcher, basin, and towels; again we washed, and then regaled ourselves with juicy dates, while tea, served in tiny glasses, completed the repast. On leaving, I received from the omdah as a parting gift a basket of big yellow limes.

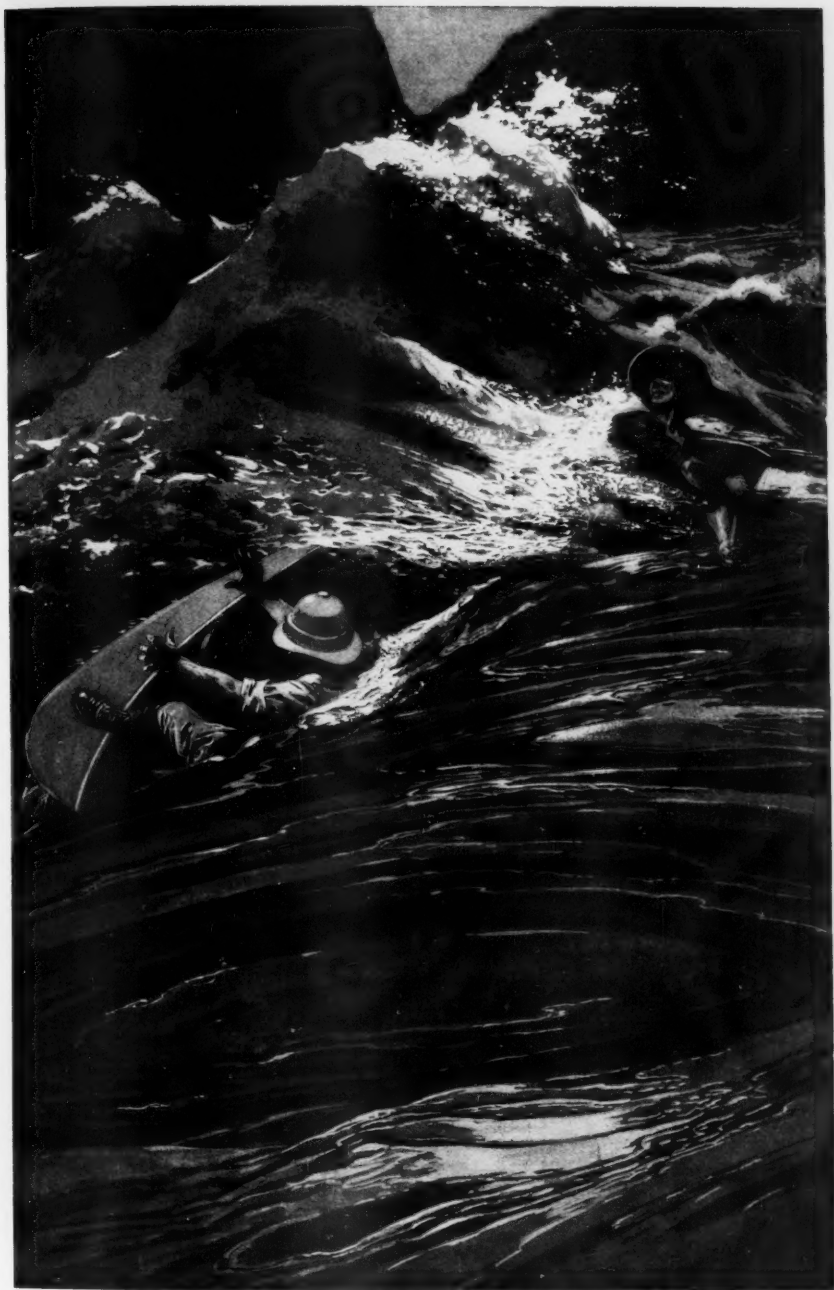
On the following morning I resumed my canoe journey to New Dongola, now only one hundred and seventy miles distant, and for two days made but little progress in the face of a strong head wind, which culminated in a terrific sand-storm. This was succeeded by a clear, calm day, but with scorching heat. Nevertheless, when I ran ashore that night near Urbi, one of the scores of villages which line the river-banks throughout the Merawi-Dongola reach, it was after a day's run of over seventy miles, with only twenty more between me and my destination. At the water's edge I was met by a dignified old

native, his face almost hidden by enormous turban and long beard, who presently made me understand that he was the omdah of Urbi, and wished me to accept his hospitality. As I declined to go to the village, but expressed my willingness to camp on the bank, he at once sent off messengers, who returned shortly with an angareb, fuel, milk, and dates. Having seen the preparations for my comfort well under way, he retired, to return at daylight bearing a great bowl of milk, and wishing me God-speed on my voyage.

Throughout my journey in the Sudan every white man was my friend, and I was continually the recipient of kindnesses from all to whom I bore letters or messages from resident British officers; while at the hands of many native sheiks and omdahs, to whom I came an utter stranger, I experienced spontaneous, unobtrusive Arab hospitality.

At noon on the 6th of August I reached New Dongola, where I had the pleasure of again meeting the mudir, D—— Bey, who brought me to the "palace," an exceedingly pretty brick building half hidden in a grove of noble palms. Dongola is not, however, an ideal place of residence; there is rarely a suggestion of a breeze, swarms of gnats abound, and only the night before the governor's library had barely escaped destruction by white ants. Here, as arranged with the mudir of Berber, I started Suleiman homeward, a roundabout journey via Halfa. Henceforth Suleiman will be the much traveled man of his native village. All the officers at the post took a lively interest in my expedition, and Bimbashi H——, who was about starting on a tour of inspection through the northern part of the province, to my great gratification arranged to join me at Kosheh for a week's canoeing.

The duties of the British official on these circuits of inspection are both arduous and onerous. His is the position of the "just kadi," to whose court the natives flock with their supplications and grievances; and the patient care with which their petitions are investigated, and the absolute justice of the decisions rendered, are a revelation to the Sudanese, accustomed for centuries to the all-powerful influence of bakshish. Several sessions of one of these simple courts attended by me were full of interest. The British, ever pioneers in sup-



Drawn by Fernand Lungren. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

WRECKED IN THE RAPIDS

pressing the slave-trade, had that great problem to face on their reoccupation of the Sudan—in this instance the more difficult as it was the chief industry of the country. Already the traffic has been broken up, but no attempt has been made toward general emancipation. Any slave, by showing cause before the court, can, however, obtain his freedom, an attempt rarely made because cruelty of master toward slave seldom occurs in Mohammedan countries.

Most of the cases concern title to property. The Arab loves litigation, and contentedly squanders his time and wealth over a rod of land or half a date-tree. Some of these trivial affairs were so involved that their solution by ordinary procedure was impossible; they were generally referred to a board of arbitration consisting of native omdahs. If this was under British supervision, the result was cheerfully accepted.

Aside from the Third Cataract, and the Kaibar and Amara rapids, nothing breaks the open water between Dongola and Kosheh, one hundred and sixty-five miles below. Of these only the first offered any difficulty, and, with a government reis in the bow of my canoe, I was able to pick my way through its five miles of rock-strewn rapids. As I proceeded, the country became more barren, and villages, durra-fields, and palm-groves grew more infrequent, until I entered upon a mountainous waste rivaling the country of the Fourth Cataract in desolation.

Here, not a quarter of a mile from the river, arose the ruins of the temple of Soleb, a picture of dazzling whiteness in a framing of yellow sand. A dozen mighty columns remained standing, their varied capitals uninjured, while the plan of the structure was indicated by the ruined bases of the others. On columns and walls were reliefs and hieroglyphics, among which could be frequently distinguished the cartouche of Amenophis III. The temple is a beautiful example of the architecture of the Eighteenth Dynasty, its impressiveness increased by the solitude.

At Kosheh, a village near the battle-field of Firket, and the last of the government posts in the province of Dongola, I found H—— awaiting me, and the following day we loaded the canoe with our kits and began the descent of the Second Cataract. Shooting the formidable Dal rapid in safety that same afternoon, we were borne into the

grim rocky portal at its foot, fit entrance to the appalling Batyn-el-Hagar (Belly of Rocks), that seeming remnant of primeval chaos through which the Nile rends its tortuous course in a succession of cataracts extending one hundred and fifteen miles to Halfa below.

For a day all went well. The Akasha, Tanjour, and Ambukol rapids were passed successfully, though not without shipping quantities of water into our heavily laden boat, and the next afternoon found us descending through a gorge the lofty sides of which cut off our sunlight. Here our government maps became useless, the river being indicated by indefinite dotted lines; and so, carried by the swift current, we came entirely without warning upon the cataract of Semneh. The frowning walls closed in upon us as, rounding a sharp curve, we came suddenly upon the brink of the fall, where a jagged crag divided the river into two narrow channels.

Into the right-hand one at a venture we headed, and I suppose it all happened in a few seconds, although at the time it seemed deliberate enough. The canoe safely shot the first fall and apparently breasted the breakers beyond, only to be caught by a whirlpool which inexorably drew it backward again into the foot of the fall. On the instant that we were once more in the full power of the cataract, our boat was caught up, spun about like an egg-shell, and hurled into the wall of waters beyond. A huge wave struck me in the face and chest, the canoe seemed to melt away beneath me, and I was struggling in the water. As I came to the surface the water-filled canoe, with H—— clinging to one end, appeared a short distance to my right. By good fortune I managed to reach it, and, half submerged in the swirling torrent, the canoe and its recent passengers tore wildly down the river.

Minutes and miles passed, and the dusk deepened. In vain we endeavored to divert the boat from its course and tow it toward the shore; and in one of these attempts the painter was wrenched from H——'s grasp, and as I was whirled around a jutting rock I caught a final glimpse of a khaki helmet on the crest of a distant wave. It was probably a couple of miles below when, still clinging to the boat in spite of waves and rapids, I was drawn over another fall and sucked into a whirlpool beyond. The

sensation of sailing under water, even for a short distance, is distinctly unpleasant; but almost instantly I was shot to the surface out of the eddy's reach, and, by great good luck, in the direction of the shore. Throughout I had maintained my hold upon my paddle, and now, catching the painter in my teeth, I swam my best toward the rocks, on which I gained foothold before the slack rope was exhausted, and thus reached a spit of sand, dragging the boat after me.

I immediately made the best of my way up-stream, alternately shouting and listening. After half a mile or so I was rejoiced beyond measure to hear H——'s distant answering hail, and presently our meeting was ratified by a simple Anglo-Saxon handshake; whereupon we sat down and proceeded to extract the mimosa thorns from our bare feet. Regaining the canoe, we discovered that the false floor, which had been screwed to the ribs of the boat and to which our belongings were firmly lashed, together with the added thwarts, had been torn away bodily, and not a vestige of our equipment remained. Aside from this, however, the stanch little craft was apparently intact. At this moment I thought I saw, describing large circles around the whirlpool, an object resembling the waterproof bag which contained certain smaller items of my kit. Venturing out in the canoe the next time it appeared, I managed to secure it to the painter, and so towed it to land; but the rest of our outfit doubtless lay at the bottom of the Nile.

Our camp on the sand that night, without blankets, food, or fire, was a sorry affair; and at length, in desperation, H—— set out

in the darkness in search of human habitation—a forlorn hope. About midnight he returned, footsore and weary, followed by three natives whom he had chanced to discover at a squalid hut some miles down the river. We welcomed the use of their sheepskins and the warmth of the fire which they kindled with flint and steel; but their commissariat was nearly as lean as our own, all the food they were able to furnish us being a handful of dates and a bit of durra bread.

The next morning, there being no other course open, we again embarked in the canoe, now certainly light enough, for the remaining stretch of thirty-five miles to Halfa and civilization. By noon we had reached the head of the great Abkeh, where the reis of the cataract, according to previous appointment, was awaiting us with two companions, all furnished with swimming-skins. Under their pilotage we safely traversed the nine miles of rapids, winding in and out among the hundreds of islands with which the broad torrent is studded, and keeping well to the right shore, until the rock of Abusir, which guards the last chute (the Bab-el-Kebir), arose to our left, and we entered smooth water once more.

Late that afternoon, thirty days from Khartum, the canoe reached Wady Halfa, where we received the warmest of welcomes from our friends, the officers stationed there. Four days later, at Assuan, two hundred and twenty-five miles below, where H—— was obliged to leave me and return, I reluctantly parted from that most delightful of friends. Resuming the voyage to Cairo, I reached my destination one month later.



A REFLECTION



Drawn by Sigismund Ivanowski. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE POPPY-WITCH

THE POPPY-WITCH

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

SHE gave me bread wherein was blent
The poppy's ivory seed ;
She gave me wine, of deep content, —
The poppy-laden mead.

I sought but sleep—she gave a dream,
A dream so passing fair,
It makes the shadow substance seem,
And substance empty air !



THE ROSE-TREE

BY ALICE REID

HE builded him a little cot
All white without and white within ;
He builded him a little cot
To put his bonny lassie in.
And by the door-step planted he
A rose, that it might climb about
The door, and frame enchantingly
Her going in and coming out.
"One bonny rose upon my hearth
And another beside my door," said he ;
"In all this happy, happy earth
'T was never June before," said he.

Oh, many, many Junes have fled ;
The lover and his rose are dust :
But o'er the crumbling ruin spread
The ancient rose-tree keepeth trust.



Drawn by William L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"YOU 'VE GOT TO BE JUDGE, PA GLADDEN'"

KNIGHTS TO THE RESCUE

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ

WITH PICTURES BY WILLIAM L. JACOBS

"Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed."

I

"EF ever mortal man had good occasion ter be jealous," observed a small and busy man who was sewing a large button on to a pair of overalls in a rough barn room, "it air yer Pa Gladden when misforchin comes visitin' the Crossroads. It air Ma Gladden here an' Ma Gladden over yonder. The worst of it is, she plumb enjoys it. The miser'ble steals Drusilly's heart clear outen her bosom, an' she takes no account o' her lawful duties ontill death er returnin' health allows her ter take a thort further. Drusilly hain't been home much fer purty nigh a week."

Bitter cold it was, a January day—in the midnight of the year. Old snow lay upon the ground—snow upon which were traced the weird hieroglyphics of the sun finger, the broad sweeps of the wind brushes, delicate marks of bird foot and beak, and firmer impressions made by hunger-driven vermin from the woodland. It had upon it the priceless glaze of old porcelain. With fierce winds and landlocked streams the winter held to its sternest phases.

Pa Gladden, the farmer, talked and sang over his lonely work in the barn. It was no hymn, no carol, only a bit of folksong caught from the vagrant negroes that went up and down the valley:

Possum up a gum-stump,
Cooney in a hollow;
Wake, snake and June-bug,
Give ye half a dollar!

At the end of this stanza, sounds afar made him pause in his hammering and eagerly listen. Sheila, the collie, barked

shrilly outside. There came the sound of the feet of horses in the lane.

"Air the Crossroads settlement plumb broke loose?" queried pa out loud. Then he stepped to the door.

"It air Doc Briskett," he announced at once, "an' it air Elder Becks from Pegram, an'—an'—I take t' other man fer Noey Hyde from over Sinai way. I wonder whut in Sam Hill air up ter bring all thet congregation here at this time o' day?"

Standing hospitably at the barn-yard gate, bareheaded and smiling, he was met by a chorus of "Howdy, howdy, Pa Gladden!" hearty and frank.

"We know that Ma Gladden 's away, pa," cried Doc Briskett, "so we came right out here to see you."

"Thar 's fires covered up," stated pa, "ef ye 'd ruther go up ter the house."

"This is good enough for us," said Elder Becks, "and we 'll come right in. Horseback-riding is cold work this weather, if it is only from Ritter's over here."

"Waal, I swanny!" cried Pa Gladden, helping to hitch the horses, "thar air shorely suthin' on hand ter make ye young fellers go gallopin' roun' the country like a circus. Don't ye warnt the hosses put inter the barn?"

"Ain't got the time," cried Doc Briskett, rubbing his hands over the old stove in the harness-room; "but there is something on hand, Pa Gladden, that needs you and your contriving brain."

Pa skipped about to seat his visitors. His mind grasped the fact that here was something beyond the passing of Elkanah Ritter, had that long-deferred event actually taken place.

Why was Noel Hyde here from over

Sinai way? Doc Briskett took an old chair and tilted it against the wall. Truly this was what Pa Gladden called "an occasion."

"Take the rocker, elder. Noel, you 're used to a milk-stool. Now we're going to hold a court of inquiry for about half an hour. You 've got to be judge, Pa Gladden."

"Waal, now," smiled Pa Gladden, from his judicial perch on a corn-basket, "ye do set my lights purty high. I been 'most everything but a jedge, an' now thet air 'p'inted ter me."

The elder, however, gazed at him with most anxious eyes.

"Don't be toolight-minded, my brother," he began; "there is a matter fairly racking me."

Pa Gladden at once looked grave.

"Knowin' ye, elder, I 'm plumb sorry I did n't notice thet afore. Jokes don't sot any better on anxiety than a hen on snake's eggs."

"The worst of it all is," sighed the elder, "that we can't decide whether we should interfere in this matter or not."

"To meddle or not to meddle," struck in the burly doctor—"it is a ticklish business."

Pa could not resist a twinkle of the eye.

"Doc air not usually mixed up much with church businesses."

"This is not church business," said the elder, "but it will be if something is not done. I want to get down to the bottom of it first. I cannot sleep at night."

"Better explain it all, had n't ye?" broke in the younger man. "Ye see, Brother Gladden air in the dark yet."

"Yes, Noey; court 's opened, but thar hain't no case been stated yet—jes some wild talk."

"As I was saying, it is a trouble that we have n't any real clue to, Brother Gladden," began the elder.

"Wull some one, without so much circumlulation, jes make it plain ter me whut air up?" Pa Gladden said with emphasis.

"We're discussin' on Persephone Riggs," broke in Noel Hyde, shortly.

Pa collapsed immediately and fairly fell into the corn-basket. He was evidently disappointed, and made no comment.

"I don't know how much ye know," pursued Noel Hyde, "but it 's bein' buzzed over at Ritter's, I tell ye."

"We came straight from there," added Doc Briskett, significantly.

"The whispurin's clumb over the ridge two weeks ago," observed Pa Gladden, "an' they've run like a fores' fire ever sence. Folks don't in no wise remember thet he thet uttereth slander air a fool, so the Scripiter says. Waal, an' then whut, elder?"

"I buried the mother two days ago," returned the elder; "she used to be in my church years ago, and she asked for me. It was a moving burial. You all know Sinai custom. They carried the coffin to the graveyard, and they sang hymns at the regular stops. There was only one mourner: that was Persephone; and when the funeral was over, she walked down the road alone. I have seen her going alone in my thoughts ever since, and it seems to me that I really must do something for her. I was on my way there this morning when Brother Ritter's messenger stopped me. Doc was at the house, and I talked to him. He and I were speaking about it when up comes Noel Hyde on the same errand."

"Ye've finally made a plain story, elder," said pa, gravely, "an' I begin ter see daylight. Now, doc, put in yer say. Whut d' ye know?"

Doc Briskett looked uncomfortable.

"Lord, I can't talk slop, pa! There is something wrong, that 's all. The woman may have heard all this talk going round."

"Sence the neighborhood air hard at her, tooth an' nail, it 's probable," said Pa Gladden. "Now, Noey, it 's yer turn ter speak up."

The short, red-faced man grew redder and most uneasy. He cleared his throat several times before he blundered into a lame explanation:

"Sis Vi'let an' me went over thar yestidday. We could n't git in, but we felt shore she was there. So I rode over Pegram way ter see Elder Becks. We all warnt ter be friendly ter Persephone, on'y pap has had the roomaticks all winter an' Sis Vi'let has been kept closet ter hum. It air hard fer a man ter do much when folks air as cold as Persephone has been o' late."

"So 't is, so 't is," said Pa Gladden, heartily; "but let 's get ter a p'int o' reason ter oncet. The case air thet a suttin pore young widdar we knows hez had money when it stan's ter reason she hain't got a cent."

"That 's it," cried Doc Briskett; "that is the point—and Persephone will not explain."

"Pore soul," said pa, gently, "pore soul! Ye may lay it down thet she air in mortal trouble."

"That 's what I felt yesterday," added Elder Becks, his gaunt face really eloquent with feeling—"felt it to my soul."

Pa nearly tumbled from his cushion of meal-sacks in his great earnestness. He laid off his speech by patting his forefinger into his hard palm.

"Yer see, it air jes this way: Persephone Riggs has money unaccounted fer. Whar did she git it—this surprisin' ermount? Thar 's only five ways o' gittin' money—ter come by it nateral, ter airn it, ter borry er it, ter steal it, er ter find it. Now let 's fit this petic'lar widdler inter them ways. She hain't got nothin' nateral; thet is, she hain't an inheritor o' nothin'. She hev been nussin' her mother, an' hain't airned much. She hain't no relatives ter help her. She hain't been anywhar ter steal er ter find money. So thar ye air: she hez suttinly borryed it, er it 's been give ter her."

Noel Hyde drew a quick breath.

"The thing we air boun' ter peruse an' consider next," continued Pa Gladden, still more earnestly, "air the p'int as ter who 's got any money. It hain't been flowin' in streams erbout Sinai, Pegram, er the Crossroads this year. Now who air got it convenient ter Persephone ter give her er ter lend her? Doc, yer orter be able ter strike us a leetle light thar. Who hev got money ter give er ter lend over Sinai way?"

"Mighty few," sighed doc, regretfully; "just about two fellows—old Squire Baldrock and Bad Luttrell. That brings us back to Luttrell and the talk. Persephone was seen going over there after dark."

"Turrible, turrible thing it air," commented pa, "fer tongues ter git ter runnin' on a good-lookin' woman like a pack o' houn's arter a red fox. Jes let 's suppose thet Sinbad Luttrell gives er lends the widdler thet money. I warnt t' add right here, outen the deeps o' strong conviction, thet he never did give nobody nothin'. He air a blot on all creation fer exactin' an' extortin' intrust. I had some dealin's with him myself one year, an' only yer Pa Gladden's good hoss-sense ever got him out o'

thet turrible clutch. Ef Luttrell don't give nothin' ter nobody, it stan's ter reason thet Persephone hez borryed it from him, an' so he 's got a holt on her thet he 's goin' ter push ef she lets on erbout it at all. Waal, I don't see no way fer us ter do, only ter go over an' rescue the perishin'—to set thet pore female on ter her feet ag'in."

Noel Hyde's deep eyes shone like stars, Elder Becks's light ones softened, and Doc Briskett's brown ones fairly laughed.

"I believe ye air right," broke in the Sinai man, "fer, yer see, I 've known Persephone from a leetle gal up. She was raised up among us, an' married the school-teacher over there. Bad Luttrell allers hung arter her, though she never liked him. Yer on the track, Brother Gladden, I feel shore. She was more like a mother ter Mrs. Marx than a darter, anyhow, an' she 's a real good woman."

"Spoken like a man, Noey," beamed Pa Gladden, again; "I am shorely pleased ter meet ye in the valley. Nor must we all be too hard on young Luttrell. His name 's been ag'in' him from the start. I kin recollect thet his mother would hev him named thet way, from hearin' the women talk when I war a big lad, sneakin' eroun' doors. Sinbad! It war shorely a name ter ruin him. He war n't ten year old afore he said it war no use ter be good. He war either 'Sin' er 'Bad,' an' mought jes as well be both. So he hain't had quite a squar' deal, an' mebbe he hain't so black as he 's made out ter be. Now this here court of inquirin' thet 's holdin' a meetin' air a strong workin' force fer the Lord. I moves thet we all goes an' calls on Persephone, real perlite an' Christian-like. I 'm plumb shore thet the hull endurin' thing will onfold. The Lord air watchin' Persephone. He moved the elder, he 's moved Noey, he 's nudged old doc here, an' he 's stirred me up most pow'rful. Let 's all go ter the rescue. I 'm shore thet we 'll come back glorifyin' God an' plumb regenerated in the speerit."

Elder Becks arose, his dark face earnest and calmed.

"When shall we go?" he asked.

Pa Gladden hopped down from his seat of judgment at once.

"We 'll go right now," said he, decidedly; "it 's an eight-mile ride, but it 's airy yet, an' a-hossback we kin make it. I 'll fly roun' an' feed a leetle, an' ef we

don't git back till midnight the dumb criers won't starve."

"Jee-whiz!" exclaimed Doc Briskett, coming down to the floor as the weak chair-leg finally succumbed, "what do you suppose my patients will do? Lucky there's nothing serious on hand but Elkanah Ritter's determination to die. Pa Gladden, you would put enthusiasm into a tombstone. I'll stop and give Elkanah something to hold him on earth until we get back, and we'll all ride to the rescue of fair femininity, if we freeze doing it."

II

BEHOLD, in another hour, a cavalcade wending its way across frozen fields by short cuts well known to Pa Gladden. It was no gaily caparisoned train, with jingling spurs, embroidered capes, and plumed helmets, but merely a bundled-up quartet of burly countrymen past hot-headed youth. Their earnest souls, however, were fired by exactly the same purpose that sent forth gay lordlings centuries ago. Beauty in distress called, and there went to the rescue the manliness latent in the dyspeptic preacher, the hard-worked doctor, and the two commonplace farmers. Persephone Riggs, in no remote past, had been one of the prettiest girls of the county. She had been won by a young schoolmaster who had felt himself destined for a great career, but for whom Providence had a place in the higher order. He died of typhoid fever, the rural plague, and the bride of a year returned to her mother and a life of toil.

From the farm-houses near and far could the four men be seen, and dogs flew out with bark and growl. Colts, cows, and horses scattered across frozen pastures where brown weeds rose above the snow and birds hopped and twittered. The horses these knights rode were saddled and blanketed beneath, giving them a bulky appearance. Earnestly the party pressed forward, and soon were climbing the hill road, where they went slowly and conversation was possible.

The elder was most often in the van. Doc Briskett's horse was never known to hurry uphill, so he generally hung behind. Between them Pa Gladden on his good Cephy and Noel Hyde upon a three-year pride of his heart rode and turned and backed in conversational efforts. Their

talk was of things at hand—passing farms, road repairs and needs, local politics and events. Their errand, though the first in their thoughts, was the last on their tongues, for not one of the four men but was at sea as to future action and anxiously uncertain as to the outcome.

From the summit of the hill ridge there was a splendid view of the farm valleys for many miles, the scattered hamlets, the dwellings, and the streams, the courses of which were marked by dark tree-forms. The cavalcade stopped a few moments to rest their horses. Pa Gladden patted Cephy reflectively.

"Three mile more, ain't it, Noey? Down-hill all the way, so we'll soon git thar. It air an impatient business."

"What's your plan of campaign, pa?" asked Doc Briskett. "You have been judge, and now must be general."

"We're all a-goin' visitin'," smiled pa, "an' we'll be directed by the p'intin' o' the Lord's finger. Ef Persephone hain't ter hum, I ain't goin' ter turn back till I find whar she air."

The possibilities in this idea made the party silent again. They wound down the long hill road with little more conversation. At last Doc Briskett sang out:

"There ought to have been some adventures on this ride to keep a fellow's blood warm. I'm about frozen. Ain't there any place we can turn in, Noel?"

"Not until we reach Beven's," said the Sinai man, "fer in these leetle hill cabins thar's mighty leetle fire an' less room. Let's ride on."

They urged on their horses, whose flanks smoked, and rode over the sloping valley road down to the broader farms, and then toward the place where the Sinai church spire showed against the murky gray sky. Presently Noel Hyde waved his hand to one side. A large white house stood far back from the road, with an avenue of trees leading to it.

"Bad Luttrell's house," he said tersely; "but you must ride clear round thet hill ridge ter git ter Persephone's. She hed ter come over the ridge ter the house, if she come at all."

"Who seen her?" asked Pa Gladden, eying the steep hill-slope. "Thet air an uncommon bad way fer a woman ter come over thet air in mortal misery er want."

"The convict's folks thet hez a cabin in

the next holler," replied Noel; "they passed the word thet she ran up them hillsides like a deer."

"She war in mortal misery, shore," repeated Pa Gladden, "an' I am seein' my way cl'arer every minute, Noey."

But Doc Briskett was to have his adventure before he met the lady of his anxieties. As the cavalcade climbed a long hill-slope they met a man fairly plunging down on mule-back, and who, as they drew nearer, reined up sharply.

"Air thet Doc Briskett? Oh, doc, doc, fer the love o' yer Maker, hurry ter my house, right up thar! The baby 's got the croup—it 's dyin', doc, it 's dyin'! chokin'—chokin' ter death! Hurry, hurry, doc! I war jes goin' fer some one. Hurry, hurry up!"

Tears were on the rough cheek, and Doc Briskett could but follow. A short way up the slope the man led into the forest.

"Go on, go on!" shouted back the doctor to his late companions, "and I 'll come up with you in a short time. I may not be needed long, but I must see what I can do here."

"Waal, ef thet air not a leetle startlin'," said Pa Gladden, "as doc air shorely wuth a whole army. But, elder, you an' Noey an' me wull hev ter git up our nateral spunk an' look fierce ef anything comes in our way—meanin' Bad Luttrell. Whut d' ye say ter thet?"

"I never felt more anxious in my life," confessed the elder. "I know you think the Lord speaks directly to man, and I almost can hear that woman calling to me now for help—honest."

"Wull, we 're comin'," retorted the small man; "an', ef my toes air 'most frozen, my speerits air warm enough; an' Noey here—why, he 's one o' them kind thet, when he gits mad, fights like a wild-cat, an' never knows whuther thar 's any finish er not. Noey's grandpap fit in the Mexican War, an' his pap fit with the Johnny Rebs. Noey ain't had no chance ter show his fightin' qual'ties, but it air shorely in the blood. He knows more 'n raisin' hosses an' tendin' stock."

"I intend to see Persephone after coming over here in this weather," announced Elder Becks, stoutly.

"I ain't petic'lar fer a fight myself," jerked out Pa Gladden, "but thet last converse I had with young Luttrell stirs

up my blood yit. He 's been ter the city an' he 's studied lor—an' ye all know thet air the nighes' way ter shake hands with Satan. Ef a man air bad an' don' know lor, the murder comes out; ef he 's studied lor, there never was any murder ter come out—it 's all lor."

"You air hard enough on the loryers," smiled Noel Hyde, bumping out his words brokenly.

"I war erbout ter observe," resumed Pa Gladden, a little severely, "thet a loryer thet does right air fit ter walk inter the courts above without a word er any questions ast. But thet proves thet Bad Luttrell knows how ter circumvent us, an' he 'll do it either by fist er by fact, er I 'm not old Pa Gladden. We needs grit, we needs wit—an' both, Elder Becks an' Noey."

"Here 's Beven's store," said the Sinai man, in a few moments; "but, ef ye 'd jest as soon, let 's keep on an' warm at our house, elder."

"Much better," said the elder; "I never cared much for Beven's store. It always seemed the gathering-place of rough characters."

"As ter thet," commented Pa Gladden, "ye must really remember, elder, thet thar hain't any other place fer these pore creeters thet live in wuss places than any holes in rocks ter go, 'cept in thar. They ain't got much hum ter be cheerful in, an' man air allers huntin' up the cheerful."

"I feel rebuked," replied the lean elder. "I often find my charity small when I think of your thought for all men, Brother Gladden."

"We hez ter think o' all the world er jes think o' ourselves, elder,—me an' Drusilly,—'cause we ain't got no special childern. I feels actoolly called on ter look arter folks in misery."

Elder Becks, riding ahead, pointed forward. A child ran toward them along the road—a small girl, hatless and stumbling, breathlessly crying in the cold.

"Oh, please do come," she gasped, "for my ma is so sick an' my pa sent me out fer help! Please do come! It 's right on the road."

Pa Gladden gazed at this small maid silently. In a moment he said:

"Elder, ye 're shorely cold an' tired. Go in an' see whut this trouble is. Noey an' me rides right on, fer it grows late in the artemoon. Ye can come arter us."

The elder, his face solemn enough, dismounted at the door of the small log house near the roadside.

"I will follow you as soon as possible," he said, "and I beg you to hurry on with true courage."

"I never seen the elder so anxious-like," said Pa Gladden, as they moved on, "an', ef ye 're agreeable, Noey, we won't stop ter warm anywhar, but rack right on ter Persephone's ter oncet. Cephy air doin' his level best, an' ye kin let out yer nag a leetle."

Before they reached the fences which marked out the Hyde farm, a negro ran hurriedly across the fields, and, recognizing Noel, waited for the two men to come up.

"Lan', Marse Noel, Miss Vi'let 'll be plumb glad! Yer-all's grandpap's mighty bad ter-day. I'm jes gwine fer moah medicine down tuh the stoah."

"Go right erlong in, Noey," said Pa Gladden, with a ring in his voice that meant an earnest conviction; "I see plain thet it air meant fer me ter go ter Persephone's by myself. Ef ye all kin come arter me in a leetle while, mebber ye 'll find out the reason; but it air meant fer me ter go on alone, Bad Luttrell er any one else. Go in an' 'tend ter yer grandpap, Noey. It air yer bounden duty."

Then Pa Gladden dug his knees into Cephy, and departed up hill and down dale for another mile. He was raised to the highest pitch of expectancy. He did not look behind him to see if the other knights, belated by adventure, came riding to his aid. His old heart beat fast, his senses were alert. He did not know how bitter cold was the late afternoon, nor did he think of the colder night to come. The whole adventure centered in him, and there lay the zest and spice of these solitary moments.

Up hill and down dale, past Sinai church and the graveyard where the dead woman lay all unknowing, down the pike where the mourner had walked in her awful bereavement, and up a country road toward the hills again. In the distance showed a small brown house that was his goal, a three-room cottage that had been the refuge of the old and the young widow. The murk and darkness of the day lifted a little, and the western sky was tinged with a saffron light. Pa Gladden saw the small brown house with its steep snow-covered

roof very plainly, but upon the roof was a dark spot that puzzled him from afar. Was it a window or an opening? Pa Gladden could not decide, but he felt that it was neither. It became the one concentrated question of his soul as Cephy galloped nearer. The gold in the west grew brighter; a luminous shaft shot straight from the heart of the saffron duskiness and traveled across the world to that brown house. For the first time in Pa Gladden's existence he struck Cephy heavily with his palm to hasten him, and the horse clattered gallantly on to the very gate. Then, and only then, Pa Gladden saw that a horse and buggy was hitched within the open shed, and also that upon the roof sat and clung Persephone Riggs, wrapped in a bed-comfort, and crying to him piteously to come and help her.

III

Down Button Mold Hill came Doc Briskett's sturdy saddle-horse at a breakneck pace. Up he mounted over Strawberry Ridge and down into the Sinai Valley. His hoofs struck fire on the loose rock, his nostrils and flanks fairly smoked. From cabins and houses on each side looked the farm-folk to see and wonder why the good Crossroads doctor rode so fast and so furiously. The events of the last hour proved the mettle of the man. In the hill cabin he had found a child in extremity. It was action or death. The ever-ready pocket-case came out, there was a quick flash, the screams of the mother and a hoarse welcome cry following a gush of blood from the child's throat. Death was averted, at least for the moment. In twenty-five minutes all that could be done was done, and the father despatched for the Sinai doctor. For the time a little life was saved, and Doc Briskett went helter-skelter after his company, in hot pursuit of the climax of the adventure. As he rode, there came into sight a like desperate figure hurrying forward on the road; in time it resolved into the tall Pegram parson, who moderated his pace after a most lusty hallooing and waited for the breathless doctor to come up.

"Saints and sinners, elder! You did n't give out?"

"Like you, I was seized upon to aid humanity," returned the elder, soberly. "It proved to be a dying woman. I soothed

her passing soul with a last prayer. How did you come out?"

"The child lives," said the doctor, shortly, "but it was quick work. We must ride hard, elder. It grows colder every minute."

Faster they rode by field and by farm, through a creek-way where the road made a short cut. Soon they saw the steep roof-slopes of Noel Hyde's horse-barns and cattle-sheds.

"I 'll eat my hat, elder, if that is n't Noel Hyde riding down the lane! Now where do you suppose Pa Gladden is? He would n't stop as long as Cephy held up, or I don't know him at all. He has gone on alone, and that 's a fact."

Noel Hyde met them at the tall red gate and explained matters.

"Grandpap is a leetle better now," he announced, "but it was a close call about noon. I 'll run down with ye, seein' it is so near, an' Sis Vi'let 's jes as anxious as I am about Persephone."

So over the road went the three belated knights in the strange saffron and golden light. Against this glow all objects took on weird color-effects. The distant woods were as somberly purple as splendid pansy blooms, the near-by hills were violet in tone, with red and orange splotches of old foliage upon their slopes. Distant white farm-houses were even pink-tinted, and their steeper roofs, where the snow was gone, showed velvety dark green. Each tree ahead of them in the lane stood up sharply in sepia tints, the tiniest twigs well defined, while last year's nests swung loose in the sharp winds from the north.

As Pa Gladden had noticed from afar the roof of the small house, so now did the three riders note it.

"There 's people on that roof," said Noel Hyde, "an' one is movin' around. Don't yer see that, doc?"

"I believe you 're right," bumped out Doc Briskett, rising in his stirrups; "it looks like Pa Gladden to me. Now what on earth took Pa Gladden up on that roof? Is the house on fire?"

"There 's something else there, too," added the elder, "but whether it is a bundle or an open door, I can't say. Let 's all halloo, to let him know we are coming."

Before they dashed into the small house-lot through the open gate, they knew that the bundle was a woman with a small shawl

over her head and wrapped in a dark-blue bed-comfort. Pa Gladden was on the roof of the little porch just below her, with a piece of heavy timber in his hand. Cephy, running loose, stood as if on guard below. There was no one else in sight, but in the woodshed stood a horse and buggy that Noel Hyde knew to be Bad Luttrell's.

The three men rode into the lot with loud shouts of encouragement.

"What 's the matter, Pa Gladden?"

Pa danced about in great exultation. He was half frozen, but enjoying himself.

"Luttrell air inside, so we war waitin' outside fer the fightin' force ter come up. Persephone hez been settin' on this roof, holdin' down the trap-door, so Luttrell can't git up ter keep her comp'ny. Call Luttrell out, doc. He 's feelin' very peart an' bumptious. He 's got firearms, an' says he 's goin' ter shoot my Cephy. Call 'im out."

Doc Briskett tied his horse with a grim look, and tried the house door. It was locked.

"I 'll kick it in if he does n't open it," said Noel Hyde, who was at his elbow and very red.

"Thar 's really no call, Noey," shouted out Pa Gladden, "ez Luttrell air climbin' outen a winder on this other side. He 's comin' eroun'."

A tall and fairly well-dressed man of thirty-five appeared around the corner of the house. He surveyed the four rescuers with cynical scorn. Black-browed and handsome, he was distinctly aggressive.

"What 's up here, Luttrell?" asked Doc Briskett.

"Nothing that you Pegram and Cross-roads folks have any business interfering with. I 've got a right here. Go home and keep warm."

"We came over to see after Persephone Riggs," replied Elder Becks, "and evidently not an hour too soon."

"Persephone is very foolish to act as she is doing," returned the man. "She was n't afraid of me a week ago."

"She had her dying mother for protection," retorted the elder. "But her action now needs no explanation to us. It shows that she needs the protection of Christian people."

"You shall not interfere!" cried the Sinai man. "I 've got the house-key, and Persephone can sit up there until she comes to her senses. I will look after her."

"No, you won't," called down Pa Gladden from the roof; "she don't ast ye ter look arter her. She says she air in debt ter ye, but she wants a chance ter pay it off."

Bad Luttrell cast an angry glance roofward.

"Ef it air all the same ter ye, Luttrell," went on Pa Gladden's mildest voice, "we all wull jes go inter the house an' discuss the hull matter. Ef ye hev got any note er mor'gidge on Persephone, we wull give ye a fair hearin'; but we air eenymost froze jes now. Doc, take thet key, an' we'll build up a good fire an' git warm."

"You can't have the key," retorted Luttrell, "and you Pegram and Crossroads folks might as well go home first as last."

"We wants ter treat ye squar', young Luttrell," pursued Pa Gladden. "Now wull ye give up thet key? I'm pow'rful cold."

"Freeze, then," said Luttrell, coldly. "You have no business over here."

"But I have," said Noel Hyde. He had stationed himself behind the dark man, and now threw strong arms around his waist. Doc Briskett and Elder Becks each seized an arm, and there was little left for the astonished prisoner to do but to kick backward, which he did most emphatically.

"Jes hold him good an' tight," called Pa Gladden, "fer I'm comin' down ter oncet ter git thet key an' the pistol. Thar's nothin' like perventin' trouble by removin' the cause. Raise up, Persephone, an' let me go down the ladder fust, wull ye? Ez soon ez I've made thet contradictin' human down thar realize thet he hain't the hull earth, I'll build ye a fire thet wull thaw ye out."

Pa's voice was lost in the inner recesses of the attic. In a moment or two he ran around the corner, and, without ceremony, removed the stout reins from Luttrell's own horse and buggy and brought them over.

"Ye're truly a vicious kicker, Luttrell," he announced as he came nearer, "but we'll jes run this boey constrictor aroun' yer soople legs an' tame ye down. We wull give ye a chance afore we does it. Wull ye give up thet key, an' go in the house, an' discuss this matter in all its bearin's like a man orter do?"

"No, I won't!" cried Luttrell, "an' if I could get free, I'd show—"

"Tut, tut, tut!" cried Pa Gladden, "ye air cock-whoop ter the core. Wull, ye had

yer chance, an' the Lord hisself knows I tried ter be mild with ye, an' ye would n't hev it thet way. So here goes.

"I hate ter tech ye enough ter git me thet key," he went on, "ez it makes my dander rise t'er think how ye war persecutin' thet gal, so she would rather freeze than not. Noey, ye hev got a pow'rful good b'ar-hug. Here's the key. Now wind this other rein aroun' his arms good, an' we wull hunch him inside an' warm him up with sound advice. Don't cut his wrists, ez he air human in sufferin' if not in feelin'."

"I wish you would let me give him a good whippin'," growled Noel Hyde, his fingers fairly twitching with excitement.

"Oh, no, Noey; he's helpless now; thet would n't do. We'll make a kitchen ornyment of him. Kiver up our hosses, Noey, with them heavy robes o' hisn."

Luttrell was unceremoniously bundled into the kitchen and deposited on a chair.

"Struggle away," said Pa Gladden, at the stove; "ye shorely should be made ter feel how it is ter be held in a net. Yer harness is of the best leather, I'll be boun', an' ye kin thaw out well, temper an' all. While I'm heatin' up a leetle coffee ye kin git up yer tale. Whut holt hev ye on Persephone Riggs? We knows ye lent her money ter keer fer her old mother."

Luttrell laughed bitterly. "Yes; I was her bank."

"How much war it?" snapped Pa Gladden.

"Several hundred dollars."

"Did she give you any notes?" asked Elder Becks.

Luttrell looked savage, but did not reply. "We must hev Persephone right here," said Pa Gladden, "fer we air boun' ter git the hull truth."

He rose and tiptoed to the bedroom door. First he peered in, then he entered more boldly. There were sounds of wild weeping and of most gentle expostulation. Finally Pa Gladden led in Persephone, a touching figure. Above her black gown her wan white face startled the men into a profound pity.

"Come in, Persephone," said Doc Briskett; "your friends are here. I wish you had told me you were in trouble long ago."

"Yes, come in, Sister Persephone," went on Elder Becks; "and speak out freely to us—speak the truth."

"An' Sis Vi'let would be over, only



"A DESPERATE PERSEPHONE, SCARLET AND ASHAMED BEFORE THOSE BEARDED MEN, CONFRONTED HIM"

Drawn by William L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

grandpap is mortal bad, Persephone. I wisht ye knew how we all feel fer ye."

For answer Persephone put up her arm on the door-frame and wept into its protection.

"Don't ye see, my darter," soothed Pa Gladden, tenderly stroking her hand, "thet yer Pa Gladden spoke the truth when he told ye thet ye air shorely forgiven all thet air behind this trouble? Whut holt hez this man got over ye? Tell doc, an' the elder thet knew yer mother, an' Noey thet played with yer, an' yer old Pa Gladden. Whut holt hez he got over ye?"

Still Persephone wept.

"D' ye owe him money?"

"Yes, yes."

"Waal, pore gal, thet 's no real crime. Hez he any notes from ye?"

"A paper."

"Can't ye tell us erbout it?"

"Oh, hush up bothering her!" called out the prisoner. "The paper is a promise to marry me; that 's all."

But a desperate Persephone, scarlet and ashamed before those bearded men, confronted him:

"Tell the truth! It says if I cannot pay him—and I mean to pay, if he will give me time. Oh, Doctor Briskett, and Elder Becks, and Noel, and Pa Gladden, you are all good men. Can't you understand? My mother lay starving, and I had not time to work. I was crushed and heart-broken. I was mad to do it, but I had to have the money. It did so much for my mother that I cannot bear to see Luttrell there—though he frightens me. Unloose him, doctor; I do ask it of you. I must thank him a thousand times for my mother's comfort, but my heart is in two graves."

Into the silence that followed Pa Gladden's mildest tone broke:

"Jes ye onloose him, Noey." Bad Luttrell sat, a few moments later, a free and silent man.

"This air a movin' tale, Luttrell. Have ye anything ter add?"

The man gave a shrug of his shoulders.

"She signed it willingly. She knew what it was."

"I did," added the pale woman. "He seemed like an angel, and I was desperate. It was wrong,—all wrong,—but I cannot marry him."

"Have you got that agreement here, Luttrell?" asked Elder Becks, very gravely.

Slowly Luttrell produced it and passed it to the elder. He read it aloud:

"I promise to marry Sinbad B. Luttrell in default of payment of the sums indorsed on the back of this agreement."

"So, you see, I was only asking my rights, gentlemen," said Luttrell, with something of a sneer in his tone. "It 's money or marry. I can do more for her than any one around here—can give her a good home and plenty. She cannot pay it, and it is money or marry."

He took a few stiff steps in Persephone's direction. Like a bird to its nest in a rock crevice she fled to the shelter of Pa Gladden's uplifted arm.

"Ef it 's marry er money, it wull be money, Luttrell. Thar air suttinly a lor in Kentucky ter kiver this invention o' yourn. Give me a look at thet leetle docymnt, elder."

"Three hunderd an' forty dollars," read Pa Gladden from the back of the note. "Ef it air marry er money, it wull be money. This leetle paper air of no use. It air one o' Satan's contraptions, an' must be come up with accordin'."

Quick as a flash he lifted the stove-lid and thrust the promise into the blaze. Then he laughed as gently as ever.

"Jes ye dror up a note o' hand, Noey, ef ye kin find a bit o' paper. Make it ter Luttrell, an' from the four o' us—fer a year an' bearin' legal intrust. Leave Persephone's name clean out. Ez soon ez I kin git word down ter Elder Torrence in the city, we 'll take up thet leetle note o' ourn, Bad Luttrell. The elder hez got the cash ter help all sufferin' folks, an' he 'll do it fer yer Pa Gladden. Now I warnt ter give ye a solemn thort ter wrastle with on yer drive hum, Luttrell. Ye hev been hevin' too free a rein in affairs over roun' Sinai, but ye won't hev it no more. We wull see ter it thet ye don't scare women eenymost ter the freezin'-p'int on January days, never no more."

Elder Becks signed the note, and turned to the silent man with a terrible scorn in his voice:

"This matter must be made public for Persephone's sake. Otherwise I would leave you to your Maker."

"I, too, have got a word to say," added bluff Doc Briskett. "No one knows better than I do that Persephone is much too



Drawn by William L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

KNIGHTS TO THE RESCUE

good a woman for you, Luttrell. She has had the escape of her life, and you had better take a warning by this affair."

These last words caused Luttrell to beat a precipitate retreat. Noel Hyde ran after him, and thrust the joint note into his hand. When he returned, Persephone was again sobbing, this time with her head down on the table.

"Ye must come right home with me, Persephone," he said warmly. "Sis Vi'let told me ter be shore ter bring ye right back."

"Whut air ye talkin' erbout, Noey?"

broke in Pa Gladden. "D' ye s'pose Cephy an' me come cl'ar over here not meanin' ter take Persephone hum with us? I should calkilate not. She air goin' with me, an' Ma Gladden 'll chirk her up in no time. Ye kin ride over our way on Sunday, Noey, an' be tellin' us how things air over here. But Persephone air a darter sent from the Lord ter me, seein' thet ma an' me hez no special childern. 'Thar, thar; don't ye cry so, Persephone! Shet up the leetle house, an' wrop up warm, an' we 'll git away hum ter the Crossroads Farm with ye ridin' up behind me."



THE SEER

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

ALONE on his dim heights of song and dream
He saw the Dawn, and of its solace told.
We on his brow beheld the luminous gleam
And listened idly, for the night was cold.

Then clouds shut out the view, and he was gone,
And though the way is dubious, dark the night,
And though our dim eyes still await the Dawn,
We saw a face that once beheld the light!



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THIS MAID OF FORTY YEARS AGO"

THE MAIDEN WITH THE VALENTINE

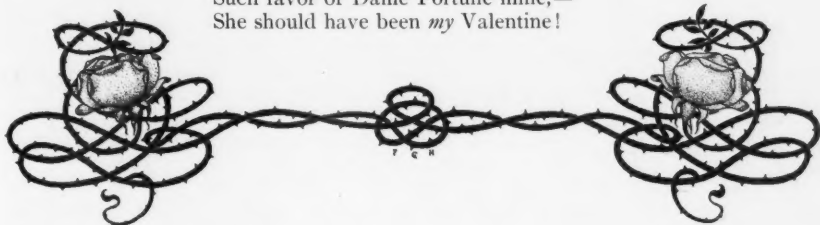
BY CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN

I KNOW not who she was. They keep
Her confidence—the paneled wall,
The picture and the silhouette,
The whispering roses and the shawl;
Nor tell what mansion in the North
She may have graced, what stately hall
In old Virginia saw her so—
This maid of forty years ago!

I cannot say what words she found
Among the Cupids and the lace
Of that quaint missive in her hand,
To bring the dream-light to her face;
What daring offer of a heart,
If hers should be exchanged in place;
Nor whether, forty years ago,
She answered it with yes or no.

Nor who the lover was who sent
His heart upon that embassy;
Or if he were a grand milord,
Or baronet, across the sea;
Or if mayhap, among us here,
He fought for her and victory,
In that great conflict of her day;
Or if he wore the blue or gray.

I know not if her charms have lived
In many a rhyme, on many a tongue,
Or whether, some sweet household belle,
Her praise was ne'er by poet sung;
But this I know: had I but been
A gallant then, when she was young,—
Such favor of Dame Fortune mine,—
She should have been *my* Valentine!



(BEGUN IN THE JANUARY NUMBER)



Drawn by Granville Smith

MY OLD MAID'S CORNER

II. A WINTER NIGHT

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

Author of "Hezekiah's Wives"

ONE of the worst of our winter storms is raging. No one will be here to-night. My eastern windows shake against the blast, and their panes run with streams of melting flakes, while the woodwork of their sashes is piled inch-deep with snow. The houses across the street are half hidden by the driving storm. I get only in suggestion and as a mass the line of the roofs, capped with their ugly water-tanks and their chimneys. Below this line are the lighted windows. I know them to be windows, although I can distinguish nothing through the falling snow but oblong surfaces of white or yellow, according to the color of the window-shades, all set in walls of blackness. Below these, again, I see, but more distinctly, the big uncurtained windows of the little shops—those of the plumber, of the fruit-dealer, and of the man who makes on an upper floor the antique furniture which he sells below. Streaks of yellow gas-light edge a way through

these frosted panes, and fall on bent and muffled figures driving their open umbrellas straight into the very face of the biting storm, and again on the owners of the shops at work with shovels before their doors.

In the middle of the street the cars make their way with a ceaseless clanging of bells. Then the snow-plow, filled with men and brooms, comes behind, puffing, noisy, bustling, and invincible. It cuts a way through the drifts, and tosses the fresh-fallen snow from side to side, leaving a clean-swept track. It will be an ugly streak of muddy brown to-morrow when the traffic of the day has begun to defile it, like that which civilization, following the pioneer path, makes through a forest—civilization that leaves in its wake so much that is ugly and defiled.

When I look out of my southern windows the scene changes. No wind strikes here. That is the advantage of a corner. Storms may beat on one window, but quiet

is sure to look in at the other. You have only to stand still and look both ways, or the other way, when trouble comes.

I have opened one of these southern windows so that I may lean my elbows on the sash, as I love to do, and fill my lungs. At no other time, except when some heavy rain has washed all the dust out of the air, is the atmosphere of a city ever so fresh as when snow is falling. It comes in to-night like a brisk and energetic friend who thinks that the pleasures of our firesides have begun to enervate our senses, and who bustles about among our possessions, urging us to be up and out among the miseries.

I can feel the cold air rush by my cheeks and dart away into every corner of my room. It stirs my fire; the smell of burning hickory comes to me, puffed, I know, in an angry protest against the invading presence. But I do not turn my head. Vigorous outside influences are good for us all at times. At least, I have a friend who always tells me so. She comes into my room with just the manner of the snowy air to-night, driving all repose before her. She wants nothing quite as she finds it, even the atmosphere; but her presence usually changes *that*.

It gives me a strange sensation to stand here by this open window during such a storm, a few stray snowflakes deflected from their course and falling about my head. Now I can feel the air of my room, full of its soft warmth and its conviction of comfort, pass by me on its way into the stormy night, while the winter air rushes in—two currents passing and repassing, like spirit flames in eternal blendings and interblendings that make for growth and purity. First I catch, as it steals out and into the cold, the perfume of a rose that stands on a table; then the fragrance of mignonette; and again, though fainter than at first, the delicate acrid aroma of hickory logs; and, quite distinct from any of these, something subtle and indefinable which only book-lovers would recognize—a faint suggestion, brought out by the warmth, of many volumes in leather that have stood for years on their respective shelves.

Across the street from this southern window of mine there are no shops or business places, if I except the small room of a school-teacher, and another small room occupied by a dressmaker, and a house farther

on where a widow and her daughters take in boarders. You will find women like these everywhere in a great city—lone creatures stranded on the highway of life, with tents pitched where they fall, since they are never able again to catch up with the procession of the married ones. My more prosperous neighbors are all on my side of the street. I look out of their windows sometimes, but not into them—up at them now and then when a child raps on a pane as I pass. Before their doors to-night I hear the ceaseless scrape of the snow-shovel. Snow never brings silence in a great city. The snow-shoveler announces it with his incessant scrape on the pavements long before you are awake, and you can tell without lifting your head from your pillow that winter has come and that the ground is white. The shout of the milkman to his horses forcing a way through the drifts at dawn, without the sound of his wheels on the cobble-stones, will also convince you of this.

These southern windows of mine interest me only as they serve to bring the sun into my room or as they give me a chance to look down toward the apothecary's shop on the corner below. I get all my weather reports in this way, from the red and green lights of his windows reflected in the wet of the pavement. If there is the least suspicion of dampness on a paving-block, these vigilant green and red lights are after it at once; and if there are puddles, or the rain is falling, they take up their station by every pool, and signal to me on the instant, so that I know without further question whether both umbrella and overshoes are necessary. I can see, too, from my southern windows the undertaker's shop, with his gas-jets always burning through the night,—the saddest beacon-lights I know,—never extinguished even after every other window except the apothecary's is dark on their side of the street and I can tell that ten o'clock has struck and all honest workmen are sound asleep.

In the houses that directly face these southern windows there is never any life to be seen. It is all indoors, as is proper, behind curtains conventionally draped. Even in summer the front steps are deserted, for when summer begins these of my neighbors are all away. It is on the other side of my corner, there to the east, where the wind and the snow beat so fiercely against

the panes, and where the struggle for existence is a different one, that I get the life of the people who dwell there. It is all in evidence on the sidewalks when the season begins. The daily toiler knows few reserves.

How good a fire is on such a night! When I have shut out the cold and the falling flakes once more, and drawn a chair close to my fender, I throw on some extra logs,—so soon do we all want to recover from influences that are too brisk and energetic,—and I give myself up to the pleasure of an increasing warmth, which gradually brings out again the sweet perfume of the rose and the mignonette. But as I sit here, tongs in hand, tapping my logs, I realize that there is one thing which, as an old maid, I must always miss with my fire—some other fire-lover to dispute with me any liberty I may choose to take with it. I have everything my own way,—the more sorrow mine!—shovel and tongs, kindling-wood and paper. But I can remember how every fire that was lighted at home—and they were lighted every day and several times—was always made a subject of discussion between my mother and her son-in-law. Both thought themselves authorities, but my mother boasted traditions. They came from a time long before coal was much used in our houses and before the abominations of steam-radiators had begun. She used to insist on a deep bed of ashes; and no hearth in her day, for all the brightness of its appointments, was emptied every morning, made spick-and-span for a new beginning, like fireplaces in our city drawing-rooms—even the soot washed away, until the whole chimneypiece looks like one in a museum, with all of its records closed. Her fireplace, with its bed of ashes and its backlog always standing ready, was like an open chronicle in which the history of each day could be read—a living history, never without an entry marking some happy household memory. To rob this bed of ashes of a single shovelful was as difficult as robbing a Kimberley diamond-mine. No one escaped her vigilant eye.

In these ashes she always had some embers of the night before concealed, hidden away there for lighting new fires. All you had to do was to scrape away the ashes and bring out the embers with your tongs. That was why she always insisted—as her

grandmother and great-great-grandmothers had all done before her—that at most only three sticks of kindling-wood were necessary, placed in front of a backlog that took a month to burn out. But this was exactly the point which my brother-in-law, when he saw her at the fireplace, always felt called upon to dispute. He insisted on four sticks, or a dozen if he wanted them. I can see them now, on each side of the brass-trimmed Franklin, facing each other in a laughing dispute that began with the first fire of the season and ended only when the winter was done, my mother with a pair of tongs in her hand, my brother-in-law with an extra stick of kindling-wood. And when the fire did not burn—and it seldom did until doctored—it was always because one or the other had won the battle by violating some rule or obeying some direction, or because my brother-in-law had poked the logs, as I am poking mine to-night. Poking was not allowed in my mother's day, but he loved to see the sparks fly. Most sons-in-law do. His hair turned white, however, without his having yielded his right to an extra stick; only now, alas! there is no one to care what he does with his fires.

Here, on my corner, I have now and then, and just for the luxury of it, permitted a man my shovel and tongs to do what he would with my fire, and I have sometimes found myself moved to a strange delight when I found his methods opposed to mine, and my fire, perhaps, refusing to burn—my fire, that has never failed *me* once when I had the handling of it! For on these occasions I have ventured an argument on ways and means with him. But men are not quick to understand. One man thought, when I opposed his system, that, being an old maid, I was fussy and set in my ways. He told me so laughingly. How could I explain after that that what I wanted was the delight of some such argument as I remembered? Perhaps old maids *are* queer. We want so many things. But how empty and without savor the whole question of fire-building became after that—like the pleasantries of some one making his jokes to order! I have submitted since then to seeing my cleaning-woman carry whole scuttlefuls of ashes away without my venturing a protest. I even ring for my maid when that same man comes and my fire needs replenishing,

although in my heart I believe that he has missed something by it. There can be no poetry about a fireside, it seems to me, in which all the labor about it is left to one's servitors and no one has the privilege of tossing on an extra log when he wills. I mean, of course, a fireside where hickory is used and "the flapping of a flame" means something more than merely the heating of one's room when the wind is sharp. But being nothing but an old maid, what can I do?

Nobody associates fires with spinsters in any pleasant way. I have often wondered at it—wondered why it was that to sit before a blaze and dream has been by a common consent pictured as the privilege of very young girls who, chin in hand, rest there, or as the privilege of bachelors building castles that are one day to shelter the lady whom they love. When a woman is past twenty she is always represented, when before a fire, with a baby on her lap, or as an old grandmother thinking of the babies that have been but who now hold children of their own before other and brighter fires far away. Or she is some very, very old grandmother of the fairy-tale crooning over her embers. When an old maid is pictured by a hearth, she is made a witch dreaming, not of love or of children, but of mischief! Love and children, it would seem, are not seemly subjects for old maids to dream of over fires. Yet I ask myself, "Why not?" since of all things else in the world they are the most beautiful. Still, even as I question, I realize that I would not speak of them as abstractions to that young girl who lies sleeping there in my spare chamber, dreaming of her own lover, whom she is to marry within a few weeks. She would think me "queer," as if at my age I should not be thinking of such things. And yet I wonder if a woman has really ever done with thinking of them, and if she is ever as nice when she has.

I remember an old maid—a very, very old maid, so prim and correct and withered—with whom I would not have dared to broach any subject more vital than chrysanthemums. She lived in a New England town, and carried to her eighty-first year an air of almost girlish shyness. But when she was eighty her mind went, and then, for the first time, we all knew what the hidden thought of her long-sequestered life had been. For she bought a cradle,

and ordered made some little fine dresses and petticoats and caps; and a basket in which all the pins and sweet powders and soft white flannels are kept; and so sat ready and waiting for that which was never to come, poor soul, and about which she would rather have died than speak, had her mind retained its vigor.

I do not know why I think of her on such a wild, tempestuous night—that poor old maid long since gathered to her fathers, with all her fruitless hopes and gentle ways; for she never knew a storm in her life. The calm of the well-ordered and the correct surrounded her all her days and dried her up at last. I doubt whether she ever whispered to herself the deep-seated longing she betrayed to all the world when second childhood came. Yet why should any one have laughed or she have been ashamed to have let us know that that which she had wanted all her days was nothing less worthy than a crown? Is it so funny, then, to have starved affections, and is it not worse to have had none? We old maids hide our hearts until they are built all over with crusts of tradition and prejudice, and of false ways of looking at natural things, and of fears of our neighbors' opinions. But when all the crusts covering mine are broken through, until only that which is the real in me is laid bare, I shall be glad if the desire God finds there be worthy to rank with that of this old maid of eighty, arranging those soft white flannels and little caps.

That young girl who lies asleep there in my spare chamber would open her eyes wide with something close akin to horror were I to tell her this story, which I never will. She would have to be older and understand more. Now, as it is, being young and in love, she is privileged to feel that every flutter in her little heart is her individual possession, direct from the source of all that is holy and undefiled, where it has been hidden from the rest of us until the beauty and wonder of it, the majesty, the mystery, and all the glory of it, were for the first time revealed to her. No suggestion must be made in her presence of a universal pulse beating now in her veins as it has throbbed in others'. And who is there who would enlighten her? Not I, certainly. The fountains of the eternally virginal spring in every human heart, and keep the world of new emotions perennially

fresh and beautiful; and to each of us is given the right not only to possess them but the obligation to cherish them. Yet in love, as in all things else, there is a universal and there is an individual; but it is the privilege of the young not to know it. So I would not open any door for my little friend. Hers is the right to open them all for herself, the hand of her lover close pressing hers. But when they *are* opened, it will be to read other hearts better, not her own alone.

I wish that I might have had such a daughter as the one in that room—tall and *svelte* (I like that word): a long-stemmed rose, some one described her. My pleasure would have been to see her grow; beauty after beauty develop; always a fresh surprise coming from I did not know where, unless, as I believe at times, angels drop new beauties into certain souls. We are apt to believe, we older ones, that we have sown all the seeds of excellence which we see growing in the young. The tares and the weeds are other affairs, however, for which we can never account unless they sprang from some branch on the other side of the family. But such a daughter as this one could have done so much for me: kept me, as I grew older, from queer ways—all those tricks of speech and manner of which I have such horror; and from narrow-minded views and prejudices that grow so upon us old maids who relax for an instant our vigilance with advancing years. The counsels of the young are good for us when middle age begins. If we heed them we spinsters need never be dethroned. That is why I like to listen to young people's suggestions. I want to guard against habits that may repel them or bring me to the horror of that time when children are sent to pay me a visit with a "You must go, my dear. She was your father's old aunt."

Since that young girl has been here my door-bell has rung all day; messenger boys have brought flowers and telegrams, letters have arrived by every mail, while she has been borne aloft on the waves of a great exaltation. All the world in which she and her fiancé have been nurtured are interested in her, and their interest will go on for her through all the successive stages of her joy, until she has daughters of her own, and that which has been given with such bounty to her she turns about and gives

to others. And all this would be hers even were she less lovely than she is, because the human heart loves the spectacle of certain joys—that of a first engagement, a first marriage, a first-born; never the second of anything. But for us who are the old maids there are never any successive stages, never any epochs. We are never heroines of special occasions touching universal sensibilities. Even the coming to us of some great desire—when indeed such desires do come—would mean the need of apologies and explanations, and the sympathy we received would be the sympathy of the few, like that which a second marriage sometimes inspires. Were I to wake Marion now, and bring her to a seat by my fire, and tell her that to me, too, had come a joy like her own, that with me, too, one was to walk hand in hand even as she is to walk with her lover—poor Marion! I know just what your disenchantment would be, little girl.

You would be sorry for me were I to tell you that I had nursed a hidden sorrow all my life: that I had once had and lost that which you now possess. How your heart would ache for me! How sympathetic and gentle you would be! How full of a hushed, awed joy in your own condition! Out of the fullness of a great ecstasy it is so easy to be generous, and you would fail me in nothing that could soothe. But that I was to have it all! I, old as I am—oh, little Marion! I would not dare tell you, even if it were so. You must have your joy all to yourself, and mine would put too great a strain upon you. You would have to revolutionize too many of your ideas. There would be, too, I know very well, a little touch of pity, of compassion, in your tone, as though you were wondering if I knew that it had all come so late—too late, you would say to yourself, as though love belonged to the young alone. I should detect in your tone a great and vague misapprehension, which I could not endure any more than you could endure my telling you—that which you would have a right to resent—that your own love-affair, sweet as it is, is yet very much like the love-affair of every other young girl. For you know how different it is. Have you not, indeed, told me so? His eyes are not like those of the man who is to marry your friend. His ambitions are not the same. He is not half

so rich, and you are so willing to suffer for the man whom you have chosen privations which your friend will never be called upon to endure. He is likely, too, with his genius, to be more misunderstood than the gay and pleasure-loving young fellow whom your friend is to marry, and you are glad of the chance which it will give you to prove your own unfailing knowledge and understanding of him.

When I listen to you telling me these things with that long indrawn breath of a beautiful resolve, your gray eyes shining with tenderness, and your pretty hands clasped about your knees, I know very well that there is, as you say, everything to make your love-affair unique, to set it apart from all the loves of all the other women, like a gem for which we make a special casket. And I would not dare to ask if you knew how hideous this old and time-worn world would be if yours had been the only fresh and sweet affection born in it. Knowledge will come to you, and with it a great appreciation; and there will come a time, too, when you will bow your head in thankfulness that to others as well the eternally beautiful has come. This will be when your own daughters have grown and the sons who have disappointed you find love at last.

In the meantime would you want to talk to me as freely as you do now if I told you that, just as you courted dreams

there in your sleep, I too had nursed them alone here by my fire? I doubt it. One of the charms of an old maid's corner, as I know very well, is that to each newcomer the ground seems untrodden, unencumbered by other experiences with which those that each brings are to be measured. When one thinks a room is empty, one can talk about things just as they happened, and so get nearer to the truth of them, as one does who discusses them in the open air.

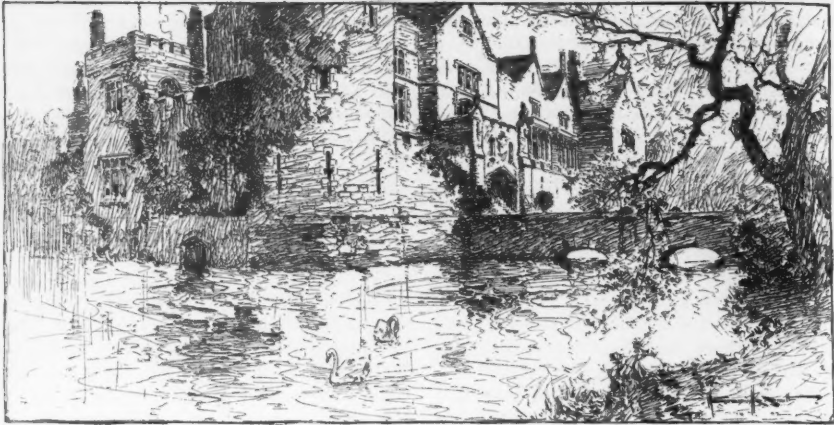
And, after all, it is a little thing to put aside one's own dreams and aspirations, to empty one's heart altogether of one's self, if by doing so girls like the little Marion who lies asleep there will bring into our lives the freshness and beauty of young hearts. They could not and would not enter if they found the place full of ourselves. We cannot do much for the world, we old maids, but we can do this: we can keep an atmosphere about us in which the best of young hearts can grow.

Ah, there you are, little Marion! You could not sleep! You have been writing, and you want some one to carry out your letter, and in all this wind and snow? Your heart was so full, and you want to sit here on the floor, your head on my knee, and talk about him—how good he is, how happy you are, how beautiful it all is, how new! And you think I will understand as no one else understands?

Yes, dear, I understand.

(To be continued.)





Drawn by Granville Smith

THE MOATED MANOR-HOUSE

THE YELLOW VAN

BY RICHARD WHITEING

Author of "No. 5 John Street" and "The Island"

X

IT was Augusta's first house-party at Allonby—a great trial. She was responsible as hostess, and a mere onlooker, as one new to the whole thing. If her first country season failed, she failed with it. To make it succeed, she had to keep hundreds of persons amused, in relays counted by the score, for weeks at a stretch. A great gathering of this kind is, no doubt, Liberty Hall, but it must still offer only a freedom of choice in enchantments. And for these the host and hostess are responsible, say what you will. Whatever happens, their guests are never to know a moment of weariness, except by their own default. Think of the responsibilities of it, as a sort of variety-show in excelsis, with lightning changes of program, and something to suit everybody's taste.

And all tastes were there: of statesman, soldier, sportsman, artist, light of literature, and mere man or woman of the world—some of them doubling their parts with

the sport. They came down in sets, for three or five days, usually the former; and for each in his turn Allonby was to be a realized fairy-tale. Augusta had never dreamed of the like of it, for the descriptions accessible to her had failed altogether in their rendering of its atmospheric effects. What she wanted to do was stand in the corner and look on, in speechless curiosity, at the best of England, and even of the rest of the world, in its best moment of social expansion. What she had to do was take her place as leader of the revels, and give the note. The task might have been beyond her powers but for precious aid. Aunt Emily was there, as duenna, for counsel in the higher proprieties; and, for the others, there were any number of the ministers of household state who held office under the duke. Happily, both ministers and their masters are permitted to qualify by a sort of impartial ignorance of the work of departments. Allonby could only be governed like an empire, it was such a big affair. For her

first season, at any rate, our duchess, née Augusta Gooding, was content to do as she was told, and she was as submissive to her bureaucracy as a sultan or a czar.

The style of it, the luxury, the wealth, the very extravagance—well, no words will serve! As in London the triumph of entertaining is to make extremes meet by bringing the fruits of summer to the winter board, so here you have to overcome the natural quiet of a scene formed for introspection and repose by the importation of all the bustle of town. Out of its season, Allonby was as magnificently dull as a peak in the Andes. It was a peak itself, for that matter, but a host of the most brilliant figures were to dance on it in the most glittering panoply of revel, with nothing to put them out of countenance but the occasional solemnity of the sky. What a business—to get the right people, and to put them in the way of keeping each other amused! As Augusta sped or failed in this task, so might the family influence wax or wane in the remotest parts of the earth. For every parting guest took his report to the next house of call on his ceaseless round of pleasure, until it became smoking-room talk in Ultima Thule, and giant headline in the neighborhood of the Golden Gate.

It was an unusually large party this year because of the marriage. The fame of the duke's strange adventure in love had gone forth, and every one wanted to see his conqueror. The tiny station could hardly cope with the traffic, fortified as the manager was by the assistance of an emergency gang. At night, especially, it suggested the arrival of distinguished company in Hades, with its many cries indicative of souls in travail, and strange flashings of light in the gloom. For every newcomer had to be supplied with carriage accommodation according to his needs, even if these went no higher than the station fly; and many, as an additional courtesy due to sex or rank, exacted a ducal carriage, with a brake for the piles of luggage that strewed the platform. The luggage was distracting. The men's was bad enough in its litter of the gear of sport. The women's—well, it is only to be imagined in its lavish provision for three or four complete toilets a day, and no day like the last. And with many of them came their body-servants: the English valets perfect in their studied vacuity

of expression; the French maids watching over huge sarcophagi of basket-trunks, or grasping headless "shapes" in palls of brown holland which seemed to have been denied a portion of their funeral rites. For the moment the maids were more in evidence, as they clubbed their way through the press with jewel-cases and hardly less precious dressing-bags which they kept in their own charge. The servants, of course, had to be lodged as well as their betters; and their life in the great, cavernous halls below stairs was only less wondrous in character and variety than the life above. The others seemed to claim every nook of the vast superstructure for the needs of their state in bedrooms, dressing-rooms, and even sitting-rooms for the married pairs.

The stately and elaborate routine of it begins from the moment they enter the castle gates. To-morrow most of the men go after partridges, and most of the women after the devices of their own hearts. The pheasant remains sacred and inviolate till the first of next month. It is still being coddled for the gun in its preserves of rich bracken—watched against poachers for the early market by men who lie out all night; fed, almost as with a spoon, with huge smoking messes of Indian corn which the keepers carry to its haunts, whistling a call to dinner as they go. The shooting people are early afoot, and they breakfast by themselves. The regular meal is later, when the ladies come down in charming morning toilets, and the ladies' men are in attendance. The meal is wholly devoid of form. The guests straggle down in any order of time that pleases them, and, as often as not, help themselves from the sideboard to the more solid fare. They eat as our ancestors ate in the German woods; and no one smirks, hands a dish, or takes any ceremonial notice of his neighbor. All keep their places, even when Augusta comes down to take hers at the head of the table. She had to get used to that. You are perfectly free in every respect, even to fast or feast in your own room.

Some of the ladies will presently change to tweeds to join the guns, perhaps to take a shot, if they like. The duchess draws the line here in her duties of patronage, but not for want of knowledge of the game. She can go as straight to the mark on a target as the others on a bird. The wild

life of the woods has been about her from childhood, but she has never drawn trigger on a living thing. But, now and then, she joins the shooting-parties at their luncheon in field or farm-house, wherever the program of the day's sport may lead. The meal is sometimes spread in one of the little rustic lodges that dot the domain. It is Watteau without the artificiality, if also without the rather incongruous grace. The birds are the business. Every incident of this part of the day, new to Augusta's eyes, attests the pomp and circumstance of sport: the lordly keepers, rulers of the hour; the obedient "guns"; the silent line all working to signs, lest a bird should hear a whisper or a footfall where it is presently going to die to something like a roar of artillery; the rustic beaters driving the game on to its fate, and their hang-dog air as of creatures who have all their lives been driven on to theirs in much the same way—all so manifestly a growth of law, custom, class supremacy, and class pride, maturing through centuries of time.

The other arts of life must await their turn till the tea-hour unites most of the party at the castle—perhaps in the vast hall, for the greater freedom of movement and incidentally the greater brilliancy of effect. Augusta is here again, in another change of toilet, and as a matter of duty—the only one in bonds, because it is her part to see that the others have their perfect liberty. For, if they do not like any of these things, they may sketch the ruins, bury themselves in the library, play billiards, ride, drive, or what not, or even take a nap. It is her part to see that they have no hindrance in such pursuits, especially in the subtlest and most disagreeable form of a too manifest solicitude for their comfort. In fact, she has to make everything occur according to desire for everybody, without seeming to have any hand in the matter. The dowager is invaluable here, and not the least so with her occasional "My dear, just let 'em alone." Most of them unconsciously second her efforts by their usage of the mode of life, and by their knowledge of their own minds. For the burden of ceremony in England you must attend a tea in the suburbs with muffins for four. At this reunion it is soothing, to Augusta at least, to find that women do enter a little more fully into the scheme of things. Some sports, like some faiths, do

not tend to give the sex an indispensable part in life. Manu, it is said, was produced without female assistance, and was but an emanation of the austerities of prayer. Live and let live: for one half of the world, at least, it can never be his best title to regard.

After tea it is again Liberty Hall till the first bell sounds for dinner, when you enter into community life. It is much the same with the hours that immediately follow. Nothing seems to happen by contrivance, but everything occurs at the right time—even the impromptu charades. Augusta knows. The artists from the Français who have come down from London for the duologue are admittedly a matter of pecuniary arrangement, but they are received on a footing of social equality with a *nuance* which might leave all but themselves ignorant of the fact. The thought-readers, though they seem so spontaneous, are a put-up job. The dowager suggested the man of letters who is now writing his autobiography. Her life is spent in little services of this sort, and she prides herself on being able to "get" anybody in the world of notoriety that the world of fashion may at any moment wish to see. All she asks is a little backing from those in whose interest she labors. "Certainly I can get him if you want him; but you must take the trouble to read one of his writin's. It makes him look like a fool; and, if that does n't so much matter, only think of me! It is so awkward to have people starin' at him, and talkin' about the weather, as if he was a mere gun."

The people know each other,—that is the great point,—and they blend. They meet so often at this or other houses that they all seem to belong to one great family. Yet they are deliciously catholic in their tastes, interests, and ways of life. They have a selectness of habit, training, and privilege rather than of race, and they very much answer to the description of that most ancient of aristocracies who had great domains, spoke a separate language, and were held incapable of crime. The particularism in the mode of speech may go no further than slang; but there it is as a sign of independence. They are a law unto themselves. Apart from those of their order who merely make a dash at it, and then run back to work, they form a class who live to purely recreative ends, and they are

apt to die with something like a feeling of resentment at the carelessness of Providence.

Their life has been magnificently organized for active indolence by the labor of ages. They are after the partridge now; presently they will be after the stag or the fox-cub, the salmon, or anything else to their mind in water, earth, or air. It is house-party after house-party, with London in between for a sort of snap shot of a winter season, or southern Europe or the Nile, and the strenuous toil of pleasure all the way. They believe that most people—that is to say, the mass of mankind not in their set—are but half alive, and feel as sorry for them as we all do for the babies born in that condition in the slums. To keep up the sense of vitality, they shrink from no experience that offers the promise of a sensation.

One of the countesses keeps a bonnet-shop in Bond street—by deputy, of course, but still without any attempt to conceal the matter from her own set. Another dabbles in socialism: not that she believes in it, for she believes in nothing in particular; but it is at least an experience and—a pose. And then she is so absolutely ignorant of the a-b-c of her heresy that even the National Democratic Federation might be moved to tears. It is only baby, and the gun is not charged. A little raconteur of standing, of that tattling sex which physiologists now say is the male, tells stories of his order that even socialists might like to hear. The rule of the professional secret makes it all safe. An informal dance may belong to the amusements of this hour, but as a rule the men are too dead beat after their day's work with the gun for anything of that sort. They revive for the smoking-room when the ladies have left for the night, and there they swap the lies of anecdote until the small hours of the morning. When it is not scandal it is the rigor of the game in sport: pointer or retriever, the old style against the new; aiming with only one eye open, or with both, one school maintaining that nature has shown her wonted prodigality in the supply of this organ; schools of shooting; have your guns cut to measure, though you buy your coats ready-made; soft shot, chilled shot, hard shot; how best to lay out a wood for a day's sport; poachers, polecats, pin-fires; and so on until the head

fairly spins with it, if one is not to the manner born.

On Sunday the birds have a day off, and time to count their missing friends. Their enemies go to church, stroll through the stables, the kennels, and even the picture-galleries, if they can find time for the last without any breach of the divine ordinance of repose for the day.

All this to make a poor young duchess feel that the world is a bigger and a stranger place than is dreamed of in the philosophy of the geography class, bigger even than the all outdoors of her wildest conceptions. Her brain throbs with the sense of it. What a wonderful scene! And what wonderful things she is going to do in it, and for it, as lady of Allonby! They marveled as much at her. She had made no mistakes worth mentioning, and her talk beat a book.

XI

THERE is but one check to the duke's serene satisfaction in things as they go, namely, the odious self-satisfaction of one of his neighbors—Mr. Kisbye of the Grange.

It is true enough that you may walk for miles at Allonby without touching any land but the duke's. Yet must you choose your path with care. There is one way of going wrong, if only one.

Years ago, in a fatal moment when the agent happened to be looking the other way, Mr. Kisbye snapped up a bit of property that impaired the rounded integrity of the ducal domain.

It cut right into the estate, and spoiled the amenity of it. The intruder got it by an extravagant bid to a needy owner, at a time when his Grace's solicitors were opening their parallels in the usual impious way that assumes the eternal duration of the world. He wanted a country settlement, and here it was within a stone's-cast of one of the greatest estates in England. So he sneaked it by purchase—much as the duke's forefathers might have sneaked it in another way. His Grace offered to pay handsomely for his mistake through the solicitors, but Mr. Kisbye smiled derisively at every bid, and stuck as close as a horse-fly with a lodgment.

It was a speck of a property—no more, of course; but it was enough to make the other less than perfect. It established this

"bounder" from town—this nondescript without a pedigree, and without any means of getting a living that could be known and traced—as country gentleman, as farmer, and even as landlord in his small way. Worst of all, it established him as a dispenser of hospitality, and brought down into the country at stated times the most fearful persons of his set.

There they were, there they are at this moment, holding high revel, as of some witch's sabbath, over against the Towers. And they have come to stay. They are landowners of the future, the people who are to win the country, as they have already won the towns, by sheer weight of metal. They are to win it from the old families, and, like them, to use it more than ever as a mere pleasure-ground wherein neither corn may grow nor man may live but by their good leave. The worst of it is, they are beginning to be sufficient to themselves. They join hands across counties, and the motor-car brays their progress from house to house for midnight revel. All that money can do—and what can it not do now?—is theirs in costly guzzle, and what they esteem the other comforts of home. They furnish in a night and a day, and not only in upholstery and dinner services, but in people to sit at the meal—people who, like the bric-à-brac, are only to be distinguished by an expert from the genuine article. Their leaders in low finance are at least as rich as those who rule in high. Their "swells" are sometimes positively real—for younger sons and needy elders, who do not always find it easy to get to Allonby, are welcome here. The bed and board are as good as the duke's, being of the best; and you are free to laugh at the "caterers" behind their backs when the visit is over. It is a fair bargain on both sides: they are as free to laugh at you; and, after all, which has made the best use of the other?

And besides, to tell the truth, there is a "go" in their mirth which is sometimes wanting in the statelier establishments. Their stars of the variety stage are livelier than those of Bayreuth, and they import an up-to-date wickedness of the asphalt which puts the historic and legendary sort in the shade. They can get art and literature of a kind, even poets of the minor constellation, and thinkers—for metaphysics and the love of a good dinner are

still as closely allied as ever they were in Byron's day. If they do not always know what to do with it all, they will learn in time. There are West End tailors to rig them in the costume of sport, though on some of them it sits about as gracefully as the court-dress at waxwork shows; game-keepers to teach them to point a gun and even to carry it; crack billiard-players for their object-lessons in the mathematics of amusement; and, for the golf, the costliest importations from St. Andrews, who are canny enough to reserve the bad language of uncontrollable disgust for the safe side of the bunker. Their motto is that everything may be picked up. They don't mind consulting the groom of the chambers as to the amount of the tip, and offering to toss him for the difference between his estimate and their bid. The thing hums. They buy the old halls, sometimes only as sites and names, and put up new ones of marble and plate-glass in their places, with the armor still on the premises, and the turret-chamber in communication by telephone with the Stock Exchange. They mean business,—that is the humor of it,—and they are going to fight it out on this line till the judgment-day.

And if there is sometimes a second-best in their humankind, it is apt to be funnier than the other variety. At this very moment there are barons at Mr. Kisbye's who seem to have stepped out of comic opera. They bear titles unknown to Burke, but they get over that by telling you that Burke does not know everything. Their only secret is that, after somewhat aimless wandering on the Continent as circus riders, they declined into billiard-marking in a momentary delay of fortune due to a broken leg, thereafter gave lessons in the tongues at eighteenpence an hour, and, in that capacity, wooed and won the relics of publicans or pawnbrokers, whom eventually they conducted to the grave as magnificently as they had led them to the altar, after ennobling them at their own expense by transactions of a confidential nature with the ruler of a petty principality. Most of them are now understood to be looking round for other alliances, for their funds are again low. In spite of their outlandish cut, they might boast with that monarch of the Georgian line who finally achieved a birthplace on English soil, that they glory in the name of Briton. The rest is all

aboveboard. The local paper publishes, by arrangement, interviews supplied by themselves in proof, in which they narrate lives of romantic adventure rare in our day. They figure as rollicking blades who have sung their own compositions by moonlight under the balconies of Italian countesses, fought pitiless duels with their lords, out-riden and outdrunk the Magyars, and generally led a deuce of a life. Their pose is the union of a Norman pride, in their bearing toward equals, with a British bluntness which at once charms inferiors and keeps them in their place. It is fascinating to surprise them in one of their familiar haunts in town, after a hard day's work in pursuit of the widow of the moment, as they sink into a seat with the order for a pint of beer. It is a sign that they have thrown off the great noble for the enjoyment of a well-earned rest. And should any seek to reimpose it on them by an untimely recitation of titular honors, they will be as likely as not to cry: "Hang the baron; call me Bill!"

Such is the Kisbye set, another wonder of experience in Augusta's wondrous lot. In her exalted station, of course, they are heard but not seen, and she has to piece them together from the confidences of the smoking-room,—as revealed by the duke,—the chatter of her maid, and the scornful comment of Mary Liddicot, whose disgust for their host is now intensified by the rumor that he has hung in his sitting-room a portrait of herself of which he has managed to possess himself by surreptitious means.

The strongest contrast with the older order comes one day when the duchess has to carry out a long-deferred visit to Mary, and indirectly to Mary's father, in one of the moated halls that still survive in this amazing land.

XII

SIR HENRY LIDDICOT at home is the British squire in his most rare and precious and exquisite survival. For a full thousand years the family has been there, not precisely at Liddicot Manor, of course, but there in ownership, and in the county in settlement—one race winning, holding, and sitting tight. The Conquest was an innovation to them. They read of Norman William, as one might say, in their morning papers, wondering what was up now, and

feeling full sure it would not be very much. The rumor of his ship-building was brought to them by runners from the south, and they set out with their quota to join the Saxon king in obedience to royal messages from the north. They were a most respectable family in Alfred's time, and they had shaken their heads over the extension of the empire when a later king took Manchester. Dim rumors of the Mohammedan invasion of India were brought by pious pilgrims to the ale-bench of their hall fire.

Their halls, of course, have changed since then. They have been rebuilt half a dozen times in every style of domestic architecture, each of them—Saxon block-house, Norman keep, Elizabethan manor, with Jacobean or Palladian notions to follow, in turn the smartest thing of its kind.

Here or hereabout have been the Liddicots, taking their share of every good thing going in all that time. Think of it only. It may be simple enough to win the luck, but to keep the luck in the family for a thousand years! It is rare even in this land, with an average peerage which is but a mushroom growth. Families rise and fall as the sap of mastery within them has a nimble or a sluggish flow. So little will do it—a touch, they say. The founder toils; the founder's son takes it easy; the son's son makes a fool of himself, and then, with the Jews as brokers, the many come into their own again.

The Liddicots did it, in the first instance, by their judicious mixture of the attributes of tiger and fox. When they were not snatching, they laid a finger to the nose—not defiantly, as in one of the many varieties of that expressive gesture, but as in mature reflection on the next step. They made their submission to the first William at the right time and in the right way, and he gave them grace. They sided with the greatest of the Edwards in his struggle for domestic mastery, when all the other wisecracks of their part of the country were putting their money on the other horse. They made an equally wise choice with the last Henry, who gave them a monastery or two for their pains, and with Dutch William. After that, though not all at once, the premonitions of the long sleep that overtakes all of us at length came over them. They drew slowly toward the conclusion that there is nothing more

to do but keep a sort of perpetual balance with things as they are. The problem of perpetual rest is as trying as that of perpetual motion, and it has engaged the attention of whole generations of the most respectable families time out of mind.

So they invented a sort of philosophy of fatigue which, in their present representative, has reached its finest flower. The good old baronet has an honest impatience of every kind of thoroughness of thought and action which makes him the perfect Englishman of his time. His whole line in life is determined by a rooted suspicion of first principles. He lives by a glorified rule of thumb, and moves from event to event with the pious ejaculation of "Sufficient unto the day—" He is incurably suspicious of all attempts to get to the bottom of things in "politics, literature, science, and art." "Lord, how the world is given to fads!" is his cry of protest. He shivers at the thought of new departures, unless they are reasonably old, and he is sure that when they started they went beyond what was necessary. He accepts them as soon as they are there, just because they are there, for he is the very genius of submission to the accomplished fact. But if he had been asked his sanction in advance, they would have had long to wait. He is for moderation in all things; even moderation "must n't go too far, you know"—the man of the unjust *milieu*, in a word.

He has elaborated his theory of life as a mere rubbing along in the old house on the old estate, both slowly wearing to decay without discomfort and without shock. All he wants is to live by the land, as his fathers did before him, making it pay for all their mistakes. His farmers farm stupidly, his laborers fly to the towns, he has a spendthrift son in the army—like his sire, one of the best fellows in the world. Yet it never strikes him for one moment that his wasteful housekeeping, his mortgages, his entails, his huge system of patriarchal dependence, is anything less than in the nature of things. He is everything such a man may be expected to be: not a Tory, only a Conservative, in favor of "reasonable reforms," such, for instance, as the one affecting the precedence of baronets; not a Protectionist,—the name brings a shock to his mind,—but only a person desiring a moderate duty for the encouragement of agriculture. He is a

moderate churchman—certainly not High, undoubtedly not Low, one capable of tempering the rigor of the demand for the eastward position by the offer of an east-by-north. He compounds for the confessional by now and then asking his vicar to dinner, and casually putting points of conduct to him over the wine. There is nothing wrong with him in the world but his horoscope: he is Sir Roger de Coverley born just two centuries too late.

To have everything in keeping, his home is his castle in the most literal sense of the term. Where else could he live but in one of the beautiful old moated halls still to be found in England, with living water in the moat? He still raises his drawbridge every night and lowers it every morning, just because his fathers have done the like for centuries, and he really is not equal to the effort of beginning to leave off. His habits are not to be affected by anything so transient as the new dispensation of a county constabulary. What joy in the thought of this continuing city amid the eternal flux of things! You may enter without difficulty by a stone bridge on the other side,—the tradespeople do so enter every day,—but that does not count.

XIII

THE house comes in view at last, peeping forth from its belt of trees as the duchess approaches it on this summer day. The trees were part of the old scheme of fortification. You might pass them without suspecting that they screened an abode of men. The garrison lay in hiding, or pounced forth in sudden aggression, according to circumstances. Now that concealment is no longer necessary, they show a gable at need, or even a whole façade, through the gaps. On one side you catch sight of a whole range of domestic Tudor rising sheer from the moat, where parts of it, resting on columns of solid stonework, stand like a man in water up to the knees. In another façade the owners before building have manifestly been at peace with the world. The struggle of the more elemental kind is over. No one is going to disturb the Liddicots. The architect therefore plans for lawns sloping to the water's edge, treats himself to the stone bridge aforesaid, and cuts down the trees to give a fair view of his handiwork.

The drawbridge is lowered now, "for fun," as Mary promised, and that young person is seen waving joyous welcome from the castellated porch beyond. Augusta answers the signal with her handkerchief, and, at the same time, becomes aware of the master of the house. He is fishing in the moat from his study window, and he decamps in some confusion to take his place at his own door, where he is seen in an entirely suitable framework. He is of middle height, sturdy, square to the four winds—still like his dwelling. He looks engagingly dense, obstinate, unideal—and golden-hearted where he likes, but only there. The manner is blunt—one can hardly say to a fault. He has a singular brevity of conversational style, due to a desire to "get it over" with the smallest possible delay. His broad face is now all melted out of its ordinary lines of character by his unaffected joy at the sight of his guest. He bows his bare head low over her hand in courtly style, leads her to the foot of the great oak staircase, and then, surrendering her to his daughter, turns aside into the dining-room to await her return.

"Mary, what a place!" murmurs Augusta, as they come down-stairs. "What a lavendered memory!"

"Wait till you have seen it," laughs the girl. "Dad, you had better let me be guide: you are too slow. I'll show you over at the same time, if you behave yourself."

"All right, my dear. I shall be here when you want me. Don't trust to her dates, duchess: whenever she gets beyond the Restoration, I have to dig her out."

A great peace steals over Augusta's mind as she strolls through the black oak galleries, the low bedrooms, the lofty reception-rooms of these strata of the past, with their furniture, folios, armor, gear of hall, and gear of bower all in perfect keeping.

"We have everything a genuine old place should have, I think," says Mary, simply, "including the entire absence of a bed slept in by Queen Elizabeth. Those beds are only for the new-fashioned show-houses, and Wardour street can hardly keep pace with the demand. If you want something real in that line, we can show you a bed stuffed with rabbit's fur, the down of its day. Don't look so serious, father dear."

"Don't be foolish, Mary."

"Well, never mind about the bed; but

please, Mary, I want a ghost—only a little one."

"Nothing of that sort here," said the squire.

"Father!"

"Oh, you mean the noises. All fancy, that! They hung the wrong man,—pure inadvertence,—and they thought he walked. They fidgeted—that was all. Besides, it was hundreds of years ago, and what's that to do with us?"

"Yes; but they hung him up-stairs, dad."

"Up-stairs?" shuddered Augusta.

"Old times, you know, duchess. We had to do everything on the premises then, even the judging and—the rest. Modern improvements since—circuits, jails, and what not. Every man's house was his workshop, too. We've a suit of Saxon armor, all steel, and all made in the place."

"All very well for the armor, Sir Henry, I dare say. But for the hanging—who gave them the right?"

"Manorial courts, you know—every lord of a manor his own judge, jury, executioner. I assure you, there was no other way. Great improvements now, and all for the best, I've no doubt."

"The duchess wants to see the room, father."

"Mary!" "Mary!"—from both host and guest. Yet, somehow, one led the way, and the other followed. There was really nothing to see but a long, bare attic immediately under the roof, with huge white-washed cross-beams, which looked little more than a streak in the artificial gloom. The squire seemed to feel that some apology was expected.

"You see, it was very hard to keep the field-laborers from passing out of their class and place of settlement and going to the towns to pick up a trade. It is a difficulty even now, I assure you. Our people were hard sometimes—I can't deny that. We have funny entries in the old register down-stairs—burning on the forehead, and what not. Shocking! I hate all that excess. But I suppose this really was a bad case. It's the only one on the family, so far as I know. My grandfather's grandfather used merely to put 'em in the stocks, and he would be called unreasonable now. We must march with the times."

"Oh, we have been a disreputable gang in our day!" laughs Mary. "We can show you a turret-chamber in the other wing

where one of our remoter grandmamas had to pass her honeymoon behind bars and bolts, after she had been stolen from her father's house."

"They went too far; I've told you, they went too far," says the squire, testily, as he turns from the room. "What can you say more? But we might still learn a thing or two, even from them. I'm going to offer you a carp at luncheon, duchess, caught in the moat this morning, and own brother in point of dressing and flavor to one that was stewed in wine for King Henry VII when he passed this way four hundred years ago."

"You must give me the receipt for Alonby, Sir Henry."

"Mary will turn it into plain English for you. It is in our old buttery-book—one of the best bits of reading in the library. You have to know how to read it, though. It is all in monkish script, and it looks as spider-webbed as a writ of Edward III."

"And all illuminated, if you please," adds Mary, "with an initial letter showing one early Liddicot at dinner helping himself with thumb and finger, and another wiping his mouth with his sleeve and looking as though he had done no evil. Oh, we really were a disreputable set once upon a time! Please don't ask questions about the plate, duchess. Some of it was no better than what the dreadful housebreaking people nowadays call 'swag'—bagged from the looted châteaux by a Liddicot who served under the Regent Bedford in the French wars."

"Mary, don't tease," says her father.

After luncheon they generously leave him to his nap, on pretense of a stroll through the rooms. There is the usual mixture of good and bad in the picture-gallery, most of it old indeed, but not all genuine. Some of the Titians were never seen by that master. Yet they were entirely adequate for wonder and delight to earlier Liddicots who had acquired them on the grand tour. Mingled with these are the family portraits—dames and damsels of many epochs (some, in which the family expression reappears after temporary eclipse, looking like Mary dressed for a masquerade), judges and soldiers, with here and there the kings they served. Both the ladies stop before the effigy of a cavalryman of our time, still glistening with the glories of varnishing-day at the Academy,

fair, yet well tanned by field-sports, well groomed, square-chinned, round-headed, close-cropped, and with a look of satisfaction in the joy of being, characteristic of those spoiled children of Fortune whom she has never put to the trouble of saying "No."

"That's my brother Tom," says the girl, fondly, in answer to the other's glance of inquiry, "and he's coming down next week."

"What a lovely man—I mean what a fine, handsome fellow. Is n't he just perfect!"

"Oh, he's not so bad, though I say it, and the most good-natured thing in the world. But he's just a little costly for poor father. Not that he can help that: it's a crack regiment, you know."

"I suppose he's hard at work at his military studies, with all this trouble ahead at the Cape."

"I don't think so. You see, he had to pass, and all that sort of thing, before he got in, and they don't trouble them much after that. And, besides, he knows where he is on a horse, and he's quite a beautiful shot; so there does n't seem much more to learn."

"One sometimes fancies there might be," says the duchess, gravely. "But I dare say he has quite enough to do."

"Never a moment to spare, I assure you, and four house-parties ahead. It was a terrible London season; in fact, he's coming down to rest."

"Please bring him to Allonby, dear, before the week is out. I hope I shall have a brother to show you soon. I've written for Arthur, who has just left college. The baby, I call him, because he's three years younger than I am; but he's a bit of a man, all the same."

"That will be nice."

The girl is for hurrying on; but the duchess insists on stopping to look at another portrait that hangs by the side of Tom's. It is Mary herself. She is very handsome, tall and finely built. She has dignity—a courteous and gentle dignity, not by any means the terrifying "hauteur" of the melodramatic heroine, though the head is held very high and the whole posture is strong and quietly self-possessed. The dress, so far as one can see it beneath the big cloak, seems to be a sort of lace tea-gown, freely flowing. The face is a full oval (not a peaky egg-shape), the nose straight and somewhat

Grecian. Large brown eyes, frank and kind, and beautifully curved, full lips, give the face an expression of truth and sweetness. Over the brow, which is broad and high, the hair descends in little films and curls, and is piled up on the head in light masses. Resting on these clouds of brown, a large black hat with plumes sweeps upward in a bold slant. It reminds one of the head-gear of some Velasquez portrait—a Spanish general or monarch; and the folds of the dark mantle, lightened as it is by creamy satin and lace, voluminously falling from the shoulders and down the front, add to the rich and flowing effect. It is pleasantly free from the frightened, unimaginative stiffness of ordinary modern costume. Yet Mary is no Velasquez lady with mysterious eyes that look at one straight and brimful of meaning, yet will not reveal one of their myriad secrets. In spite of her great mantle and sweeping hat,

Velasquez would either have refused to paint her, or he would have given her different eyes and a different expression. Her attraction thus transformed might, to some tastes, be more powerful, but she would have lost her simple English quality, and the grand, free, modern look that belongs peculiarly to our day—if portraits truly represent the women of the past.

At their leave-taking Mary gives her guest a bunch of rare and precious ferns that might have suggested a whole course of lectures to a professor of botany—maidenhair, spleenwort, three-leaved saxifrage, hart's-tongue, ivy-leaved snapdragon, even umbellated chickweed, picked from the crannies of wall and roof, or from the crumbling brickwork of the moat.

The duchess wonders as she drives away whether men or mosses have anything more to fear when once they have turned the corner of a thousand years.

(To be continued.)



ALICE FREEMAN PALMER

BY R. W. G.

WHEN fell, to-day, the word that she had gone,
 Not this my thought: Here a bright journey ends,
 Here rests a soul unresting; here, at last,
 Here ends that earnest strength, that generous life—
 For all her life was giving. Rather this
 I said (after the first swift, sorrowing pang):
 Hence, on a new quest, starts an eager spirit—
 No dread, no doubt, unhesitating forth
 With asking eyes; pure as the bodiless souls
 Whom poets vision near the central throne
 Angelically ministrant to man;
 So fares she forth with smiling, Godward face;
 Nor should we grieve, but give eternal thanks—
 Save that we mortal are, and needs must mourn.

NEW YORK, December 7, 1902.

LOVEY MARY

BY ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN


Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

WITH PICTURES BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

VIII

A DENOMINATIONAL GARDEN

"Oh, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities;
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give."

HE following Sunday being decidedly cooler, Lovey Mary was started off to Miss Viny's in quest of yellowroot. She had protested that she was not sick, but Miss Hazy, backed by Mrs. Wiggs, had insisted.

"If you git down sick, it would be a' orful drain on me," was Miss Hazy's final argument, and the point was effective.

As Lovey Mary trudged along the railroad-tracks, she was unaware of the pleasant changes of scenery. The cottages became less frequent, and the bare, dusty commons gave place to green fields. Here and there a tree spread its branches to the breezes, and now and then a snatch of bird song broke the stillness. But Lovey Mary kept gloomily on her way, her eyes fixed on the cross-ties. The thoughts surging through her brain were dark enough to obscure even the sunshine. For three nights she had cried herself to sleep, and the "nervous sensations" were getting worse instead of better.

"Just two months since Kate was hurt," she said to herself. "Soon as she gets out the hospital she 'll be trying to find us again. I believe she was coming to the factory looking for me when she got run over. She'd just like to take Tommy away and send me to jail. Oh, I hate her worse all the time! I wish she was—"

The wish died on her lips, for she suddenly realized that it might already have been fulfilled. Some one coughed near by, and she started guiltily.

"You seem to be in a right deep steddly," said a voice on the other side of the fence.

Lovey Mary glanced up and saw a queer-looking old woman smiling at her quizzically. A pair of keen eyes twinkled under bushy brows, and a fierce little beard bristled from her chin. When she smiled it made Lovey Mary think of a pebble dropped into a pool, for the wrinkles went rippling off from her mouth in ever-widening circles until they were lost in the gray hair under her broad-brimmed hat.

"Are you Miss Viny?" asked Lovey Mary, glancing at the old-fashioned flower-garden beyond.

"Well, I been that fer sixty year'; I ain't heard of no change," answered the old lady.

"Miss Hazy sent me after some yellowroot," said Lovey Mary, listlessly.

"Who fer?"

"Me."

Miss Viny took a pair of large spectacles from her pocket, put them on the tip of her nose, and looked over them critically at Lovey Mary.

"Stick out yer tongue."

Lovey Mary obeyed.

"Uh-huh. It's a good thing I looked. You don't no more need yallerroot than a bumblebee. You come in here on the porch an' tell me what 's ailin' you, an' I 'll do my own prescriptin'."

Lovey Mary followed her up the narrow path that ran between a mass of flowers. Snowy oleanders, yellow asters, and purple

phlox crowded together in a space no larger than Miss Hazy's front yard. Lovey Mary forgot her troubles in sheer delight in seeing so many flowers together.

"Do you love 'em, too?" asked Miss Viny, jerking her thumb over her shoulder.

"I guess I would if I had a chance. I never saw them growing out of doors like this. I always had to look at them through the store windows."

sort of soil you goin' to work with, then you have to sum up all the things you have to fight ag'in. Next you choose what flowers are goin' to hold the best places. That 's a mighty important question in churches, too, ain't it? Then you go to plantin', the thicker the better, fer in both you got to allow fer a mighty fallin' off. After that you must take good keer of what you got, an' be sure to plant something



Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"STICK OUT YER TONGUE"

"Oh, law, don't talk to me 'bout caged-up flowers! I don't b'lieve in shuttin' a flower up in a greenhouse any more 'n I b'lieve in shuttin' myself up in one church."

Lovey Mary remembered what Miss Hazy had told her of Miss Viny's pernicious religious views, and she tried to change the subject. But Miss Viny was started upon a favorite theme and was not to be diverted.

"This here is a denominational garden, an' I got every congregation I ever heard of planted in it. I ain't got no favorite bed. I keer fer 'em all jes alike. When you come to think of it, the same rule holds good in startin' a garden as does in startin' a church. You first got to steady what

new each year. Once in a while some of the old growths has to be thinned out, an' the new upstarts an' suckers has to be pulled up. Now, if you 'll come out here I 'll show you round."

She started down the path, and Lovey Mary, somewhat overwhelmed by this oration, followed obediently.

"These here are the Baptists," said Miss Viny, waving her hand toward a bed of heliotrope and flags. "They want lots of water; like to be wet clean through. They sorter set off to theyselves an' 'tend to their own business; don't keer much 'bout minglin' with the other flowers."

Lovey Mary did not understand very clearly what Miss Viny was talking about,

but she was glad to follow her in the winding paths, where new beauties were waiting at every turn.

"These is geraniums, ain't they? One of the girls had one, once, in a flower-pot when she was sick."

"Yes," said Miss Viny; "they're Methodist. They fall from grace an' has to be revived; they like lots of encouragement in the way of sun an' water. These phlox are Methodist, too; no set color, easy to grow, hardy an' vigorous. Pinchin' an' cuttin' back the shoots makes it flower all the better; needs new soil every few years. Now, ain't that Methodist down to the ground?"

"Are there any Presbyterians?" asked Lovey Mary, beginning to grasp Miss Viny's meaning.

"Yes, indeed; they are a good, old, reliable bed. Look at all these roses an' tiger-lilies an' dahlias; they all knew what they was goin' to be afore they started to grow. They was elected to it, an' they'll keep on bein' what they started out to be clean to the very end."

"I know about predestination," cried Lovey Mary, eagerly. "Miss Bell used to tell us all those things."

"Who did?"

Lovey Mary flushed crimson. "A lady I used to know," she said evasively.

Miss Viny crossed the garden, and stopped before a bed of stately lilies and azaleas. "These are 'Piscopals," she explained. "Ain't they tony? Jes look like they thought their bed was the only one in the garden. Somebody said that a lily did n't have no pore kin among the flowers. It ain't no wonder they 'most die of dignity. They're like the 'Piscopals in more ways 'n one; both hates to be disturbed, both likes some shade, an'—confidentially—"both air pretty pernickity. But, to tell you the truth, ain't nothin' kin touch 'em when it comes to beauty. I think all the other beds is proud of 'em, if you'd come to look into it. Why, look at weddin's an' funerals! Don't all the churches call in the 'Piscopals an' the lilies on both them occasions?"

Lovey Mary nodded vaguely.

"An' here," continued Miss Viny, "are the Unitarians. You may be s'prised at me fer havin' 'em in here, 'long with the orthodox churches; but if the sun an' the rain don't make no distinction, I don't see

what right I got to put 'em on the other side of the fence. These first is sweet-william, as rich in bloom as the Unitarian is in good works, a-sowin' theyselves constant, an' every little plant a-puttin' out a flower."

"Ain't there any Catholics?" asked Lovey Mary.

"Don't you see them hollyhaws an' snowballs an' laylacs? All of them are Catholics, takin' up lots of room an' needin' the prunin'-knife pretty often, but bringin' cheer an' brightness to the whole garden when it needs it most. Yes, I guess you'd have trouble thinkin' of any sect I ain't got planted. Them ferns over in the corner is Quakers. I ain't never seen no Quakers, but they tell me that they don't b'lieve in flowerin' out; that they like coolness an' shade an' quiet, an' are jes the same the year round. These colea plants are the apes; they are all things to all men, take on any color that's round 'em, kin be the worst kind of Baptists or Presbyterians, but if left to theyselves they run back to good-fer-nothin's. This here everlastin' is one of these here Christians that's so busy thinkin' 'bout dyin' that he fergits to live."

Miss Viny chuckled as she crumbled the dry flower in her fingers.

"See how different this is," she said, plucking a sprig of lemon-verbena. "This an' the mint an' the sage an' the lavender is all true Christians; jes by bein' touched they give out a' influence that makes the whole world a sweeter place to live in. But, after all, they can't all be alike. There's all sorts of Christians: some stands fer sunshine, some fer shade; some fer beauty, some fer use; some up high, some down low. There's jes one thing all the flowers has to unite in fightin' ag'inst—that's the canker-worm, Hate. If it once gits in a plant, no matter how good an' strong that plant may be, it eats right down to its heart."

"How do you get it out, Miss Viny?" asked Lovey Mary, earnestly.

"Prayer an' perseverance. If the Christian 'll do his part, God 'll do hisn. You see, I'm tryin' to be to these flowers what God is to his churches. The sun, which answers to the Sperrit, has to shine on 'em all, an' the rain, which answers to God's mercy, has to fall on 'em all. I jes watch 'em, an' plan fer 'em, an' shelter 'em, an' love 'em, an' if they do their part, they're

bound to grow. Now I'm goin' to cut you a nice bo'quet to carry back to the Cab-bage Patch."

So engrossed were the two in selecting and arranging the flowers that neither thought of the yellowroot or its substitute. Nevertheless, as Lovey Mary tramped briskly back over the railroad-ties with her burden of blossoms, she bore a new thought in her heart which was destined to bring about a surer cure than any of Miss Viny's most efficient herbs.

IX

LABOR DAY

"And cloudy the day, or stormy the night,
The sky of her heart was always bright."

"T WOULD N'T s'prise me none if we had cyclones an' tornadoes by evenin', it looks so thundery outdoors."

It was inconsiderate of Miss Hazy to make the above observation in the very face of the most elaborate preparations for a picnic, but Miss Hazy's evil predictions were too frequent to be effective.

"I'll scurry round an' git another loaf of bread," said Mrs. Wiggs, briskly, as she put a tin pail into the corner of the basket. "Lovey Mary, you put in the eggs an' git them cookies outen the stove. I promised them boys a picnic on Labor Day, an' we are goin', if it snows."

"Awful dangerous in the woods when it storms," continued Miss Hazy. "I heared of a man oncet that would go to a picnic in the rain, an' he got struck so bad it burned his shoes plump off."

"Must have been the same man that got drowned, when he was little, fer goin' in swimmin' on Sunday," answered Mrs. Wiggs, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Mebbe 't was," said Miss Hazy.

Lovey Mary vibrated between the door and the window, alternating between hope and despair. She had set her heart on the picnic with the same intensity of desire that had characterized her yearning for goodness and affection and curly hair.

"I believe there is a tiny speck more blue," she said, scanning the heavens for the hundredth time.

"Course there is," cried Mrs. Wiggs; "an' even if there ain't, we'll have the picnic anyway. I b'lieve in havin' a good time when you start out to have it. If you git knocked out of one plan, you want to

git yerself another right quick, before yer sperrits has a chance to fall. Here comes Jake an' Chris with their baskets. Suppose you rench off yer hands an' go gether up the rest of the children. I 'spect Billy's done hitched up by this time."

At the last moment Miss Hazy was still trying to make up her mind whether or not she would go. "Them wheels don't look none too stiddy fer sich a big load," she said cautiously.

"Them wheels is a heap sight stiddier than your legs," declared Mrs. Wiggs. "An' there ain't a meeker hoss in Kentucky than Cuby. He looks like he might 'a' belonged to a preacher 'stid of bein' a broken-down engine-hoss."

An unforeseen delay was occasioned by a heated controversy between Lovey Mary and Tommy concerning the advisability of taking Cusmoodle.

"There ain't more than room enough to squeeze you in, Tommy," she said, "let alone that fat old duck."

"'T ain't a fat old duck."

"'T is, too! He sha'n't go. You'll have to stay at home yourself if you can't be good."

"I feel like I was doin' to det limber," threatened Tommy.

Mrs. Wiggs recognized a real danger. She also knew that discretion was the better part of valor. "Here's a nice little place up here by me, jes big enough fer you an' Cusmoodle. You kin set on the basket; it won't mash nothin'. If we're packed in good an' tight, can't none of us fall out."

When the last basket was stored away, the party started off in glee, leaving Miss Hazy still irresolute in the doorway, declaring that "she almost wisht she had 'a' went."

The destination had not been decided upon, so it was discussed as the wagon jolted along over the cobblestones.

"Let's go out past Miss Viny's," suggested Jake; "there's a bully woods out there."

"Aw, no; let's go to Tick Creek an' go in wadin'."

Mrs. Wiggs, seated high above the party and slapping the reins on Cuba's back, allowed the lively debate to continue until trouble threatened, then she interfered:

"I think it would be nice to go over to the cemetery. We'd have to cross the city, but when you git out there there's plenty

of grass an' trees, an' it runs right 'long-side the river."

The proximity of the river decided the matter.

"I won't hardly take a swim!" said Jake, going through the motions, to the discomfort of the two little girls who were hanging their feet from the back of the wagon.

"I'm afraid it's going to rain so hard that you can take your swim before you get there," said Lovey Mary, as the big drops began to fall.

The picnic party huddled on the floor of the wagon in a state of great merriment, while Mrs. Wiggs spread an old quilt over as many of them as it would cover.

"'T ain't nothin' but a summer shower," she said, holding her head on one side to keep the rain from driving in her face. "I 'spect the sun is shinin' at the cemetery right now."

As the rickety wagon, with its drenched and shivering load, rattled across Main street, an ominous sound fell upon the air:

One — two — three! "ASIA HELD OUT HER HANDS, WHICH WERE COVERED WITH WARM RED MITTS"

One — two!

Mrs. Wiggs wrapped the lines about her wrists and braced herself for the struggle. But Cuba had heard the summons, his heart had responded to the old call, and with one joyous bound he started for the fire.

"Hold on tight!" yelled Mrs. Wiggs. "Don't none of you fall out. Whoa, Cuby! Whoa! I'll stop him in a minute. Hold tight!"

Cuba kicked the stiffness out of his legs, and laying his ears back, raced valiantly for five squares neck and neck with the engine-horses. But the odds were against him; Mrs. Wiggs and Chris sawing on one line, and Billy and Jake pulling on the other, proved too heavy a handicap. Within

sight of the fire he came to a sudden halt.

"It's the lumber-yards!" called Chris, climbing over the wheels. "Looks like the whole town's on fire."

"Let's unhitch Cuby an' tie him, an' stand in the wagon an' watch it," cried Mrs. Wiggs, in great excitement.

The boys were not content to be stationary, so they rushed away, leaving Mrs.

Wiggs and the girls, with Tommy and the duck, to view the conflagration at a safe distance.

For two hours the fire raged, leaping from one stack of lumber to another, and threatening the adjacent buildings. Every fire-engine in the department was called out, the commons were black with people, and the excitement was intense.

"Ain't you glad we come?" cried Lovey Mary, dancing up and down in the wagon.

"We never come. We was brought," said Asia.

Long before the fire was under control, the sun had come through the clouds and was shining brightly. Picnics, however, were not to be con-

sidered when an attraction like this was to be had. When the boys finally came straggling back, the fire was nearly out, the crowd had dispersed, and only the picnic party was left on the commons.

"It's too late to start to the cemetery," said Mrs. Wiggs, thoughtfully. "What do you all think of havin' the picnic right here an' now?"

The suggestion was regarded as nothing short of an inspiration.

"The only trouble," continued Mrs. Wiggs, "is 'bout the water. Where we goin' to git any to drink? I know one of the firemen, Pete Jenkins; if I could see him I'd ast him to pour us some outen the hose."



Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"Gimme the pail; I 'll go after him," cried Jake.

"Naw, you don't; I 'm a-goin'. It 's my maw that knows him," said Billy.

"That ain't nothin'. My uncle knows the chief of police! Can't I go, Mrs. Wiggs?"

Meanwhile Chris had seized the hint and the bucket, and was off in search of Mr. Peter Jenkins, whose name would prove an open sesame to that small boy's paradise—the engine side of the rope.

The old quilt, still damp, was spread on the ground, and around it sat the picnic party, partaking ravenously of dry sandwiches and cheese and cheer. Such laughing and crowding and romping as there was! Jake gave correct imitations of everybody in the Cabbage Patch, Chris did some marvelous stunts with his wooden leg, and Lovey Mary sang every funny song that she knew. Mrs. Wiggs stood in the wagon above them, and dispensed hospitality as long as it lasted. Cuba, hitched to a fence near by, needed no material nourishment. He was contentedly sniffing the smoke-filled air, and living over again the days of his youth.

When the party reached home, tired and grimy, they were still enthusiastic over the fine time they had had.

"It 's jes the way I said," proclaimed Mrs. Wiggs, as she drove up with a flourish; "you never kin tell which way pleasure is a-comin'. Who ever would 'a' thought, when we aimed at the cemetery, that we 'd land up at a first-class fire?"

X

A TIMELY VISIT

"The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart."

WEEKS and months slipped by, and the Cabbage Patch ate breakfast and supper by lamplight. Those who could afford it were laying in their winter coal, and those who could not were providently pasting brown paper over broken window-panes, and preparing to keep Jack Frost at bay as long as possible.

One Saturday as Lovey Mary came home from the factory, she saw a well-dressed figure disappearing in the distance.

"Who is that lady?" she demanded sus-

piciously of Europena Wiggs, who was swinging violently on the gate.

"T ain't no lady," said Europena. "It 's my Sunday-school teacher."

"Mrs. Redding?"

"Uh-huh. She wants Asia to come over to her house this evenin'."

"Wisht I could go," said Lovey Mary.

"Why can't you?" asked Mrs. Wiggs, coming to the open door. "Asia would jes love to show Mrs. Reddin' how stylish you look in that red dress. I 'll curl yer hair on the poker if you want me to."

Any diversion from the routine of work was acceptable, so late that afternoon the two girls, arrayed in their best garments, started forth to call on the Reddings.

"I wisht I had some gloves," said Lovey Mary, rubbing her blue fingers.

"If I 'd 'a' thought about it I 'd 'a' made you some before we started. It don't take no time." Asia held out her hands, which were covered with warm red mitts. "I make 'em outen Billy's old socks after the feet 's wore off."

"I don't see how you know how to do so many things," said Lovey Mary, admiringly.

"T ain't nothin'," disclaimed Asia, modestly. "It 's jes the way maw brought us up. Whenever we started out to do a thing she made us finish it someway or 'nother. Oncet when we was all little we lived in the country. She sent Billy out on the hoss to git two watermelon, an' told him fer him not to come home without 'em. When Billy got out to the field he found all the watermelon so big he could n't carry one, let alone two. What do you think he done?"

"Come home without 'em?"

"No, sir, he never! He jes set on the fence an' thought awhile, then he took offen his jeans pants an' put a watermelon in each leg an' hanged 'em 'crost old Rolle's back an' come ridin' home bare-legged."

"I think he 's the nicest boy in the Cabbage Patch," said Lovey Mary, laughing over the incident. "He never does tease Tommy."

"That 's 'cause he likes you. He says you 've got grit. He likes the way you cleaned up Miss Hazy an' stood up to Mr. Stubbins."

A deeper color than even the fresh air warranted came into Lovey Mary's cheeks,

and she walked on awhile in pleased silence.

"Don't you want to wear my gloves awhile?" asked Asia.

"No; my hands ain't cold any more," said Lovey Mary.

"I 'spect they have turkey every day, don't they, Asia?"

Before Asia's veracity was tested to the limit, the girls were startled by the sudden appearance of an excited housemaid at the side door.



Homes, Scovel Shinn

Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"MASTER ROBERT REDDING WAS RIGHT SIDE UP AGAIN, SOBBING HIMSELF QUIET IN LOVEY MARY'S ARMS"

As they turned into Terrace Park, with its beautiful grounds, its fountains and statuary, Asia stopped to explain:

"Jes rich folks live over here. That there is the Reddin's' house, the big white one where them curbstome ladies are in the yard. I wisht you could git a peek in the parlor; they've got chairs made outer real gold, an' strandaliers that look like icicles all hitched together."

"Do they set on the gold chairs?"

"No, indeed; the legs is too wabby fer that. I reckon they're jes to show how rich they are. This here is where the carriage drives in. Their hired man wears a high-style hat, an' a fur cape jes like Mrs. Reddin's."

"Simmons! Simmons!" she screamed. "Oh, where is that man? I'll have to go for somebody myself." And without noticing the girls, she ran hastily down the driveway.

Asia, whose calmness was seldom ruffled, led the way into the entry. "That's the butter's pantry," she said, jerking her thumb over her shoulder.

"Don't they keep nothing in it but butter?" gasped Lovey Mary.

"Reckon not. They've got a great big box jes fer ice; not another thing goes in it."

Another maid ran down the steps, calling Simmons.

Asia, a frequent visitor at the house,

made her way unconcernedly up to the nursery. On the second floor there was great confusion; the telephone was ringing, servants were hurrying to and fro.

"He'll choke to death before the doctor gets here!" they heard the nurse say as she ran through the hall. From the open nursery door they could hear the painful gasps and coughs of a child in great distress.

Asia paused on the landing, but Lovey Mary darted forward. The mother instinct, ever strong within her, had responded instantly to the need of the child. In the long, dainty room, full of beautiful things, she saw only the terrified baby on his mother's lap, his face purple, his eyes distended, as he fought for his breath.

Without a word she sprang forward, and grasping the child by his feet, held him at arm's-length and shook him violently. Mrs. Redding screamed, and the nurse, who was rushing in with hot milk, dropped the cup in horror. But a tiny piece of hard candy lay on the floor, and Master Robert Red-

ding was right side up again, sobbing himself quiet in Lovey Mary's arms.

After the excitement had subsided, and two doctors and Mr. Redding had arrived breathless upon the scene, Mrs. Redding, for the dozenth time, lavished her gratitude upon Lovey Mary:

"And to think you saved my precious baby! The doctor said it was the only thing that could have saved him, yet we four helpless women had no idea what to do. How did you know, dear? Where did you ever see it done?"

Lovey Mary, greatly abashed, faced the radiant parents, the two portly doctors, and the servants in the background.

"I learned on Tommy," she said in a low voice. "He swallowed a penny once that we was going to buy candy with. I did n't have another, so I had to shake it out."

During the laugh that followed, she and Asia escaped, but not before Mr. Redding had slipped a bill into her hand, and the beautiful Mrs. Redding had actually given her a kiss!

(Conclusion next month.)



HER FREEDOM

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE

JUDGE EVERETT was holding court at Holly Ridge and the boys were away on a fishing-trip when the robbers came, so nobody was in the house but the madam and Aunt Nancy.

Now the madam was as deaf as a post and could n't see a blink without her glasses; so Aunt Nancy, who had the eye of a bird and the ear of a mouse, was detailed to sleep in the dressing-room during the judge's absence. Not that the madam was afraid or that any need for protection was considered, for the madam did not come of fearful stock, and, besides, such a thing as a marauder had never been known on the plantation.

Nevertheless, Aunt Nancy had been

looking for robbers for nearly forty years, and this night was not an exception.

Of course it would never have done for her to hint of her chronic fears to Ole Miss, nor to have told her how many hundred times she looked under her bed with her heart in her mouth; for Ole Miss would bear no trifling, and Aunt Nancy knew that she might be deprived of her post of honor in a twinkling.

The falling of dusk found her very restless, for there was so much more of the "Big House" to be anxious about than there was of her cabin. Personally she superintended the bringing in of wood for a possible cool morning, and Pete and Milton, the luckless little "toters," each received a hearty cuff when they finished their minis-

trations by overturning a basket of chips on the hearth. All the time, under her breath, Aunt Nancy talked, for there was nobody near but the madam, and she could not hear.

"Don' you think as how we mought mek S'lim sleep on de front po'ch ter-night, Ole Miss?" she screamed at last into the madam's ear.

"La, dear, no, Nancy!" said Ole Miss, looking up sharply from the crewels she was sorting. "I don't want any nigger to sleep on my front veranda, or back one, either; and if you are that scary in your old age, just send Rebecca to me."

This was enough, for Rebecca was the only rival in Ole Miss's good graces that she had ever known.

So Aunt Nancy held her peace; but while the madam was at table she slipped young Ashbel's rifle from behind the door in the hall and asked Selim to load it with bird-shot. Now Selim was something of a joker in his own fashion.

"Hain't yo' 'feared hit kick yo', Aunt Nancy?"

"Dat rifle hain't neber gwine kick Nancy; you min' you' own business an' load 'er up."

"What fer?" queried Selim.

"Possum," answered Aunt Nancy, laconically.

"Huh! possum hain't ripe by two mont's yit"; and Selim proceeded to load with a purpose.

"Ole Miss know you got it?" asked Selim, when he had finished.

"Yas."

"Wall, we 'll sho hear dat when you aims at you' possum," said Selim, and he laughed.

Guiltily Aunt Nancy wrapped the rifle in her apron, for she knew that the negroes were not permitted to have firearms without special permission, and she had just put the gun behind the door in the dressing-room when the madam came across the hall.

If there was anything that Nancy appreciated, it was the confidence in which she was held by the madam, and she spoke very superciliously to Martha as she made her mistress ready for bed; but when the last touches had been given, and Ole Miss had said good night, the lights put out by Martha, and the door of the dressing-room closed save by half an inch, Aunt Nancy

prophetically felt the "goose-bumps" rise in the dark.

"Hain't gwine ter tie up my head dis night, 'ca'se I got ter leabe dese ye'rs out sho, an' Nancy des haf ter trus' de good Lord 'bout ketchin' cole in de head. Ay me! ef Ole Miss had er des let S'lim sleep on de po'ch, hit 'd er eased ole Nancy powerful!"

Then unintentionally Aunt Nancy drew the covers over her head and slept. It might have been two or three o'clock when the old negress woke with a start; she thought or dreamed she heard a sash being raised. Then the clock in its niche on the stairs finished striking.

"Humph!" grunted Aunt Nancy, in disgust, "I sho 'peared ter smell er strange body. But I got my dander up now, an' des es well git up an' look."

The half-light before the dawning filled the room with vague, uncertain figures, but through the crack Aunt Nancy, with her keen eyes, saw enough, for the low window was wide open, and a tall figure stood beside the madam's bed.

"O my Lord!" moaned Aunt Nancy, "he done kim, after all dese years, an' I des sho knowed he would! Po' Ole Miss! But I cain't go in dar—no, I cain't!"

She tried to raise the rifle to her shoulder, but the strong arm was nerveless and trembling, though she knew there was no living soul within a mile to call for help, not even a negro.

Again the window-space was darkened, and another figure came through.

"Po' Ole Miss! But I cain't go in dar—no, I cain't!"

The two figures were moving noiselessly about through the madam's room.

"O my Gord! yo' coward Nancy! Yo' better git up f'om dar an' do erbout!"

And self-spurred, with knees knocking together at every step, she put a chair in front of the door and brought the rifle to a stand across it, with the long barrel in the crack.

The robbers were overturning everything while Ole Miss slept peacefully on, and Aunt Nancy, at random, pulled the trigger with fingers cold and shaking; but the rifle did not fire.

One, two—there were three of them now, actually daring to invade the sanctity of Ole Miss's wardrobe! But in her haste Aunt Nancy had forgotten to cock the rifle.

Now, closing both eyes tight, with a prayer for her eternal happiness, Aunt Nancy pulled with all her might.

There was a reverberation that would have done credit to a masked battery, and it was some little time before Aunt Nancy could gather herself and her wits together from the other end of the room, for Selim had loaded better than she knew, and had loaded for bear.

"Close the windows, Nancy! Don't you hear it thundering?" the madam called querulously from her bed.

"Ole Miss, hit were robbers, an' I shot Marse Ashbel's gun!" shouted Nancy from her stronghold, for she was afraid to enter the other room.

"Pish! if you are afraid of thunder, send Rebecca to me!" called Ole Miss, petulantly; and Aunt Nancy, fearful and breathless, sat up on her pallet and waited for daybreak.

When daylight came at last, Aunt Nancy was a heroine indeed, for the negroes, rising early, had traced bloody tracks from down in the quarters up to Ole Marse's door, and midway, in the bushes, found one of the robbers desperately wounded. Then Aunt Nancy brought the rifle out to show them how she fired. Ole Miss could n't do enough for Aunt Nancy then, and for the dozenth time, before the day was over, the old negress had to curtsy over gifts until she was fairly embarrassed with them.

"I did n' do nuffin' but des shoot de gun; but ef I eber gits shet er de kickin' er dat rifle, I lay I gwine git eben wid dat S'lim."

When the judge and the boys came home, Aunt Nancy was set free, and the whole plantation had a breakdown in honor of the event, Aunt Nancy even straightening out her bandaged knee to dance with 'Rias, who, with a record of five wives, suddenly became very partial to the heroine.

At the first, freedom was blissfully sweet, particularly as it was haloed with heroism, which entitled to special consideration; and Aunt Nancy was very happy in her little cabin, with her garden-spot, her chickens, and her pig. But after the newness wore off, and her fickle admirers sought a fresher novelty, her extra chair was not occupied so frequently, nor the pattern of her quilt asked so often, and the spirit of envy was not in the least hidden. Aunt Nancy her-

self felt an inward unrest. Perhaps it was the routine of a lifetime that she missed, for she could rise when she chose, and keep a light in her cabin all night without a reprimand, a procedure which was very tempting, for Aunt Nancy lived alone, without "chick or child," and her fears were in no way abated. Then, too, the added responsibility weighed heavily upon her unwonted shoulders, for she actually had to make her own living.

At the beginning it was all very queer and novel to sell the cotton from her patch to Ole Marse, and her vegetables to the Big House, and to be paid in real money for them, and plenty of it, too; but, alas! her name was not on the list in the sewing-room now, and Susan never sent for her to measure the girth of her belt; for Aunt Nancy, as a free woman, had to make her own garments.

"I ain' min' pickin' out two hundud er day—I kin do dat proud an' easy-lack," sighed Aunt Nancy, with her lap full of "blue checks," as she struggled with her needle and thread; "but hit 's de keepin' er de freed in de eye (an' hit won' go frough ef I ties hit in), an' de hitchin' er de body ter de 'coat, dat beat my time. Ay Lord! ef Ole Marse wanter do sumpen fer me, ef he des guv me two half-dollars dat I mought show ter de res' er de niggers, an' lemme 'lone 'bout dis here freedom, I be er sight better off dis day! I des bardaciously cain't stan' dis! I des go out whar I belong an' hoe my cotton!" And Aunt Nancy threw needle, thread, and goods contemptuously under the bed.

"I des cain't see what good dis here doin' uv me, nohow. I 's mighty painful ober hit, an' I hain't got nobody ter leabe hit ter, nuther," grumbled the free woman later, over her solitary supper. "An' dar kim dat 'Rias, dat worfliss ole 'Rias, sparkin' roun' powerful since I sot free. Hain't no fool lack er ole fool, an' dis one lack de shape er my pig."

"Ebenin', 'Rias. Kim in an' tek er bite?" called Aunt Nancy, setting the extra chair.

"Bleeged; don' keer ef I does, 'ca'se you 's er mighty fine cook, Nancy"; and the lazy, shambling body sank into the vacant chair.

"I des hab er little piece er business wid you dis ebenin', Nancy, an' ober dis table er mighty comferble place ter tell hit."

"I does set er nice table, ef I does des set hit fer myse'f," said Aunt Nancy, with pride.

"Dat des what I were er-thinkin'," said 'Rias, clearing his throat. "Ah—hit 's powerful lonesome down my way, an' hit 'pear lack de owls an' de whup'wills holler dar mo' 'n dey eber holler erfore, des 'ca'se hit 's lonesome. I hangs de 'coats er de five t' other uns, dead an' gone, on dey pegs all roun' de cabin fer comp'ny, but hit cain't do any good, an' my heart des keeps er-mo'nin' an' mo'nin' fer 'em all. I tells you, Nancy,"—there was a rising quaver in 'Rias's voice now, and he pushed back his plate,—"*I 's mighty ca'm on de outside, but de inside mo'ns fer all de five, long an' sad es de sweepin' moss on de trees. Ef you des mought look on de inside er dis here chist, you 'd see er sight dat 'u'd mek you cry; sho 'nough, Nancy, hit 'u'd mek you cry!*"

"Cheer up, Br'er 'Rias, cheer up! Why n't you kim an' tek er peaceable smoke wid me when you feels dat way?" asked Aunt Nancy, touched by the pitiful recital.

"'Ca'se dat des mek me de lonesomer," sighed 'Rias.

"Den I kim down ter you' cabin an' pearten up fer you some. Hain't no usen to feel dat way 'bout Rachel dyin'. You done los' fo' befo', an' 'pear lack you mought be uster hit by now," said Aunt Nancy, unguardedly.

"But I hain't, an' my heart gittin' powerful disj'inted-lack ever' day; ef hit go on dis erway much longer, I feels I hain't gwine tarry in dis sinful worl' but er mighty little spell. Dey hain't nobody but you kin hope me, Nancy, an' dat what de little business am erbout."

"Whar ail you?" asked the old woman, peering into his face. "'Ca'se I 's er mighty good doctor, ef I does haf ter say hit fer myse'f, an' my yarb tea 'll cure anybody's ailments, ef dey time hain't kim fer dem ter die."

"Ay Lord! dey hain't no yarb tea ner truck dat kin retch my ail, Nancy! What 'll cure me 's fer you ter fetch de pig an' de chickens down ter my cabin an' let 'em stay dar, an' you stay wid 'em. An' I des wants you ter tek dem five 'omen's 'coats down f'om dey five pegs an' w'ar 'em ever' day, I does; an' I won' ax ter die no longer, Nancy, arter we is maireyed. I has er call, sho, fer ter tell you dis, 'ca'se I 's biddin'

hard fer de grabe ef you don'. I done ax Ole Marse, an' he say 'Yas,' an' now I axes you; an', 'fore Gord, you got ter do hit, Nancy! Is yo' ready?"

A harmonious scale in the gamut of human emotions had been run by the wily 'Rias, but this last note was a miserable discord, from which the sympathetic soul of Aunt Nancy recoiled.

"Who say I got ter do anything when I 's free? Go 'way f'om here, yo' covetin' ole houn'! You des want my pig an' my chickens—yo' des wan' ter fedder you' nes' wid 'em! *You gwine maireyin', wid one foot in de grabe an' t' other huntin' fer hit! Yo' gwine mek ole Nancy "number six," ter kill 'er off fer what she got! Git out f'om here, yo' bag er ole soap-bones! Naw, I hain't ready!*"

But having relieved his mind and eaten a good supper, 'Rias shambled off in a measure content, for he believed that he knew the ways of women.

Nancy's freedom bore an added sorrow, for this was the beginning of a series of petty persecutions on the part of 'Rias. Nothing was secret from him, nothing was private. Nancy might be hoeing in her patch, singing a good old-fashioned song at the top of her voice, when suddenly the angular form of 'Rias would appear before her, as though he had dropped from the clouds. Into her window by daylight the insinuating face would be thrust, through the doorway at midnight, waking her from a sound sleep, at the "meetings" on Sunday, on her visiting rounds on week-days, and even through the keyhole, the chinks between the logs, and the cracks in the floor, a sepulchral voice would ask the often-repeated question, "Are you ready?"

"Hit 'des bardaciously worse 'n bein' 'feared er robbers," said Aunt Nancy to herself, "an' ef I don' git 'tection f'om him somers, I 'll be er-uppin' an' er-maireyin' of him some day, des ter git shet of him."

Aunt Nancy had a plan, but there was no use in saying anything to Ole Miss about it, for the whole matter was a secret, and to make Ole Miss hear, it would have to be shouted over the whole plantation. So when Aunt Nancy thought she could bear it no longer, she sought Ole Marse.

She had planned it all out in her own mind what she was to say, but once before Ole Marse, her speech was gone, and she

stood nervously twisting the corner of her apron.

"Well, Nancy?" said Ole Marse.

"I don't like bein' free, Ole Marse," Aunt Nancy stammered at last.

"Pshaw!" said Ole Marse, laughing. "Freedom's all right. Tell Bithie I say to give you a pound of white sugar, and tell Susan to cut you out a dress." Then Ole Marse took up his paper again, and the opportunity was lost.

But the persecution of 'Rias was intolerable. Twice of late there had been a stormy remonstrance, and finally, unable to stand it longer, Aunt Nancy again sought Ole Marse, and this time, through sheer desperation, she was able to find her tongue.

"I don't want hit nohow, Ole Marse," concluded Aunt Nancy, "'ca'se I 'll go des plumb 'stracted ef I cain't git shet er 'Rias, an' ef I don't git 'tection f'om him somehow, I sho gwine mairey 'im des ter git shet of 'im!"

"Then go and marry 'Rias, Nancy. Older women than you have turned fool and married," said Ole Marse, reflectively.

"But I hain't tu'ned fool, an' I don't want'er mairey," said Aunt Nancy, positively.

"Then what do you want? Here I have gone and done the very best thing I could imagine for you, and you come back dissatisfied. Don't they pay you enough for your garden-truck?"

"Lord, Ole Marse! dat hain't what I 's drivin' at! Hit 's de inside, not de outside, dat 's er-pesterin' er me, an' hit wa'n't de bestes' thing, arter all, 'ca'se 'Rias hain't lemme hab er minute's peace sence he knowed hit. I needs 'tection—'tection f'om 'Rias, an' 'tection f'om myse'f, Ole Marse, 'ca'se when 'Rias git ter talkin' his hyper-crick talk, he know how ter mek er 'oman mighty pitiful in 'er feelin's, Ole Marse, an' I sho ain't want ter mairey 'Rias!"

"Then what do you propose for me to do?" asked Ole Marse, biting his mustache to repress a smile.

"Des dis, Ole Marse," said Aunt Nancy, twisting her apron-string hard. "Ef you done gib freedom ter me, an' you cain't

tek hit back 'ca'se you done gub hit, ef I is de mistis er my own se'f an' my boss, buy me back, please, sah, f'om myse'f, so 's I kin hab de 'tection an' er marster lack I use' ter hab, an' put me ter wuk in de fiel', lack I use' ter was, an' tek 'way de chick-ens an' de pig wid de freedom. Den when 'Rias see I hain't nuffin' but er po' ole nigger wid er marster ober 'er, he stop dat sparkin' roun' quick 'nough!"

"Buy you from yourself?" queried Ole Marse.

There was an anxious look in Aunt Nancy's eyes.

"Cain't you do hit, Ole Marse?"

"Well, I suppose so, if you want me to do it," said the judge, deliberately. "What do you think you are worth, Nancy?"

"Not mo' 'n five hundud dollars, Ole Marse; but I won't be wuth five hundud cents ef 'Rias keep on."

"Well, I could n't pay that much cash for you down," said Ole Marse, seriously.

"Would you be satisfied with fifty dollars and my note at ten years for the balance, giving you the privilege of giving up the contract at any time that you pay back the fifty dollars?"

"Yas, sah; des so 's I kin git clean shet er 'Rias."

"I wisht you 'd tek keer er dis fifty, Ole Marse, twels I needs hit," said Aunt Nancy, when she had put her mark to the contract and the judge had signed the note, "an' keep de note wid hit, 'ca'se I 's er mighty good han' ter disremember."

"Very well. It 's all done fast and hard now, Nancy," said Ole Marse, taking the papers, "and I 'll keep these in my safe until you call for them."

"Thank de Lord! I feels free once mo', now dat I got er marster ober my head an' done git shet er 'Rias!" And Aunt Nancy curtsied and turned down the lane to her cabin.

The judge watched the retreating figure with twinkling eyes, then broke into a merry laugh; for, when well past the house, Aunt Nancy could restrain her feelings no longer, but threw her bonnet into the air and shouted lustily.



STRANGER THAN FICTION

BY LAURENCE HUTTON



HE was a man of about the usual age,—anywhere between fifty and sixty,—and he did not show his years in his face, in his figure, or in his manner, whatever his years may have been. He came to this country during the middle of the last decade of the nineteenth century, bearing excellent letters of introduction from influential men of the British Isles to certain literary men of our own continent. He was an essayist, a reviewer, a translator, a historian, but not a writer of romance; and he was evidently highly regarded by his many friends in London and in Edinburgh. He had the bearing of a gentleman and the charm of a scholar. He spoke several languages besides his own; he spoke them correctly and fluently; and what he said bore always the stamp of sincerity and truth. He was put up at the best of clubs, he was met in the best of houses. He never assumed. He was, if anything, rather shy of expressing his views, or his knowledge, concerning men and things. He gave no hint of Münchhausenism in his general conversation, and yet he succeeded once in almost paralyzing one man who was naturally and proverbially credulous.

They were looking over a private collection of objects of various degrees of art of more or less interest and value,—certainly of more value and interest to their possessor than to anybody else,—when they came upon an indifferent little water-color drawing of "Tom-All-Along's." It contained the steps which the Jo of "Bleak House" kept clean, for the sake of the dear friend whom he had seen thrown roughly into a hole just beyond the iron gates at their top—the steps upon which the prostrate form of Lady Dedlock was found after that long, weary, heartbreaking search by Esther and Mr. Bucket.

The visitor recognized the scene at a glance, and he pronounced the sketch cor-

rect and true in all its minor details. He remembered meeting Dickens while the story was appearing in its original serial form in "Household Words." He and the creator of Jo and of Mr. Bucket had been dining one evening with John Forster, in what had been Mr. Tulkinghorn's chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and together they had strolled in the misty moonlight toward Wellington street and the Strand, stopping to look for a moment or two at the deserted, dreary little graveyard in Russell Court, just off Drury Lane, where the unfortunate Mr. Nemo was to be buried. Dickens explained his great difficulty in finding the proper place for the interment, because "Tom-All-Along's" was not in the parish in which Mr. Nemo was to die, and because the authorities of one parish will never receive the pauper bones of the man who dies in a parish adjoining.

All this was intensely interesting to the owner of the sketch, who was also a great lover of Dickens, and it was a little startling, for Dickens himself had been dead a quarter of a century, and "Bleak House" was quite forty years old. But still it might have happened.

The next object which attracted their attention was an engraving entitled "The Last Return from Duty." It represented the old duke, *the* duke, the hero of Waterloo, on an old war-horse, perhaps a veteran of Waterloo itself, as leaving the Horse Guards for the last time, and going slowly home, in his ripe old age, to die. The print is not a common one, and to the visitor it had been unknown. He stood before it in an attitude of respectful silence for a moment or two. Making a semi-unconscious military salute, he said: "It is very, very like the duke, the dear old duke, the magnificent old duke, the ever-grand old duke, as I remember him so well at Walmer Castle, toward the close of his life. He must have been over eighty then, and his equestrian days were past; but he walked

about the grounds unattended, petting the steed he could no longer ride, but still clear of mind, erect of body, quick of step, bright of eye, full of good talk. It is very like him."

This, too, was a little startling, and also very interesting, to the collector, who had a dim recollection of standing by his father's side as a small boy, in 1852, at a window of Morley's Hotel on Trafalgar Square, and watching the body of the evergrand old duke carried in great funereal pomp from Chelsea Hospital to St. Paul's Cathedral. But that was a long time ago; and the black-bearded, unwrinkled man by his side to have been a friend of Wellington's must have been a good deal older than he looked. But still it might have happened.

And then they stepped up to the library table, upon which, lying in state, was a bronze replica of Dr. Antomarchi's death-mask of the first Napoleon. This of all the things he had seen was to the visitor the most realistic and the most impressive. He had never heard of Dr. Antomarchi or of the death-mask. He inspected it with an intense gaze; he looked at it from all sides and in all lights. He asked permission to take it in his hands, to carry it to the window. He touched it reverently; he put it back in its place with a long-drawn sigh, and he whispered: "It is the very face and head of Bonaparte as I saw him in the flesh!"

This was more than startling. Bonaparte had died in St. Helena in 1821, and here in 1895, seventy-four years later, was a middle-aged man who had seen him in the flesh!

The intimacy with Dickens, who had not been in the flesh for five-and-twenty years; the friendship with Wellington, who had been out of the flesh for nearly fifty years, might both be accepted, but not the personal acquaintance with Bonaparte, who had put off his flesh a good many years before the man could possibly have been born. So the man was steered carefully away from a colored print of Garrick, whose death had eclipsed the gaiety of nations nearly a century before; away from a pencil drawing of the mural tablet to the memory of Tom D'Urfey which Sir Richard Steele had placed on the walls of St. James's, Piccadilly, in 1723; even away from an engraving of St. Jerome, who put the Bible into Latin at the close of the fourth century of the Christian era, for fear the man would tell tales of his personal knowledge of them all. The painful story of the

sudden collapse of Ananias was recalled, and it was felt that it would be much more comfortable for all concerned if the present phenomenal economizer of the truth might be permitted to suffer his own inevitable collapse in a public street, or a public conveyance, rather than in a comparatively humble private house.

Therefore, gently but firmly, and, it is to be hoped, imperceptibly to himself, the modern Ananias was conducted from the library to the hall, from the hall to the front door. But, hat in hand, he paused on the threshold, and remarked casually that it had just occurred to him that some of his statements might seem a little surprising to his listener. This was acknowledged with polite hesitation, and the visitor was permitted to come back to explain. It may be stated that the explanation was made in the hall.

It seems that the visitor's family was connected in some way, by marriage, with the family of Dickens, and that he had, naturally, as a young man, seen something in his own house and out of it of the head of the Dickens family. That might have happened.

It also seems that the visitor was the son of an officer who had served on Wellington's staff on the Peninsula; that the Iron Duke had, in consequence, acted as sponsor to the visitor at his christening, and that, spending his childhood at Sandwich, in Kent, near Walmer Castle, the official residence of Wellington as Warden of the Five Ports, he had, as was natural, noticed, and been noticed by, his father's old chief. That also might have happened.

Then followed the most remarkable explanation of all, at the close of which the visitor was once more invited into the library.

It seems that while still a very youthful person he chanced to have been with his father in Paris, in 1840, when, by order of Louis Philippe, the embalmed body of Bonaparte was carried to France to be entombed in the Invalides. Out of pure sentiment, the boy, as a godson of the Duke of Wellington, Bonaparte's conqueror, was permitted to be one of the very few favored persons who were present when the inner coffin was opened in order to identify the remains. He then saw Napoleon in the actual flesh; and the fact had made an impression upon him, mere child as he was, which he never had forgotten and never could forget.

And that *did* happen!

THE BABY FROM RUGGLES'S DIP

BY KATE W. HAMILTON



HERE 'S somethin' got to be done about that kid," said Barney, impressively. "Knowin' Jim's feelin's about things the way we do, 't ain't right to let it go."

"Sort of sackery-dotal—if that 's the right name for it," commented a younger man, uncertainly.

No one volunteered an opinion on the appropriateness of the word; they were too intent upon the main problem, which appeared as intricate as the maze of iron tracks in the grimy yard where they were standing. The great railway-yard wore a vaguely depressing atmosphere that gray November afternoon. Its network of rails looked like an immense spider-web for the entangling of unwary victims. The locomotives puffing and steaming here and there, moving and stopping with sudden jerks and discordant noises, had something sullen and malevolent in their might; and the massive walls of the shops, in their sooty, greasy somberness, seemed stained by the toil and mourning of generations. Outside the grounds a chain of low hills, showing a fringe of straggling, skeleton-like trees against the cloudy sky, shut in the little settlement. Toward this boundary more than one of the knot of men about Barney turned meditative eyes, but apparently received no inspiration from the outlook. "Ruggles's Dip" was, indeed, not an inspiring location. It was said that the railroad company had bought the tract and located its shops there, three miles out of the city, because the ground was cheap. It was sufficiently malarial to account for its cheapness.

Still it was probably the lingering shadow of what had occurred two weeks before, rather than anything in the place itself, which accentuated its dreariness that au-

turn afternoon. It was scarcely the unexpected, certainly not the unusual, which had happened—"only what is likely to come to any man if he stays on the road long enough," the veteran yard-master had remarked philosophically. There had been wrecks in plenty, and many another man had been brought home as Jim was; but everybody liked Jim, and he was young yet: he had not had time to grow grizzled in the service. He had just been promoted to a regular place on the engine, and this was to have been his last "wild" run—that was his last, when he had been called after only three hours' rest, and hurriedly sent out with no time for the bite of breakfast Lizzie begged him to take. No one knew the details of what came afterward, except as the crushed form beside the rails, with a tin cup still tightly clasped in the lifeless hand, told the story—an attempt to get some coffee at a little station, and a misstep in the darkness of the early morning.

No, it was not a singular occurrence, only death never grows common enough to lose its element of surprise, and always there were the peculiar features which set each case apart by itself. Here were Jim's wife and baby and the old mother. Women and babies were exceedingly rare at Ruggles's Dip, for the same reason which made the land cheap made it also undesirable as a residence for those who could afford a choice. Most of the men with families had their homes in town, or in little cabins scattered along the line; but Jim's crippled mother sorely needed the aid of his strong arm whenever he was off duty, and so his little household had been established at the Dip.

"But he was joined to a big church up in the town, my boy Jim was—big a church as any there is, with pretty red-and-blue glass winders and a great organ,"

wailed the old mother, in mingled grief and pride. "And he was goin' to have his baby baptized there. James Willie Kerley, that's what they'd ha' called him, all writ in the church books, and everything. And now he can't never, never do it—my poor Jim! Seems like I could stand it better if he'd done for the baby the way he'd planned 'fore he was took."

That was another of the peculiar features in Jim's case, his connection with that up-town church. The priest and confession upon occasions were familiar and easily comprehended, and even a distant relationship with a mission chapel was nothing unheard of, but a wealthy church up in the heart of the city! The "boys" had accepted such a state of affairs with a silence born of mingled respect and perplexity. It had been Lizzie's doing, of course—Lizzie, who had belonged there before her marriage and had coaxed Jim to go with her. But now when he had gone for the last time it had been alone; she lay ill and unconscious, and the words that were spoken above his quiet sleeping were heard by neither wife nor mother. But because the speaker was a man with a heart warm with brotherhood for other men, his eyes grew moist at the scene before him, those brave, rugged men who ran their race with death each day, and he had some words for them also—words which held the strong cheer of a trumpet's call.

"Seemed like," said Big Dan, wonderingly, on the homeward way—"seemed like that preacher had an idea that a feller tryin' to run accordin' to schedule, and dyin' with his hand on the throttle rather'n jump his engine, might be one of the upper sort all the same as if he'd gone missionaryin' to Injy and been killed by the heathen."

Barney thoughtfully reviewed the situation as he stood looking down upon the old mother, who daily renewed her plaint. Her constant reiteration awakened certain qualms in his own loyal heart, and he spoke with sudden determination:

"Don't worry, Mrs. Kerley. Just wait a bit, and you shall have it."

A gleam of hope came to the dim eyes, but faded again.

"No; I've got the rheumatiz, ye see," she explained wearily, as if all the Dip did not know. "I hain't stepped a foot for

years. I can't git out of this chair nowheres, and likely Lizzie 'll never be no better 'n she is."

"All the same we 'll fix it, and don't you worry," repeated Barney.

It was a vague promise, but a rash one, and its weight pressed more heavily as the days wore on, for Lizzie showed no sign of recovery, and the childish mother urged more persistently:

"I wisht somebody 'd do what's right by Jim's baby! I wisht they would!"

Barney's honest brow was growing care-lined.

"Somethin' 's got to be done about that kid," he repeated to the knot of men he had gathered about him in the yard.

"He 's got a mother and—grandmother," suggested one of the men, with an uneasy desire to shift responsibility. He became instantly abashed as Dan's reflective gaze fell upon him, and hastened to add, "such as they are."

"And the grandmother's a cripple, and the mother's took sick,—nobody knowin' if she 'll ever be better,—and both of 'em a-wailin' every time ye set eyes on 'em how Jim meant to have that boy baptized," supplemented Dan.

"That 's aisy enough—jist the praste an' a dhrop of holy wather," said Mike.

Barney shook his head.

"The church Jim was joined to ain't that kind," he explained tolerantly. "It's some other way they do. But I don't know a blame thing about baptizin'."

There was a moment's silence, and then the man who had mentioned the mother and grandmother again ventured into the breach, somewhat hesitatingly:

"I was to a baptizin' once. The baby was all rigged out in white flummery, and there was a lot of guardians or responsors—somebody that answered questions. They promised, nigh as I could catch on, to trounce the world, the flesh, and the devil, for the baby."

"Begorra! we 'd do that same, ivery one of us!" declared Mike, delighted at having the matter assume a militant aspect. "We 'd trounce all t'ree of 'em together if they laid a finger on Jim's kid."

Barney still looked doubtful, and the man who had volunteered his experience searched his memory for further details.

"I reckon there 'd be things to learn—a collict or something," he said.

"It 's this way," said Barney, earnestly. "Some folks take to church, and some don't. Most of us don't, but Jim he did, and was joined to that one up-town. He was countin' on takin' the kid up there to be baptized, whatever that may be, and we all know it, for we heard him sayin' how it had had to be put off. One Sunday it rained, and one Sunday he had to make a run; but we all know what his plans was. Now he 's gone, and the mother can't 'tend to it. There 's nobody left but us, and knowin' his feelin's—" Barney paused and looked about the group once more. "If somebody that 's had some experience—"

The man who had contributed all the information at hand drew back hastily.

"Bein' just inside the doors when a thing 's goin' on don't give no one experience," he asserted with great positiveness.

"I move that Barney be appointed a committee of one to look after this thing—go and see the parson and find out how the game is played, and what 's the cost, and all the rest. Then we 'll divvy up and push her through," said Dan, with a sudden inspiration.

This proposition met the prompt and unanimous favor which always greets an opportunity to shift uncomfortable responsibility, and Barney, at the end of the conference, found himself, as at its beginning, with the knot still left for his own unraveling. He walked by Jim's house that evening with a vague hope of receiving some enlightenment, but there reached him only the screaming which revealed the vigor of a pair of infantile lungs, and sent him on his way with the perspiration standing on his forehead.

"If it should go a-shriekin' like that!" he muttered.

A week's cogitation brought no new light; but at the first "off day" Barney marched away to town without a word to any one, only fortifying himself with the historic remark: "The way to resume specie payment is to resume."

The Rev. John Kendall, sitting in his study when the dull firelight and dying daylight made the combination of gleam and gloom that his musing soul loved, was scarcely aware of a servant's tap at the door, or of his own response, until a powerful form loomed up in the book-lined room. Mr. Kendall's chair whirled quickly about,

and he arose to his feet; but the visitor promptly took the initiative.

"You 're the preacher, I reckon. My name 's Barney."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Barney. Will—"

But Barney, having for three miles concentrated his mind on the thing he was to say, could not pause for distracting preliminaries until the main issue was at least before the house. He did not see the offered seat, and cut short the question unheedingly.

"It 's about the ki—the baby. He 's to be baptized."

"Oh, your child, I suppose?"

"Mine?" Barney's tone was reproachful. "You buried his father three weeks ago."

The three weeks had held many things for the Rev. John Kendall. His parish was large, and the outlying world larger still. Calls upon him from within and without were many, and even the sorrowful service referred to in no wise identified either his visitor or the baby. He did not say so; he prudently waited.

"After he was killed on the railroad," added Barney.

"Oh, poor Kerley's child? Yes, I remember."

It did not seem to loyal Barney a thing to be speedily forgotten, and he pondered over the last word a moment before he returned to the subject.

"Jim he had his mind set on bringin' the—child up here to have him baptized and started off on the church track, as you might say; but he 's dead."

"The child dead?"

Again Barney paused in momentary bewilderment. It seemed difficult to explain things to this man of much learning; but probably so many books had a tendency to dull the brain.

"No; 't was Jim you buried; the kid 's lively enough. What we want to know about is his bein' baptized. He ain't side-tracked on account of not havin' his father to 'tend to it?"

"Oh, no. The mother can—"

"She can't," interposed Barney. "She 's been sick quite a while, and out of her head most of the time since Jim went; she don't seem to get any better. And the grandmother she 's crippled up, and can't stir out of her wheel-chair. She 's sort of childish, anyway, and irresponsible; that 's

how the thing stands; but she wants him to get his baptizin' all the same."

"She may understand more than you think, and the mother may rally in a few days," suggested the minister. "They are at Ruggles's Dip, I think? I can go there."

Barney moved uneasily.

"That 's kind of you," he said, "but 't ain't just what we want. Jim counted on bringin' that kid to the church, to have it done up all orderly and reg'lar. If you say 't would be all right, so 't would pass, if them rites was performed at the Dip, I ain't questionin' that it 's so. It 's likely you know all the ins and outs of the business, and I ain't persumin' to put my hands on the throttle, as you might say; but it 's this way: we knew Jim's feelin's about it, and we 'd like it to be in the church. He had hard times enough himself makin' wild runs before he got a steady place, and it sort of seems as if he 'd like the ki—boy to be entered proper for a reg'lar run. But winter 's comin' on, and there 's no time to wait for folks to get well—if they ever do get well. What we wanted to know is, seein' there 's no folks of his own to 'tend to it, if some of us who knew his father—"

There was perplexity in the clerical face, and Barney scanned it anxiously. He was making a marvelously long speech for him, but he had thought the matter out amid shrieking of whistles and puffing of engines, and he had not come here to have his argument easily overturned.

"If it 's anything that ought to be done—the way Jim thought about it—don't seem like it would be fair to bar the kid out just because there 's none of his own kin to stand up for him. There 's a lot of us willin' to do our best at it, if you can make us do instead."

The faces of the men, grave, strong, and resolute, whom he had seen file into the church three weeks before, arose before Mr. Kendall's vision in severe contrast to some of the airy christening-parties that claimed his services in due order. It might not be "reg'lar," but his sympathies went out strongly toward Barney's proposition.

"Yes, you shall stand up for him. Bring the boy," he said with sudden resolve.

"Next Sunday afternoon, say?" questioned Barney, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. It was a chilly day, but his task had been arduous.

The preliminaries of day and hour were

arranged, and again the ambassador hesitated with an anxious thought struggling for utterance—a foreboding suggested by the man who had had experience.

"Would there likely be any collict, or anything, we 'd need to get ready for?"

"Colic?" The minister's thoughts reverted to certain disturbances in his own nursery, but he shook his head. "I hope not. If he is warmly wrapped up, and—and—no, I think not," he concluded helplessly.

"Collict," repeated Barney, with a patience almost pathetic, "sort of general orders, or somethin' we 'd have to learn?"

"No—oh, no. I 'll explain it all when you come, and you just answer to the questions that are asked you then."

Barney breathed a long sigh of relief.

"The boys ain't much on studyin', most of 'em," he confessed. "We 'll be here."

There was a subdued buzz of excitement and preparation in Ruggles's Dip during the four days that ensued. The old grandmother affirmed herself "all of a tremble," and wore her cap more awry than usual; and though the boys, whom Barney had gathered to receive his report and be coached in their duties, would not have admitted any great interest in the forthcoming event, their deeds betrayed them. Every day three or four of them would slip into the house, each alone and shamefacedly, with some gift purchased for the baby's wardrobe. They were generous in expenditure, but their widely varying tastes and great diversity of views in regard to the size of garments made the outfit, as a whole, bewildering, particularly as a delicate regard for the feelings of the donors rendered it expedient to use as many of the offerings as possible when the important occasion arrived. Still, on the authority of one who assisted at the robing,—no great authority, since she was only the wife of the station-pumper,—it may be stated: "If the chòild looked like he 'd l'aped through the bargains on a rimnant counther, it did n't hurt him any, bliss his swate sowl!"

The Dip had not many inhabitants, but the few it possessed were all sauntering about the station when Sunday afternoon came. They would not have betrayed such undue interest in the christening expedition as to watch its departure, but, chancing to be on hand at the time, it was natural to bestow a glance upon what was going on. A hand-car stood upon the track, a wheel-

chair and its occupant forming the center of the little knot of passengers, while Barney, standing straight, held a blanketed bundle in his arms. The relays of men who began working the cranks of the hand-car were in unwontedly white shirt-sleeves, and a rusty crape veil floated like a pennant behind.

"To think of it seemin' so impossible, and bein' so easy!" said the old mother when she found herself finally in the city and the car was lifted from the rails.

There was a straightening of collars and donning of coats, and the odd little procession took its way up-town—the brawny men, somewhat awkwardly aware of the restraints of Sunday attire, propelling gravely the chair and its black-robed figure.

"Hello! Seven nusses all out for a' airin', with only one young baby in arms an' one old un in a go-cart to the lot of 'em!" yelled a street urchin.

The men were too intent on their mission to heed any glances that followed them. Arrived at the church, they paused in the vestibule and looked anxiously at their charges. One was blissfully unconscious of all about him, but the other was somewhat fatigued. One of the men brought her a glass of water, and Big Dan, with clumsy tenderness, smoothed back the gray hair and straightened the black bonnet before the party filed up the long aisle and into a front pew.

The great church was quiet at that hour, and empty but for themselves,—the Rev. John Kendall had planned the time,—and the afternoon sunshine streamed through the "pretty red-and-blue winders" and gladdened the old grandmother's heart. She spread out her thin, wrinkled hands on her lap as if she would bathe them in the glow of colors, and breathed a sigh of content as the minister took his place.

"Stand up, boys," whispered Barney, solemnly. "You've all got to be responders in this business, and help promise the promises without any shirkin'."

They did not look like men accustomed to shirk as they lined up at his side, and the minister, looking into the steady eyes and set faces, was not dissatisfied, even though his ritual had undergone some strange adaptations and innovations for their sakes. "We're willin' to promise all we honestly can," Barney had plaintively forewarned him, "but you'll bear in mind we ain't none of us his mothers and fathers."

"Amen!" piped the grandmother as the tender prayer ended.

The light from the beautiful windows caught the water and changed the drops to rainbow hues as they touched the little head, and so the baby from Ruggles's Dip was baptized into the name of the Highest.

"Oh, I wisht there could be singin'!" quavered the old woman, with eyes wandering to the great organ and the singers' seats. "I wisht there could be singin' at my Jim's boy's baptizin'!"

The place was empty but for one slender, shrinking figure. The shy young wife of the minister had stolen in to witness this ceremony of which her husband had spoken. She was no musician; she stood in awe of the grand choir, and would not for the world have lifted up her voice before them: but standing there alone, with that pleading old face before her, she softly began the psalm, comfort of generations, with which she rocked her own babies to sleep:

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

The men stood with bowed heads—the minister's a little lower than the others—until the words died away.

"And now he's had it all, Jim's baby has—the prayin', the singin', the baptizin', and seven godmothers!" murmured the grandmother, in beatific satisfaction. "They've done for him what's right, and his name'll be all writ out in the books—James Willie Kerley—jest like anybody's."

The sun had dropped out of sight behind a mass of gray clouds when the special car ran into the grimy yard at the Dip once more. The guardians of the wheel-chair hurried its occupant away, for the dun sky portended storm; but Barney, carrying the white bundle, lingered a little. He cautiously pulled away a corner of the enveloping blanket, and the first snowflake of the season fell on the little sleeping face. Barney looked down at it.

"We've done our best for you, kid," he whispered. "You're mighty little and soft and white-like, and I ain't responsible for how long you'll hold to the track; but nobody can say we did n't give you an all-round good startin'."

THE LITERARY LOSS OF THE BIBLE

BY ROLLO OGDEN



ONE cannot well deny that the battle has gone against the Bible as "the only great literature" (in Huxley's phrase) within reach of the common people. Too many archers have pressed it sore. Cheapened and multiplied newspapers and magazines and books of all kinds have fallen in with, if they have not fostered, an extensive in the place of an intensive reading habit, so that the Bible must now struggle for existence as literature, instead of being the "one book." Bible-reading has been bowed out of the public schools, while the home, to which it was again kindly commended, has politely passed on the unwelcome guest to the Sunday-school. But that institution, with the best will in the world, cannot recreate the heaven which lay about the infancy of those who, at a mother's knee, made their young imagination familiar with the racy, piquant English of the King James version, and with that wealth of Oriental trope and allegory and parable and pastoral and drama which, from the Bible, has passed into the masterpieces of our literature. The evidence is too strong, and comes from too many quarters, that the old saturation with biblical phraseology and imagery and illustration is a thing of the past. An arid and astounding ignorance has too often succeeded it. Tennyson and Browning, to say nothing of Milton and Dryden, are already in need of scholiasts to explain to ingenuous minds in school and college echoes and reminiscences of the Bible which were second nature to an earlier generation. All this is a twice-told if still sorrowful tale. And

there seems no present hope of turning back the tide of battle. We can but sadly reckon up our losses.

Grievous as these are, they are sometimes overstated, oftener misstated. The Vulgate, for example, once held in general European literature a place very like that which the English Bible has so long maintained, though it is now losing it, in English literature. The Latin Bible, that is, was a kind of *lingua communis* to the learned world. It was a storehouse of illustration and allusion, of orotund phrase and proverb, upon which all writers drew. But they do so no more. Papal encyclicals have now almost a monopoly of the citation which was once well-nigh universal. It would be a curious study to mark the disappearance of the Latin Scriptures from general literature—from books and plays and poems and letters. Voltaire was mighty in the Vulgate. He could not allow his *Candide* to give the famous counsel, *Cultivons notre jardin*, without a slanting reference to the original gardener and that Eden which was given him *ut operaretur eum*. Perhaps there was a touch of Voltaire's fleeing humor in this use of edged ecclesiastical tools, but it was still a literary custom to which he was bowing, even if mockingly. Vast is the difference by the time we get down to Matthew Arnold and his flinging about of *unum est necessarium*, and other turns from the Vulgate. In him this verged on affectation, though its main design, no doubt, was to heighten the jaunty and superior air with which he lectured the bishops. But we arrive at pure archaism when we come to a living writer like Mr. Bodley, for instance, who cites his Latinized Bible with obvious awkwardness

and effort. The old fluid, natural, and "quicken[ing] literary use of the Vulgate is seen no more.

It would be rash, and I certainly have no intention, to argue that the English Bible might disappear as completely, for literary purposes, and leave no greater void. But the analogy is at least close enough to enable us to see what the process of disappearance is, and what the resulting literary loss will be. The Vulgate, as common property of all who wrote and all who read, was swept away by the new learning, by modern education, by the march of democracy, by the multiplication of writers and readers, by a whole new world of knowledge swimming into the ken of mankind. It meant an undoubted loss, even if but temporary, to the general stock of ideas. Writers were deprived, for the moment, of their old way of appealing to that which their readers all did know. But literature survived. It found other meeting-grounds for author and reader. Other personal references which all would understand, other sayings which would come home with familiar and proverbial force, other conceptions in widest commonality spread, arose to make good the absence of the older. In a similar way, we may look for compensatory weights to put into the literary balance as the English Bible is taken out. The loss is great; let there be no denial of that: but let there be no exaggeration of it, either.

The pregnant allusion, the winged word, the appeal to the deepest and most devout associations—no wonder that many an orator or writer feels crippled indeed when he sees such literary resources, new and old, drawn from the biblical treasure-house, now slipping from his fingers. But the process of finding substitutes is going on before our very eyes. Take the orations, the essays, the poems, especially the novels, of the last twenty-five years, and though you will find in them not one biblical illustration to a hundred that you would have found a century ago in similar writings, you will see that English literature, while it has undoubtedly suffered by the increasing withdrawal from it of the English Bible, and while it has lost much of that *enflure asiatique* which Voltaire thought that Shakspeare and Dryden had copied from the Hebrew writers, has yet retained its vitality. If old associations of ideas are de-

cayed, it creates new ones. New types and turns of thought it invents to become the possession of all. Science and art and music have loaned their terms, as they have their services and aspirations, to the general mind. I am not minimizing the loss we have undergone. It is to English letters very much what to Spanish literature would be a sudden falling insensitive of the Spanish reading public to allusions to "El Campeador" or to "Don Quixote." Yet even such a loss would not be remediless. Spanish writers would find, as ours are finding, fresh ways of putting themselves *al corriente* with their readers.

Such trusting of the larger hope becomes fainter, I must confess, when it is a question of measuring our literary loss in the dulling of the common acquaintance with the mere language and phrasing of the King James version. New lamps for old we may indeed get, in the shape of new notions, images, personal references, allusions, to replace the old biblical store; but what balm is there in Gilead for the hurt caused by the lost speech of the English Bible? The Pilgrim Fathers in England, said Lowell, were so unfortunate as to have no better English than Shakspeare's to carry away with them. In his notes to the "Biglow Papers" he developed the thesis, and showed how the sinewy and expressive diction of the Bible had become a part of the Puritan fiber. *Elle était nourrie de la Bible*, said M. Héger of his English pupil Charlotte Brontë. The saying goes far toward explaining the literary phenomenon of the Haworth rectory. It was a favorite contention of Wordsworth's, to which Coleridge gave his philosophic consent and explanation, that simple and uneducated minds, fed on the English Bible as staple food, would insensibly acquire a vivid and majestic speech peculiarly fitted for the uses of poetry. No one can doubt this who will mark how that man of small reading, Abraham Lincoln, won the grand colors of Bible diction for his lofty second inaugural. "I have been acquainted with David Hume and William Pitt," said the Duchess of Gordon, "and therefore am not afraid to converse with any man." A similar proud consciousness of having known the best goes well with deep draughts of the strong and noble English of our Bible. "If you want to be eloquent, young gentlemen," an old pro-

fessor of rhetoric used to say to his classes, "learn long passages of the Bible by heart." It is to this *verbal* sublimity of Bible English that Ruskin, in those well-known passages in "Præterita," seems to me to be paying his tribute; yet they are often quoted as the sufficient key to Ruskin's prose style.

But here, I think, we come to another matter. Professor Cook, in his little book on "The Bible and English Prose Style," makes too large a claim for the influence of biblical English on the style of the best writing of to-day. This, of course, is more than a matter of vocabulary, and involves structure, method, movement. Look at Ruskin more narrowly. Professor Cook stops short with his citation, omitting what is, to my mind, the highly significant confession by Ruskin of an "affectation of trying to write like Hooker and George Herbert." It is, at any rate, the fact that if you take a thoroughly characteristic page of Ruskin, you will discover in its architectonics, its mass, its wholeness of design and cumulative sweep, more likeness to the style of Hooker than to the style of the Bible. I should like to cite the sections of "The Crown of Wild Olive" which Professor Charles Eliot Norton selects for especial praise as being "one of the most impressive passages of modern English writing." I mean the place where Ruskin puts into ten pages of grave and pathetic eloquence what Matthew Arnold suggests in a single line:

Hath man no second life? *Pitch this one high!*

But a shorter extract will be as convincing in kind. Let it be the close of Ruskin's description of Verona, in "A Joy Forever":

And this is the city—such, and possessing such things as these—at whose gates the decisive battles of Italy are fought continually: three days her towers trembled with the echo of the cannon of Arcola; heaped pebbles of the Mincio divide her fields to this hour with lines of broken rampart, whence the tide of war rolled back to Novara; and now on that crescent of her eastern cliffs, whence the full moon used to rise through the bars of the cypresses in her burning summer twilights, touching with soft increase of silver light the rosy marbles of her balconies,—along the ridge of that encompassing rock, other circles are increasing now, white and pale; walled

towers of cruel strength, sable-spotted with cannon-courses. I tell you, I have seen, when the thunderclouds came down on those Italian hills, and all their crags were dipped in the dark, terrible purple, as if the wine-press of the wrath of God had stained their mountain-vestment—I have seen the hail fall in Italy till the forest branches stood stripped and bare as if blasted by the locust; but the white hail never fell from those clouds of heaven as the black hail will fall from the clouds of hell, if ever one breath of Italian life stirs again in the streets of Verona.

Now it is little to say that one would look in vain for a parallel to this style in any of the biblical passages which Ruskin himself named as high-water mark in his favor, and which he is commonly thought to have meant that he had taken as model. Not in the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy, or the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm, or the Sermon on the Mount, or the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, or the Apocalypse will the most careful, if unprejudiced, scrutiny find a suggestion of the balance of parts, the rising buttresses and walls, and the spire crowning all, which one perceives to be of the essence of Ruskin's soaring style. Exalted diction reminding you of the Bible, yes; piercing epithet, bold leap of words, truth fused into a flame—all these, surely, and surely of a true biblical savor. But style is more than these; and it is, I believe, to Hooker more than to the Bible that one must trace Ruskin's indebtedness for command of such a long roll of utterance—every sentence, as Grattan said of Fox's oratory, breaking on you like a wave of the sea with three thousand miles of the Atlantic behind it.

Besides Ruskin's, there have been three or four outstanding English styles in the last half-century. None of them can be said clearly to derive from the Bible. To take a simple case, read this bit from R. L. Stevenson's "Ordered South":

Many a doleful vignette of the grim wintry streets at home returns to him and begins to haunt his memory. The hopeless, huddled attitude of tramps in doorways; the flinching gait of barefoot children on the icy pavement; the sheen of the rainy streets towards afternoon; the meager anatomy of the poor defined by the clinging of the wet garments; the high canorous note of the northeaster on days when the very house seems to stiffen with cold.

What is the essential difference between that style—style, as distinct from mere diction—and Bible style? It lies, I think, in the minute realism and feeling for language as such, which we perceive in Stevenson but never encounter in the biblical writers. The Hebrew nature notoriously had no talent for metaphysics. That is another way of saying that it was not prone to nice analysis, to close observation, to "angelical hair-splitting." Hence the speech best expressing it was not subtle, shaded, nor delicately precise, but large, grand, vague, majestic. In so far as the tendency of modern English style is toward a use of the parts of speech as weapons of precision, giving to every nuance of thought its glove-fitting expression, it is a tendency away from the style of the English Bible. That is finely called by Professor Cook a style of "noble naturalness." It is the large plunge of a mountain stream over the cliff into the sea. The modern English style is, rather, the tide itself falling away so as to uncover in sharpest outline every scarred and creviced rock, every bit of weed and fragment of shell, which lie at the foot of the headland. It is attent, alert, picturesque naturalism instead of noble naturalness. I am not saying that it is better, only different. It may be the result of a deliberate turning away from the grand simplicities, the large figures looming gigantic through a mist, which we see in Bible English; or it may be a kind of rueful and pitiful attempt, by displaying our keen feeling for words, to make up for our lost feeling for things. All that I do is to note, without either approving or condemning, the change, and to say that it has come, that it apparently has come to stay, and that it marks a pretty complete diversion of the tradition of English style from that which is embodied in the Bible.

It can scarcely be necessary to labor the point, but a citation from Walter Pater will make my contention clear if it is yet in doubt. Pater was almost a professed artist in words, and the delicate way in which he beat his meaning out was well fitted to make his readers think less meanly of language. This is a sentence from his description of the bearing of Marius:

It was, in truth, the air of one who, entering vividly into life, and relishing to the full the

delicacies of its intercourse, yet feels all the while, from the point of view of an ideal philosophy, that he is but conceding reality to suppositions, choosing of his own will to walk in a day-dream, of the illusiveness of which he, at least, is aware.

That is whole diameters away from biblical style; yet does it not, in its aim and tone, represent the strongest and conquering tendency in deliberate and consciously cultivated modern English prose? Sometimes, it must be admitted, the "feeling for language" is painfully like a groping in the dark, and you wish that the writer had found his words before he showed you how he had first tapped and tried them with his sensitive antennæ. I quoted Pater at his best; here he is at his worst, and farthest from Bible limpidity:

That Sturm and Drang of the spirit, as it has been called, those ardent and special apprehensions of half-truths, in the enthusiastic and, as it were, prophetic advocacy of which, a devotion to truth, in the case of the young—apprehending but one point at a time in the great circumference—most naturally embodies itself, are leveled down, surely and safely enough, afterwards, as in history so in the individual, by the weakness and mere weariness, as well as by the maturer wisdom, of our nature—happily! if the enthusiasm which answered to but one phase of intellectual growth really blends, as it loses its decisiveness, in a larger and commoner morality, with wider though perhaps vaguer hopes.

But when all and the best has been said that can be said, it amounts to little more than a plea in abatement. The damage has been done—that stands confessed; all that is left is to inquire what are the mitigating circumstances. Some think, by various shifts, to be able to restore the English Bible to its old place and prestige as nursery of thought and style. A conscious and scientific enthusiasm for Bible-reading, as a part of literary discipline, they hope to awaken. But that way small hope seems to lie. The sting of our loss lies in the perishing of the young associations which used to be entwined about the felicities and majesty of biblical phraseology. The mature and preoccupied mind will in vain seek deliberately to assimilate the purely literary charm and power of the Bible. Later and colder studies cannot give what must be drawn in almost with mother's milk. The accumulated impres-

sions of childhood, the familiarity with sounding phrases before they are understood, the play of young imagination, of awe and even of superstition, about the sacred page, together with the daily repetition and use of the rich English of the King James version, seem necessary to the surest and most enduring grasp on the Bible merely as a great writing. There is a certain disillusionment in studying the Bible in too cold and dry a light of reason, and though it may be a critical gain it is a literary loss. The rugged old Hebraisms lose something of their craggy grandeur when we come to see what they really mean. If we have learned to love them in our youth, we resent their being made too intelligible and unimaginative to our manhood. It was on this ground, in part, that Matthew Arnold based his dislike of the revised version; it made havoc of some of the puzzle-headed but impressive phrases of the King James translation—frequently, of course, *mistranslation*—which had the undying charm of early association clinging to them.

Literary fashions come and go. We know how Shakspeare had to be redis-

covered. John Quincy Adams innocently remarks in his diary on the "something strange" in Shakspeare's language, and adds that the poet's "uncommon words" would be thought "very affected now"—namely, in 1829. We know what Johnson wrote of "Lycidas"—that poetical touchstone, as Tennyson thought it. Tastes and standards and studies change, and critics change with them. It may be, therefore, that there will yet be a return to the Bible as a treasure-house and starting-point of English style. But, to be really effective, it must be a thing not of school or college, not of lecture or text-book or magazine article, but of the home, of the fireside, of the closet with door shut, of those hours of life when the memory is wax to receive and marble to retain. Until we see once more those old conditions, we shall not again see the English Bible impregnating the minds and quickening the speech of a whole race, nor need we expect coming generations to respond with instant and delighted recognition when meeting, in the great literature, with that line of the Bible which has gone out into all the earth, as have its words to the end of the world.

BAUER SIEBERT'S FIND

A COLLECTOR'S ADVENTURE

BY W. LEWIS FRASER

ANTIQUE, Fred, sure as you're born! German of the sixteenth century. I wonder where our landlord got those glasses?"

"Oh, you can never tell. Old family possessions most likely," answered Fred.

"Would n't they look stunning in that cabinet of yours, eh?" remarked the "boy."

"You bet. I wonder if we can capture them?"

A thunder-storm had interrupted our walking tour over the Pfitscher Joch, and made us seek shelter in a Tyrolean inn,

where, as compensation for our occupation of the *Gastzimmer*, we ordered a *Halber* of red wine.

"Let's call the landlord in and ask if he'll sell them."

"You'd better go easy and not show your hand. He probably does n't value the things at all; but if he sees any anxiety to get them,—these peasants are pretty shrewd,—the price'll go up," suggested Fred.

"I'll order something to eat, and get him into conversation. Are n't you fellows hungry?"

The boy confessed that he was, and the

landlord was summoned. He was the typical *Wirt* of the Tyrolean, out-of-the-way valley, tall, spare, muscular, dressed in blackened buckskin knee-breeches, scarlet vest with silver coin buttons, antique belt of leather worked in arabesques of metal points, and thick-soled, hobnailed boots.

Oh, yes, he could give the *Herrschaft* American something to eat, if the *Herrschaft* had a good appetite such as a Tyrolean had. His wife and nine daughters were up the mountain, on the Alm, haying, but there was some *Jägerwurst* (hunters' sausage) in the house, and bread. That was the best he had. Washed down with good Tyrolean wine, it was good enough for *men*.

We two adults smilingly assured him that we cared for nothing quite so much as for *Jägerwurst*, and the boy muttered something in English about iron-clad teeth.

When our host had put upon the cross-legged table the *Jägerwurst*, a black, dried, shriveled sausage, and a round cake of three-months-old rye bread, as is the manner of unspoiled Tyrolean landlords, he sat down, and put us at our ease by eating the sausage and the bread, while we drank the wine.

After a few preliminaries, Fred, cunning fellow, began the attack:

"Wirt, why do you have such thick, clumsy, old-fashioned glasses? Wine-glasses are cheap enough now."

"The *Bauers* don't find any fault with them, and you're the first gentlemen I've had here this season."

"Well, I'm a painter, and I think I could make some use of them in my pictures. I'll give you new ones for them, if you like."

"Oh, no; those glasses were my wife's great-great-grandfather's: they're the only old family things she has now. They're thick and heavy, and don't get broken. Our *Bauers* don't mind the glass if it's filled with good wine. But if you're a painter and want old things, my neighbor Siebert plowed up last spring a Hun helmet."

"What!" we exclaimed in one surprised voice, "a Hun helmet!" and then recovering ourselves, gave each a warning glance.

"Oh, yes. This is an old battle-ground where Roman and Hun fought more than once. The Romans used to come over the *Joufon* yonder"—pointing through the

window at the somber old mountain, wrapped in storm-clouds—"and the Huns over the Brenner. We often plow up something—a broken sword or something of the kind. Why, I think there's an old rusty spur somewhere in the cellar now that Andreas picked up. Next time I draw I'll look for it. Are you coming back this way?"

The boy nudged Fred, Fred threw a meaning glance at me, and I looked at the weather. It was still storming, so I said:

"Wirt, I think you might bring another Halber, and draw it fresh—mind, fresh; and while you're down cellar you might look for that spur, eh?"

Our host soon returned, bearing the leather-covered wine-bottle in one hand, and in the other the half of a rusted spur, so corroded that it was not possible to determine its age or make.

"Rot!" said the boy. "That's no good; it's nothing but an old crooked nail."

"A nail! Father Glück, the pastor, says it's a Hun spur; but you may keep it, and when you get home you can show them the kind of nails the Huns nailed down our beautiful mountains with, for you to come and look at," laughed the landlord. "But the helmet, that's a good one, almost perfect."

"The helmet?" said Fred.

The landlord's soft blue eye rested for a moment on us. "Mein Gott! did n't I tell you my neighbor Siebert plowed up a Hun helmet last spring?" he asked.

"Did you? Well, where's the guide? Will you please hunt him up, and ask him if it's safe to start, and—what's the reckoning, landlord?"

"What did you have? Two half-liters of wine, *Jägerwurst*, and bread. You won't think half a gulden too much?" As the coin was dropped into his hand, he added: "Thank you, *Herrschaft*, for coming to my poor house; and God be with you!"

Outside, Fred remarked: "Let's go and take a look at the church; it seems promising."

That was a trying walk of a minute and a half which took us beyond the hearing of the landlord. Then I burst out:

"A Hun helmet! What a chance! A Hun helmet!"

"Just think of it," cried Fred—"a Hun helmet! Such a thing must be excessively rare. Did you ever see a Hun helmet,

either of you, in any museum? I don't believe I ever did. Just think of the luck of stumbling on such a find in this out-of-the-way place!"

"A Hun helmet?" I replied. "No; I've seen Roman helmets, and Goth helmets, and Rhinegold caps; but a Hun helmet! Boys, think of it! A Hun helmet!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the boy. "We'll do the act, and bear away in triumph a fiery Hun helmet. 'Where furious Frank and fiery Hun'—say, has n't some blooming peasant plowed up a shout? We ought to have a shout. In the dreadful—"

"Boy," said I, sternly, "the wine's gone to your head, and that simple old Tyrolean landlord'll hear you, and then the jig's up."

"Yes," added Fred; "we'll have to go easy, or we'll awaken their greed. What do you suppose the fellow'll want for it?"

"Oh, of course I don't know, but he can't have any idea of its value. How can he—a Tyrolean peasant in this remote valley? But, Fred, we must n't stick him. Oh, no, to be sure. It has no value to him, and it might be years before anybody would come along who'd give him a price for it."

"Well, I want to be fair; we all do. Of course we know that, but it's knowledge that establishes value. Yet we ought n't to salt him, an innocent, honest, industrious farmer, wresting a living from among the stones of the mountain-side, carting his farm on his back—"

"You mean his wife's back," interjected the boy.

Fred turned and repeated slowly: "Carting his farm on his back, uphill to the place whence the storms have washed it, every four or five years." Fred's voice softened as he continued: "It's a hard life of brave, honest toil. Oh, no; we must be fair to him. If it's a regular stunner in good order, and all that sort of thing, well, I g-u-e-s-s I'll—yes—I'll go two dollars and a half for it."

"Two dollars and a half? Let's see; at the present rate of exchange that's six gulden twenty kreutzers. Hum! that's a good deal of money to a mere peasant—about the price of a week's work, and the cost of two or three weeks' living. Yes, I guess two dollars and a half's a fair price," I replied. And after a moment's pause:

"But, Fred, if you've fixed your limit at two-fifty, and he won't let it go for that,—of course you understand I don't want to interfere with you,—but I think I'll raise you a dollar. That is, if the thing is as fine as we think."

"All right; two and a half's my limit. I don't go in for armor, you know, as you do." And so it was agreed.

"Come in, gentlemen, come in! Rosel, my girl, told me there were some Herrschaft in the village, and the Wirt had spoken about my helmet. You've come to see it, eh? Well, it's a queer bit of old iron. When my father was out with Hofer he saw Frenchmen with things on their heads something like it. One of 'em—oh, he was a big fellow—stayed here. He's over there, along with a lot of his friends, in the *Moos* yonder. And as my father gave him a nice soft bed to lie in, he thought he might make him a present of a feather from his head-gear." Going to an old press gaily decorated with rose-garlands, he opened it and said, "Here it is."

"What?" said Fred. "The helmet?"

"Oh, no; not the helmet,—that's only a rusty old iron pot,—but the Frenchman's pretty bunch of feathers." The man drew from a drawer and held up for our admiration a cavalryman's plume.

"What!" queried the boy, in a horrified voice, "did your father kill him?"

"Oh, as he had come a long way to see our beautiful Tyrol, he gave him a pressing invitation to stay with us."

"But I don't understand. Did he give him the plume?"

"Well, he did n't object to his taking it."

"Well, Bauer," said I, in a conciliatory voice, "thank God there are no Frenchmen in the Tyrol now except summer tourists, and your land is at peace."

"At peace!" he echoed. "Yes, at peace." And then between his teeth, while his face grew livid, "And Hofer—what of him? Ach, Gott im Himmel!" Then from his lips there came such a volley of fierce imprecation, such bitter invective on the invader, that the boy sought the open, and when at a safe distance hurled back some boyish slang that sounded like, "Oh, mummy, buy me that!" And this was the gentle, simple, innocent peasant who had plowed up the helmet!

After a minute or two he calmed down

and asked in a sulky tone, "Do you want to see the helmet?"

"Yes, please," I answered very meekly.

"It's up-stairs. I'll go fetch it."

Surprise is a mild word in which to express our emotion when, upon his return, he bore into the room an Italian helmet of the cinque-cento, without doubt of the cinque-cento, beaten and chiseled all over in strong relief in a wonderful battle-scene. Of course its beauty was somewhat marred by rust, but it was still glorious—a master-work.

As, lost in amazement, I turned it in my hands, Fred gasped, "I'll give five dollars for it."

"Will you?" I gasped back. "I'll give six."

"I'll give eight."

"And I'll give ten."

"You will, will you?" replied Fred, with a wild glare. "I was to have the choice."

"Yes; but you said you'd go only two-fifty—two dollars and a half for a work by Cellini. I believe it's a Cellini—pshaw! you've no right to raise your bid; it is n't fair." And I returned the glare.

"Is n't fair! Is n't fair!" screamed Fred. "I tell you the helmet's mine, and I mean to have it."

"You do, do you?" And I added, in a voice which I intended to be full of withering scorn, "For two dollars and a half?"

"At any price, at any price. I tell you it's mine! It's *mine*!" in crescendo.

"Don't make an ass of yourself. I am going to have it at any cost." Then to the peasant: "What do you ask for it?"

"I did n't say I wanted to sell it. You gentlemen think a peasant would sell anything. There was a time when you would n't ask, but take. Your spirit is still the same. The helmet was buried in my land; my cows plowed it up. I have some pride, some romance. I'm poor, but, thank God! I'm a free man. I can do what I like with the thing. I'll keep it."

"W-h-a-t! you won't sell it?" we exclaimed in unison.

"Why should I?"

I did not know, and as Fred had declared that the helmet should be his, I thought he ought to answer; but he did not.

The Tyrolean, after waiting a few minutes, resumed:

"Why don't you answer, Herrschaft? Why don't you say, 'Because we are rich

and you're poor'? That's what you think. Ach, if you were of land Tyrol you'd say it. Yes, I am poor, and you think a beautiful thing like that's out of place in my home. Well, perhaps it is. You think: 'Foolish fellow, he'll keep that bit of rusty iron on a shelf, and every time he looks at it he'll know it's worth the price of four cows, and he needs the cows, for the emperor's taxes are unpaid, and the tithes are in arrears. Stupid man!' Now that's what you think, is n't it?"

"Whew!" puffed Fred. "So that's the lay, is it? The price of four cows."

"Fred," said I, "do I look very silly?"

"Oh, no; not at all. You know you were going to have it 'at any cost,'"

I did not think this was quite fair, and, goaded by the taunt, I said to him: "And so were you." And to the peasant: "Well, so you want the price of four cows for it?"

"I did n't say so."

"But you would take that price?"

"I might."

"And how much less?"

"Nothing less."

"Fred," I murmured, "I must ask your pardon, old fellow. I'm sorry I forgot myself. It belongs by right to you; take it."

OUR four days' tour was over; we had returned to our hotel in the town. The helmet haunted me. It was not worth three hundred dollars; of that I was sure. I questioned whether it would sell for that even in Paris, London, or New York; but it was a master-work, and who knew? Perhaps it might be bought for much less. Even so, a quarter of three hundred dollars was a large sum to a poor painter. In this frame of mind I went into the shop of the village goldsmith. He had found antiques for me, and I had proved him honest.

After the usual salutation, "Baumgärtner," I said, "I saw the other day at Unter Thuns a helmet that Bauer Siebert plowed up last spring. Have you seen it?"

"What! has Siebert got another one? He's sold two this season already."

"What do you mean? Does his farm grow helmets?" I asked.

"No; but an antique-dealer in Munich keeps him supplied with fake copies of the celebrated one in the museum there."

"But you must be mistaken; he said he plowed it up."

"So he did—where he had planted it."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Two Methods of Public Corruption

THERE are two ways in which money is being used in American politics that are, each in its own relation, supremely vicious. One of these is the use that selfish, sinister, and wealthy demagogues make of it to give themselves a standing with the working-people. Such use of money seldom fails to succeed in its purpose—up to a certain point. The laboring-man would be, perhaps, more than mortal if he scanned very closely the real aims and true characters of allies who come to him with eager indorsement of every program which “labor” has adopted, and who have unlimited financial resources as well.

But to those who watch events with true sympathy for the laboring-man, yet with an abiding sense of the depravity of such allies of theirs—to those, we say, the alliance is as pitiful as it is monstrous, and full of danger to the workingman and to the whole community.

Another misuse of wealth is at the other end of the political ladder, and has to do with the virtual purchase of high public office by the corruption of legislatures or otherwise. There are men in the United States Senate—let us hope not many—who, while they have not purchased their places by the direct use of money, yet owe their presence in the Senate Chamber to means as scandalous as if they had actually done so; for they came to our highest lawmaking body by practices which men of conscience everywhere regard as corrupt.

If the best public opinion in one of our oldest States is to be regarded as trustworthy, there has taken place within its borders, during recent years, the most shameful attempt to reach a high public office by corrupt means that this country has ever witnessed. The effort of conscientious citizens, in both the great parties, to prevent this degradation of a sovereign State, has

won the admiration and applause of good men throughout the Union, as in the days when the righteous citizenship of Louisiana was aroused and the octopus of the lottery was torn from its victim, the common-wealth.

Here is the situation with regard to these two vicious uses of wealth: on the one hand, wealthy and utterly reckless demagogues stirring up a bitter class feeling in America in order to forward, in the most unblushing manner, their private fortunes and ambitions; and on the other hand, a branch of Congress in which laws are made and capital is served either by men of wealth whose attainment of power is sometimes questionable, or by superserviceable tools of capital who owe their positions to methods essentially corrupt.

Such a state of affairs, at a time when great economic questions are to be settled, when labor and capital face each other, often in a suspicious and menacing mood—such a state of affairs induces to serious reflection. Every good citizen owes it to the public peace and the lasting success of our institutions to do his individual part in holding high the standard of public office, for justice cannot be built upon corruption.

Nature and Human Habitation

UNPEOPLED nature is almost always beautiful—beautiful often not less when it has something violent and terrible about it, as John Muir has so well set forth in his delightful books, and notably in his recent article in *THE CENTURY* on “The Grand Cañon of the Colorado.”¹ When man comes upon the scene it needs the exercise of art on his part to preserve, restore, or recreate the beauty that nature is capable of bestowing. He can indeed, in some conditions, train nature to surpass her own wild effects. This art requires to be exercised in two interblending fields: one,

¹ See *THE CENTURY* for November, 1902.

namely, in connection with communal groups, and another in connection with private premises; that is, with the lay-out and formation of villages and towns, and also of individual homes.

We had written thus far when our eyes lighted upon a passage which falls so appropriately into this line of thought that we can do no better than to quote it:

The scenery of the earth was made for man, not man for scenery. Civilized man enjoys natural scenery as the savage cannot, and he permanently preserves what he may of it in parks and public forests. Elsewhere he is necessarily a transformer and destroyer of nature. The landscape of civilization is an artificial landscape, and as such it may be either beautiful or ugly—beautiful when it is the blossom of use, convenience, or necessity; ugly when it is the fruit of pompous pride or common carelessness.

The same writer truly says that "a constantly increasing number of Americans are desirous of securing some measure of beauty in the surroundings of every-day lives. These people are not content with things as they are. They want more and more of pleasantness in and around their own houses, and about their village, town, or city as well."

The fortunate hunger for the beautiful in a land the very prosperity of which tends in places to the creation of ugliness, is, indeed, more and more marked, as is attested not only by individual strivings after the beautiful in architecture and the surroundings of architecture, but by the increasing efforts of communities to attain what has been called civic beauty. This magazine, from the beginning, as our readers well know, has endeavored to keep in touch with this wide-spread movement; and Mr. Sylvester Baxter's highly useful, and still to be continued, papers on civic improvement will be followed by other contributions of a kindred character.

A memorial work has recently appeared dedicated to the late "Charles Eliot, Landscape Architect," and inscribed by President Eliot of Harvard: "For the dear son,—who died in his bright prime,—from the father." This work, from which we have quoted above, gives, in minute detail, the method of the making of a highly useful and successful landscape architect: by means of general intellectual culture and

special and congenial study; by professional training (under that artist of originality and force, Frederick Law Olmsted); by foreign travel; by the cultivation of the art of literary expression; and by practice of a profession, if not new, at least not popularly understood in the sense intended by its few leading American practitioners.

So fundamental in principle, governed so thoroughly by a broad and cultivated taste, were the opinions of young Eliot—expressed in his private letters and public writings, as well as in the work actually accomplished by him—that the record of his short career is not only a moral incentive, but a storehouse of sound views and suggestive examples. It is a book that will inform and encourage the lover of nature, and all interested in the problem of the relation between nature and human habitation. Said the writer:

Our country has her Russias, her Silesias, her Rivas, and many types of scenery which are all her own besides. Are we to attempt to bring all to the English smoothness? Rather let us try to perfect each type in its own place.

In a letter to Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, whose own lucid writings on these subjects have been so important a factor in bringing in a better day, he said:

The scope and breadth of my profession is not often recognized; it is not comprehended even by architects, much less by the public. As I understand it, all conscious arranging of visible things for man's convenience and for man's delight is architecture. . . . The building of convenient and beautiful structures is thus but a part of the art of architecture. The arranging of these structures in streets, in neighborhoods, on sea-coasts, in the valleys of the hills, the careful adjustment of the structure to its site and its landscape, the devising of ways and roads so that they may be either impressive through order and formality, or charming through their subordination to natural conditions, the development of appropriate beauty in the surroundings of buildings, whether by adding terraces and avenues, or by enhancing natural beauty—all this is, or ought to be, at least one half of the art and profession of architecture.

Since young Sargent began his professional career the work of the landscape architect is better understood in America. Architects, in building private houses, are more and more permitted and desired by

their clients to bring the surroundings into harmony; either through the resources of the architect's own office, or with the coöperation of the so-called landscape architect. The civic movement, also, is rapidly advancing, the most conspicuous evidence of the spread of the sentiment in favor of civic adornment being the adoption of the well-considered and magnificent plans for the capital of our country.

It is an interesting, as well as a pa-

thetic, fact that the forward movement of which we speak has been greatly accelerated by young men of prominence—like Codman and Eliot, landscapists, of Boston, and Stewardson and Cope, architects, of Philadelphia—who have been removed untimely from the scene of their enthusiastic labors. But their influence will long be felt, and other youths are working in the same spirit, encouraged and inspired by their example.

OPEN LETTERS

Some Atmospheric Phenomena Observed at Point Barrow, Alaska

PPOINT BARROW, situated in latitude $71^{\circ} 16' 40''$ north, longitude $156^{\circ} 40' 2''$ west, is the most northern point in the Territory of Alaska. Here the writer was stationed from August, 1897, until August, 1898, conducting scientific researches, and during that time many remarkable atmospheric conditions were observed. I will mention in as brief a manner as possible a few of the most remarkable of these observations.

The phenomenon illustrated by Figure I occurred on the morning of March 24, 1898, between the hours of 9 and 10:30. During this time it went through many changes, the one given being the highest development attained.

The sky for most of the time was cloudless, but often numbers of cirrus clouds would hurry across it, driven by a brisk northeast wind. The thermometer stood at -32° F. The snow was drifting along the ground, and occasionally flurries would be whirled high in the air.

The explanation of Figure I is: The dotted circle represents the horizon, and the letters N, S, E, and W represent the cardinal points of the compass. A is the sun at 9:30 in the morning. BB is a broad band of bright golden light extending through the sun parallel to the earth. CCC is an arc of very bright white light connecting the ends of the shaft of light BB and reaching three fourths of the way across the sky. DD and FF are two arcs of white light extending on opposite sides of the sun, from the horizon to a brilliant rainbow GG. If the arcs DD and FF had continued, they would have met and formed a circle.

At the intersection of the arcs DD and FF

with the shaft of light BB were formed brilliant rainbows in the shape of crosses H and I. A third rainbow, J, in the shape of a cross, was formed on the rainbow GG directly above the sun. The arc KK was indistinct white light.

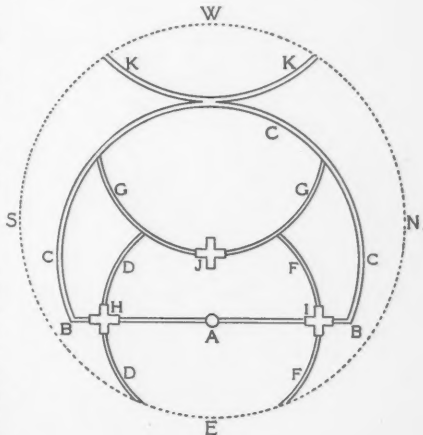


FIGURE I

The phenomenon illustrated by Figure II occurred on the morning of April 17, 1898, between the hours of 9:30 and 11, its greatest perfection being at about 10 o'clock.

The thermometer stood at -2° F. The wind was strong, varying from northeast to east, and the snow was drifting badly near the ground. Occasionally flurries of snow would be whirled high in the air.

The explanation of Figure II is: The

dotted circle represents the horizon. The letters N, S, E, and W represent the cardinal points. A is the sun at 10 o'clock in the morning. DDD is a broad white circle of light, very bright, having its center at the zenith, and passing through the sun. BB are two parhelia,

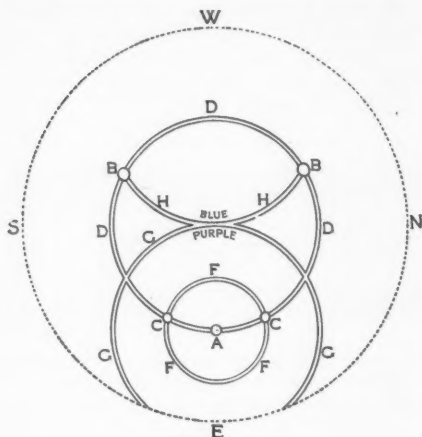


FIGURE II

lia, or mock-suns, of a brilliant silver color, and each is a little larger than the sun. They, with the sun, divide the circle DDD into three equal portions. FFF is a small circle of brilliant white light having the sun as a center. CC are two very bright golden parhelia formed by the contact between the circles DDD and FFF. GGG is an indistinct circle of white light having the sun as its center and passing through the zenith. HH is a broad and very highly colored rainbow connecting the mock-suns B and B, and passing through the zenith, touching the circle GGG.

In this bow the purple edge was toward the east, and the blue toward the west. The mock-suns B and B were so brilliant that a person facing them, without knowing the points of the compass, would readily have mistaken them for the real sun.

During the occurrence of both of the foregoing phenomena, and for some time previous to their appearance, the wind had carried the snow, which was very light and dry, in considerable quantities high in the air. These minute crystals of ice, having reached the upper air-strata, there formed a condition of the atmosphere through which the light of the sun was refracted, and caused the phenomena here described.

The aurora polaris, or polar light, was of almost nightly occurrence at Point Barrow. It often covered the whole sky, and sometimes moved and trembled as if worked upon by some strong air-current. By far the most com-

mon form of the aurora was a mass of clear yellowish light most frequently seen in the northwestern heavens, although it often appeared in the southeast. One of the rarest forms of aurora observed was one in which the light appeared as great curtains suspended from the sky in parallel lines running from east to west. These great curtains of light were constantly in motion, being let down and drawn up as if by an invisible hand.

A number of the explorers in high Northern latitudes state that the aurora is usually lower than certain cloud-strata. It is worthy of note that all auroras observed by the writer were above the clouds. Many auroras were seen in cloudy weather through rifts in the clouds, and several were observed reflected on the clouds, but none was under the clouds. Unless of the hanging-drapery order, all auroras were apparently above cloud-limit.

Whenever there was an unusually bright aurora there appeared on the horizon a cloud of mist precisely as if a fog-bank were rising. This mist was so thin, however, that the stars could easily be seen through it, they always having a dull red color, as if seen through smoked glass. Whenever an aurora was observed having parallel arches, the direction of these arches was from west to east or from east to west. It is generally supposed that such arches have for a common center the magnetic pole.

Figure III illustrates an aurora which oc-



FIGURE III

curred on March 16, 1898, beginning at 7 P.M., and lasting with many changes until 11 P.M., when it disappeared. At 8:30 it seemed to reach its perfection, and at that time the accompanying diagram was made. The night was perfectly clear, and the moon was shining brightly. There was absolutely no wind. The thermometer stood at -41° F. The writer

was out watching a number of Eskimos playing foot-ball. Suddenly they stopped their play and began to whistle. On being asked why they were whistling, they pointed to a small bright spot near the southeastern horizon, and said they were calling the aurora. In a few moments from this spot in the southeast shot out a ray of bright, rosy light, and then began the most marvelous display of lights conceivable. At times the whole sky was covered with brilliant lines and eccentric figures; then they would gradually draw back to the starting-point in the southeast, only to flash out again with a rolling, waving motion, and with a beauty beyond description. All during the height of this exhibition could be heard a dull, roaring, rushing sound, as if a great wind were blowing high overhead, and at times there were crackling noises, as if thousands of electric sparks were snapping near at hand. The colors in this aurora were brilliant, but the moon and stars could plainly be seen through it. Scientists generally believe the aurora to be caused by electrical discharges through the air between the magnetic poles of the earth. These discharges leave the north or positive magnetic pole in the form of sheets of electrified matter, which travel slowly southward at a great height from the earth. Great streamers of electricity are thrown out from this mass, rising almost vertically, then gradually bending south and downward, until they attain a corresponding position in the southern magnetic hemisphere, and in this way become the pathways by which the electric currents finally reach their destination.

E. A. McIlhenny.

Compensations of the Minister and his Wife.

IN the ministry, service and salary are not co-equal terms. The high office was not created for the advantage of the holder, and the calling is degraded into a mere profession when it is made the subject of money equivalents. The work of the ministry is more especially in the realm of the moral and spiritual, and therefore can never be "financially compensated in any exhaustive commercial sense." Nevertheless, the minister adapted by conduct and learning to his high calling ordinarily does have, and should have, a salary proportionate to the demands of the field he is tilling, and compensations far more satisfying and worthy of consideration than salaries.

Superstitious veneration for the ministry has gone, together with "reverence for the cloth." What compensations are left to the clergy no longer "hedged with reverence exacted by sacerdotal caste," no longer compelling obedience, no longer "ends to themselves," but rather means to ends? Character is still revered. Ministers, like other men, are

judged (rightly, too) by daily conduct rather than by ecclesiastical garments and the exceptional display of piety. They are worth what they are worth in fruit-bearing. Graduates of theological seminaries, full of book-learning, a theoretical knowledge of mankind, and almost no knowledge of womankind, are obliged to come down among us and be of us in order to do us good. There is no "fruit-glory" for a clergyman whose aim is to reconcile a comfortable living with a new theology or an old one. But the minister, as liberal of himself as with his theology, who has no fear for the changed conditions and conceptions that have come about naturally in the evolution of society; who fears neither hard work nor kindly, just criticism; who delights to get so close to men that he may restore to them faith in themselves, as well as in God and their fellow-men; who begrudges not the time spent in really knowing his people, what they are thinking, reading, doing, and not doing, will have the reward of the knowledge that helps a preacher to think "toward men and not away from them." "I want the minister to tell me what he finds in the Book that concerns my life," says the business man. The minister who has the privilege of spending one third of his waking hours in his study, alone with God and good literature, can well afford to spend another third of his time down in the workaday arena of his people, close to the constant struggle between nobleness and meanness. The minister who sits too much on the "cushion of advantage," and compares the door-bell to the devil, goes to sleep,—and this is not saying but that he must have a reasonable amount of sleep in order to keep his people awake. It is one of the laws of compensation that when a man is pushed, interrupted, or defeated, he has a chance to learn something. It is then that he is put on his wits—on his manhood. With the defeat or the interruption there often comes unlooked-for compensation, like the following note:

"I felt very guilty in interrupting you at that Sunday morning hour in your study. But I must tell you what your janitor said. Coming into the church shortly after I had entered, he asked me if I had seen you, and I replied that I had not; that you seemed busy, and I did not wish to interrupt you; that it would make an ordinary man very angry to be disturbed at such a time. 'Well,' said he, 'he is n't an ordinary man,' in which sentiment I heartily concur, after a very profitable visit, and after listening to that sermon which gave me a better reason for doing better things in a better way."

Sometimes it is the unusual—absence, illness, anniversary occasions, or even death—that reveals the compensations of the minister. "There is nothing like separation to teach us

how much we love our church and our pastor. How little I thought, twenty years ago, you would be with me (and so much to me) in all the deepest experiences of my life—my first communion, my marriage, the christening of my three babies, and my greatest sorrow," writes an absent member to her pastor.

Many a minister has the inexpressible satisfaction of knowing that the work of the church does not languish, nor the audience diminish, when he is temporarily laid aside by illness. In the emergency, the people rise to the occasion, loyally banding themselves together for service. With restored health he finds no weakening of his influence, but rather a general rallying of all the forces of the church to assist him as never before. Now and then a spontaneous celebration of a long pastorate by a united, devoted people comes as an unexpected reward to a minister carrying heavy burdens and responsibilities resulting from years of continuous associations in one community. In the delightful anniversary days of reception and reminiscence, one point is made clear, namely, that "permanency in the pastorate, other things being equal, is a tremendous source of power to the pulpit and the pew." The church is congratulated equally with the pastor, who is surprised at the strong hold he has on the affections of the people, including the young people and the dear children, who gather in one great family to do him honor. While they express their love in encouraging words, fragrant flowers, and substantial gifts of gold and silver, the pastor looks beyond these to the more significant compensations—to the living witnesses of his labors all about him, to the trained youths who have become, and are becoming, the "élite of the Christian laity"—and says to himself, "Any minister who, like a Jowett, a Tholuck, or a Mark Hopkins, takes pains to supplement his teaching with the personal acquaintance of young men in their lodgings, homes, or in his own home, has the precious reward of adding to the church what it most needs—noble manhood."

Not long ago a well-known clergyman in one of our great cities died suddenly. He was loved by the humanity he loved—the whole city. While living it was said of him, "There's a man we men outside of the church take stock in!" Inside the church, for thirty years, he was the spiritual father of a great and ever-growing family that branched off from time to time into other church plants. The growth of the old church had been so quiet, normal, and evolutionary that when its leader was snatched from sight without a moment's warning, nothing collapsed. The people did not even stop to gaze at the "chariot of fire," but immediately redoubled all their old energies and instituted new lines of work—a better tribute to the dead than eulogies.

But, you say, what about the minister excessively sensitive to praise and blame, the restless, complaining, ever-resigning-and-looking-for-a-job minister, who cannot wait for seed to root, leaf, bud, blossom, or fruit? Alas, alas! he illustrates the sad words, "Men took me to be what I said I was, and I came to be what they thought I was." But he is exceptional, and has no idea that the compensations of the minister are, after all, in the nature of his own soul. If, instead of using the ministry, he is willing to be used by it, he will find that not only is he greatest who serves most, but that he receives most.

The compensations of the minister's wife are also in the nature of her own soul, and depend upon the largeness of the spirit within her. First, last, and always, she has a share in the rewards of her husband, whom she assists, encourages, but, if wise, never coddles.

In the last years of Wendell Phillips's life, a friend said to him, "How is it that you have had the uncomplaining courage all these years to work so hard and to face frantic mobs at the risk of health and life?" The old hero-orator, with moistened eyes, drew from his pocket a worn bit of paper, saying: "Here is the secret of my uncomplaining courage. Once I was afraid. I had been escorted by soldiers to Faneuil Hall. The audience was furious. Just as I was to speak, a messenger handed me this: 'Wendell, no shilly-shallying to-night! Your wife, ANN.'" Mrs. Phillips, as the reader perhaps knows, was a pitiable and incurable victim of spinal disease, and during the later years of her husband's public service might have said to him from her invalid couch: "Don't go to-night; I need you. They won't appreciate you or what you say." But no; her husband had espoused a worthy cause, and to be the self-sacrificing wife of a patriot was reward enough for her. To stimulate him to do his best was her offering to her country.

The very first lesson the minister's wife learns is that her husband is wedded to a cause as well as to her. Though sometimes tempted to say to her minister husband: "Stay with me. They don't appreciate you or your work," yet, if wise, she refrains, stimulates him to go forth and do his best, appreciated or unappreciated, and finds her reward "in love's unselfishness." She learns that even the "fierce light" that beats upon the minister's household is but the natural curiosity of kind-hearted people, which need not make her miserable. Much of the talk and voluntary pity in behalf of the minister's wife has been wasted. Considering the natural mistakes she makes, it is really quite remarkable that she is so generally honored, happy, and beloved. The far-sighted minister's wife appreciates her husband and his mission and

her privileged part in it, but, as I said, she never coddles him. For two reasons she expects him to do his fatherly part in the family, especially in the instruction and discipline of the children: first, because no man has a right to a family unless willing to be the responsible head of it; and, second, because "he that knoweth not how to rule his own house" cannot properly take care of the church of God. In the exigencies of domestic life, her husband has even been seen "peeping at the rice or examining the potatoes with the air of a monarch," like the magnificent Hawthorne, or walking the floor evolving a "preparatory lecture," the "*angelico riso* on his face," totally oblivious of two little children tugging at the skirt of his dressing-gown, "playing horse."

The Mrs. Clericus who does not demoralize her husband by entirely shielding him from "the bore, the butcher, and the baby" has the reward of recognizing some of the best illustrations in his sermons and of knowing that he is neither effeminate, sensitive, nor self-conceited in public or private life. Wendell Phillips was as ardent an old lover as a young lover, proving it by night journeys from lecture appointments in order to give his wife a morning greeting. A minister in love with a righteous cause is not handicapped, nor is he a shilly-shallier, by being in love with his wife and children, and showing it in practical ways. The Mrs. Clericus who never thinks that she is the "minister's wife," who never gages her activities, passivities, and benevolences by her "position," but rather by the blessed opportunities of Christian womanhood, has all the

compensations that any woman could ask for, chief of which are the enduring fellowships and friendships of co-workers and the dear shut-ins, who give her far more than they receive from her of what makes life worth *living*—faith, hope, and love.

Thus far we have considered the more immediate, parochial rewards of the ordinary minister and his wife. What shall I say of the extraordinary missionary ministers and their wives, who, in the newer States of our country, have been and are a "moral dynamic," giving power to all other forces that make a great, self-governing people, and in other countries have "vindicated the highest standards of their beneficent calling," in peace and war, siege and famine, according to the voluntary public testimony of diplomats and vice-roys? What shall I say of the never-ending compensations of clergymen and their wives who have given to the world an Emerson, a Lowell, a Holmes, a Bancroft, an Edward Everett, and a Francis Parkman—"ministers' sons" against whom there is no cavil? What shall I say of the rewards of an Edwards, a Porter, a Dwight, a Channing, a Bushnell, a Beecher, and a Brooks,—not only founders and managers of colleges and composers of word-symphonies, but ministers of the gospel, and an American gospel,—stalwart American citizens, who lived to see the fruit of their labors in "religious liberty, popular government, universal education, and the trusteeship of the world"? I shall say, with Tennyson, "My idea of heaven is to be engaged in perpetual ministry to souls in this world and in other worlds."

Kate Kingsley Ide.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Song of Lost Loves

TRINITA, Crucita, Anita!

Through the gathering mist of the years,
With the infinite graces of dimpled brown
faces,

How roguishly each of you peers!
Have I not said, "Get thee behind me"?

And long since forgotten the roll—

Trinita, Crucita, Anita—

Of the liquids which captured my soul?

Trinita, Crucita, Anita!

Why, the day of our passion is dead.

My thoughts must not waver from themes that
are graver

Than busied my idle young head;

Yet there, like a trio of dryads,

Half hid in a trellis, you smile—

Trinita, Crucita, Anita—

With lips that were made to beguile.

Now, know you not, truant Trinita,—

Soft sylph whose delight is to lave

Where the warm Caribbean sings ever a pæan

Of praise as you mount on the wave,—

That time has brought Marys and Sarahs

And many more homelike in sound

Than Trinita, Crucita, Anita,
However the liquids abound?

And know you not, cruel Crucita,
Who quickened my heart to a flame
Like some sulphurous crater beneath the
equator

In far Ecuador, whence you came,
That the years on their wings have brought
healing—

Spelled Helen, perchance, who is fair,
Trinita, Crucita, Anita,
With not a dark strand in her hair?

And you so much earlier and sweeter
That your name I enmask in my rhymes—

You know that love varies, though toward the
Canaries

I once worshiped, vespers and primes;
No more of that wreathing with roses
Those glossy black ringlets, for thine
(With those of Trinita, Crucita)
Have sprinkled the silver in mine.

Trinita, Crucita, Anita!
Even now I grow weak in my will:
Were all of you Circes whose kisses were curses,
I know I should welcome you still.
For under your languorous lashes,
And in every dimple's soft mold,—
Trinita, Crucita, Anita,—
The dreams of my youth I behold.

Charles J. Bayne.



Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

WHEN HE IS ASLEEP

PALMIST: This long line indicates that your disposition is very sweet and gentle—during the winter.

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